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VOLUME LX. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1892. NUMBER 44.

Poetry.

AFTER FOUR HUNDRED YEARS.

Could Christopher Columbus
Now sail the ocean blue
And see these shores he greeted
In Fourteen-ninety-two,
How great would be his wonder,
Far over-topping that
Which he felt when he landed
And asked, "Where am I at?"

He'd doubtless meet a pilot
Down somewhere in the bay
Who might perhaps be singing
That song of "Boom-der-ay;"
And then into the harbor
He would be deftly steered
And at the house of customs
Would have his luggage queered.

The elevated railways
And Brooklyn's famous bridge
Would send the chills a-creeping
Along his spinal ridge;
A million rushing people
He'd find upon the street,
And the glorious policeman
A-bloom upon his beat.

He'd find a big town lighted
By electricity,
And scores of men to lighten
His wallet of a fee;
He'd find fierce men discussing
What Ben and Grover wrote,
And might in time discover
Just how to sell his vote.

These are few of many
Things that make it plain
Columbus was a "sooner"
Who sailed too soon from Spain;
He should have been more modest
And waited, don't you know,
For New York wasn't "in it,"
Four centuries ago.
—Columbus Dispatch.

HE DANCED AT HER WEDDING.

I danced at her wedding last night,
And none could have guessed my emotion
As I saw her a bride, her on whom
I had lavished a lifetime's devotion;
I danced at her wedding. Why not?
Having lived through the scene at the altar,
When the knot was tied fast for all time,
Do you think that my courage would falter?

I danced with as lithesome a step,
With a face as unmoved as the next one;
He must be a fatuous fool
Who in a crisis like this could expect one,
Though a tumult was raging within,
To betray to onlookers his passion.
I don't wear my heart on my sleeve;
That sort of thing isn't my fashion.

I danced; so did she. Though I swear,
For a fact, that I hardly knew whether
I stood on my heels or my head
When we went wildly whirling together,
When her breath was as sweet on my cheek
As the blossoms of orange she carried.
We danced till folks said 'twas bad taste,
Since I was the fellow she married.
—Fashion Bazar.

COME WHAT MAY.

Come what may—
Though what remaineth I may not know,
Nor how many times the rose may blow
For my delight, or whether the years
Shall be set to the chime of falling tears,
Or go on their way rejoicing—
Yet, come what may,
I have had my day!

Come what may—
The lurid storm or the sunset peace,
The lingering pain or the swift release,
Lonely vigils and watching long
Passionate prayer or soaring song,
Or silence deep and golden—
Still, come what may,
I have had my day!

Come what may—
I have known the fiery heart of youth,
Its rapturous joy, its bitter ruth;
I have felt the thrill of the eager doer,
The quick-heart throb of the swift pursuer,
The flush of glad possession—
And, come what may,
I have had my day!

Come what may—
I have learned that out of the night is born
The mystic flower of the early morn;
I have learned that after the frost of pain
The lily of peace will bloom again,
And the rose of consolation.
Then come what may,
I have had my day!
—Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr.

Our Story Teller.

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THE GREAT SHADOW.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," "Micah Clarke," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE NIGHT OF THE BEACONS.

It is strange to me, Jack Calder of West Inch, to feel that though now, in the very center of the nineteenth century, I am but five-and-fifty years of age, and though it is only once in a week, perhaps, that my wife can pluck out a little gray bristle from over my ear, yet I have lived in a time when the thoughts and the ways of men were as different as though it were another planet from this. For when I walk in my fields I can see, down Berwick way, the little fluffs of white smoke which tell me of this strange, new, hundred-legged beast with coals for food and a thousand men in its belly, forever crawling over the border. On a shiny day I can see the glint of the brass work as it takes the curve near Corriemuir. And then, as I look out to sea, there is the same beast again, or a dozen of them, maybe, leaving a trail of black in the air and of white in the water, and swimming in the face of the wind as easily as a salmon up the Tweed. Such a sight as that would have struck my good old father speechless with wrath as well as surprise, for he was so stricken with the fear of offending the Creator that he was chary of contradicting nature, and always held the new thing to be nearly akin to the blasphemous. As long as God made the horse, and a man down Birmingham way, the engine, my good old dad would have stuck by the saddle and the spurs.

But he would have been still more surprised if he had seen the peace and kindliness which reigns now in the hearts of men, and the talk in the papers and at the meetings that there is to be no more war—save, of course, with blacks and such like. For when he died he had been fighting with scarce a break, save for two short years, for very nearly a quarter of a century. Think of it, you who live so quietly and peacefully now. Babies who were born in the war grew to be bearded men with babies of their own, and still the war continued. During that long time we fought the Dutch, we fought the Danes, we fought the Spanish, we fought the Turks, we fought the Americans, until it seemed that in this universal struggle no race was too near of kin or too far away to be drawn into the quarrel. But most of all it was the French whom we fought, and the man whom of all others we loathed and feared and admired was the great captain who ruled them.

It was very well to draw pictures of him, and sing songs about him, and make as though he were an impostor, but I can tell you that the fear of that man hung like a black shadow over all Europe, and that there was a time when the glint of a fire at night upon the coast would set every woman upon her knees and every man gripping for his musket. There was a great beacon ready on the hill by Tweedmouth, built up of logs and tar barrels, and I can well remember how night after night I strained my eyes to see if it were ablaze. I was only eight at the time, but it is an age when one takes a grief to heart, and I felt as though the fate of the country hung in some fashion upon me and my vigilance. And then one night as I looked I suddenly saw a little flicker on the beacon hill—a single red tongue of flame in the darkness. And then the flame shot higher, and I saw the red, quivering line upon the water beyond, and I dashed into the kitchen, screeching to my father that the French had crossed and the Tweedmouth light was aflame. He had been talking to Mr. Mitchell, the law student from Edinburgh, and I can see him now as he knocked his pipe out at the side of the fire, and looked at me from over the top of his horn spectacles.

"Are you sure, Jack?" says he.

"Sure as death," I gasped.

He reached out his hand for the Bible upon the table, and opened it upon his knee as though he meant to read to us, but he shut it again in silence and hurried out. We went too, the law student and I, and followed him down to the gate which opens out upon the highway. From there we could see the red light of the big beacon, and the glimmer of a smaller one to the north of us at Ayton. We all stood there until morning, speaking little to each other, and that little in a whisper. The road had more folk on it than ever passed along it at night before, for many of the yeomen up our way had enrolled themselves in the Berwick Volunteer regiments, and were riding now as fast as hoof could carry them for the muster. They shouted to us as they passed that the North Berwick Law-fire was blazing, and that it was thought that the alarm had come from Edinburgh Castle. There were a few who galloped the other way, couriers for Edinburgh, and the Laird's son, and Master Clayton, the deputy sheriff, and such like.

But early in the morning we had our minds set at ease. It was gray and cold, and my mother had gone up to the house to make a pot of tea for us, when there came a gig down the road with Doctor Horscroft of Ayton in it, and his son Jim. The collar of the doctor's coat came over his ears, and he looked in a deadly black humor, for Jim, who was but fifteen years of age, had trooped off to Berwick at the first alarm with his father's new fowling-piece. All night his dad had chased him, and now there he was, a prisoner, with the barrel of the stolen gun sticking out from behind the seat. He looked as sulky as his father, with his hands thrust into his side-pockets, his brows drawn down, and his lower lip thrust out.

"It's all a lie," shouted the doctor, as he passed. "There has been no landing, and all the fools in Scotland have been gadding about the roads for nothing."

Now all this has little enough to do with what I took my pen up to tell about; but when a man has a good memory and little skill he cannot draw one thought from his mind without a dozen others trailing out behind it. And yet, now that I come to think of it, this had something to do with it after all, for Jim Horscroft had so deadly a quarrel with his father that he was packed off to Birtwhistle's Berwick academy; and, as my father had long wished me to go there, he took advantage of this chance to send me also. But before I say a word about this school I shall go back to where I should have begun, and give you a hint as to who I am, for it may be that these words of mine may be read by some folk beyond the Border county who never heard of the Calders of West Inch.

It has a brave sound, West Inch, but it is not a fine estate with a braw house upon it, but only a great hard-bitten, wind-swept sheep run, fringing off into links along the seashore where a frugal man might, with hard work, just pay his rent, and have butter instead of treacle on Sundays. In the center there is a gray-stoned, slate-roofed house, with a byre behind it, and "1703" scrawled in stone work over the lintel of the door. There for more than a hundred years our folk have lived, until, for all their poverty, they came to take a good place among the people, for in the country parts the old yeoman is often better thought of than the new laird.

There was one queer thing about the house of West Inch. It has been reckoned by engineers and other knowing folk that the boundary line between the two countries ran right through the middle of it, splitting our second best bedroom into an English half and a Scotch half. Now the cot in which I always slept was so placed that my head was to the north of the line and my feet to the south of it. My friends say that if I had chanced to lie the other way, my hair might not have been so sandy, nor my mind of so solemn a cast. This I know, that more than once in my life, when my Scotch head could see no way out of a danger, my good, thick English legs have come to my help and carried me clean away. But at school I never heard the end of this, for they called me "Half-and-half," and "The Great Briton," and sometimes "Union Jack."

At first I was very miserable at the Berwick academy. Birtwhistle was the first master and Adams the second, and I had no love for either of them. I was shy and backward by nature and slow at making a friend either amongst masters or boys. It was nine miles as the crow flies, and eleven and a half by road, from Berwick to West Inch, and my heart grew weary at the heavy distance that separated me from my mother; for, mark you, a lad of that age pretends that he has no need of his mother's caresses, but ah, how sad he is when he is taken at his word! At last I could stand it no longer, and I determined to run away from the school and make my way home as fast as I might. At the very last moment, however, I had the good fortune to win the praise and admiration of every one from the head master downwards, and to find my school life made very pleasant and easy to me. And all this came of my falling by accident out of a second-floor window.

This was how it happened: One evening I had been kicked by Ned Barton, who was the bully of the school, and this injury coming on the top of all my other grievances caused my little cup to overflow. I vowed that night, as I buried my tear-stained face beneath the blankets, that the next morning would either find me at West Inch, or well on the way to it. Our dormitory was on the second floor, but I was a famous climber and had a fine head for heights. I used to think little, young as I was, of swinging myself, with a rope round my thighs, off the West Inch gable, and that stood three and fifty feet above the ground. There was not much fear, then, but that I could make my way out of Birtwhistle's dormitory. I waited a weary while until the coughing and tossing had died away, and there was no sign of wakefulness from the long line of wooden cots. Then I very softly rose, slipped on my clothes, took my shoes in my hand, and walked tiptoe to the window. Underneath me lay the garden, and close by my hand was the stout branch of a pear tree. Once in the garden, I had but a five-foot wall to get over, and then there was nothing but distance between me and home. I took a firm grip of a branch with one hand, placed my knee upon another one, and was about to swing myself out of the window, when in a moment I was as silent and as still as though I had been turned to stone.

There was a face looking at me from over the coping of the wall. A chill of fear struck to my heart, at its whiteness and its stillness. The moon shimmered above it, and the eyeballs moved slowly from side to side, though I was hidden from them behind the screen of the pear tree. Then in a jerky fashion this white face ascended until the neck, shoulders, waist and knees of a man became visible. He sat himself down upon the top of the wall, and with a great heave he pulled up after him a boy about my own size, who caught his breath from time to time as though to choke down a sob. The man gave him a shake, with a few rough whispered words, and then the two dropped together down into the garden. I was still standing balanced with one foot upon the bough and one upon the casement, not daring to budge for fear of attracting their attention, for I could hear them moving stealthily about in the long shadow of the house. Suddenly, from immediately beneath my feet, I heard a low, grating noise, and the sharp tinkle of falling glass.

"That's done it," said the man's eager whisper, "there is room for you."

"But the edge is all jagged," cried the other in a weak quaver.

The fellow burst out into an oath that made my skin pringle.

"In with you, you cub," he snarled, "or—" I could not see what he did, but there was a sharp, quick gasp of pain.

"I'll go! I'll go!" cried the little lad, but I heard no more, for my head suddenly swam, my heel shot off the branch, I gave a dreadful yell, and came down with my 95 pounds of weight right upon the bent back of the burglar. If you ask me, I can only say that to this day I am not quite certain whether it was an accident or whether I designed it. The fellow was stooping, with his head forward, thrusting the boy through a tiny window, when I came down upon him just where the neck joins the spine. He gave a kind of whistling cry, dropped upon his face, and rolled three times over, drumming on the grass with his heels. His little companion flashed off in the moonlight, and was over the wall in a trice. As for me, I sat yelling at the pitch of my lungs, and nursing one of my legs, which felt as if a red-hot ring were welded round it.

It was not long, as may be imagined, before the whole household, from the head-master to the stable-boy, was out in the garden with lamps and lanterns. The matter was soon cleared, the man carried off on a shutter, and I, borne in much state and dignity, to a special bed-room, where the small bone of my leg was set by Surgeon Purdie—the younger of the two brothers of that name. As to the robber, it was found that his legs were palsied, and the doctors were of two minds whether he would recover the use of them or not; but the law never gave them a chance of settling the matter, for he was hanged after Carlisle assizes, some six weeks later. It was proved that he was the most desperate rogue in the North of England, for he had done three murders at the least, and there were charges enough against him upon the sheet to have hanged him ten times over.

It was this business of the burglar that first made a friendship between Jim Horscroft, the doctor's son, and me. He was cock boy of the school from the day he came, for within the hour he had thrown Barton, who had been cock before him, right through the big blackboard in the class-room. Jim always ran to muscle and bone, and even then he was square and tall, short of speech, and long in the arm, much given to lounging with his broad back against walls, and his hands deep in his breeches pockets. I can even recall that he had a trick of keeping a straw in the corner of his mouth, just where he used afterward to hold his pipe. Jim was always the same, for good, and for bad, since first I knew him.

Heavens! How we all looked up to him! We were but young savages, and had a savage's respect for power. There was Tom Carndale, of Appleby, who could write alcaics as well as mere pentameters and hexameters. Yet nobody would give a snap for Tom. And there was Willie Earnshaw, who had every date from the killing of Abel on the tip of his tongue, so that the masters themselves would turn to him themselves if they were in doubt; yet he was but a narrow-chested lad, over-long for his breadth, and what did his dates help him when Jack Simons of the lower Third, chivied him down the passage with the buckle end of a strap. But you didn't do things like that with Jim Horscroft. What tales we used to whisper about his strength; how he put his fist through the oak panel of the game-room door. How, when Long Merridew was carrying the ball, he caught up Merridew, ball and all, and ran swiftly past every opponent to the goal.

Well, it was this business of the burglar that drew his attention to me, for he patted me on my head and said I was a spunky little devil, which blew me out with pride for a week on end. For two years we were close friends, for all the gap that the years had made between us, and, though in passion or in want of thought he did many a thing that galled me, yet I loved him like a brother, and wept as much as would have filled an ink bottle, when, at last, after two years, he went off to Edinburgh to study his father's profession. Five years after that did I bide at Birtwhistle's, and when I left I had become cock myself, for I was as wiry and as tough as whalebone, though I never ran to weight and sinew, like my great predecessor. It was in jubilee year that I left Birtwhistle's, and then for three years I stayed at home, learning the ways of the cattle; but still the ships and the armies were wrestling, and still the great shadow of Bonaparte lay across the country.

How could I guess that I, too, should have a hand in lifting that shadow forever from our people?

CHAPTER II.

Some years before, when I was still but a lad, there had come over to us, upon a five weeks' visit, the only daughter of my father's brother. Willie Calder had settled at Eyemouth as a maker of fishing nets, and he had made more out of twine than ever we were like to do out of the whin bushes and sand-links of West Inch. So his daughter, Edie Calder, came over with a braw red frock and a five-shilling bonnet, and a kist full of things that brought my dear mother's eyes out like a parten's. It was wonderful to see her so free with money, and she but a slip of a girl, paying the carrier-man all that he asked and a whole twopence over, to which he had no claim. She made no more of drinking ginger beer than we did of water, and she would have her sugar in her tea and butter with her bread just as if she had been English.

I took no great stock of girls at that time, for it was hard for me to see what they had been made for. So when this one came to the steading at West Inch I was not best pleased to see her. I was twelve at the time (it was the holidays) and she eleven, a thin, tallish girl, with black eyes and the queerest ways. She was forever staring out in front of her, with her lips parted as if she saw something wonderful; but when I came behind her and looked the same way, I could see nothing but the sheep's trough or the midden, or father's breeches hanging on a clothes-line. And then, if she saw a lump of heather or bracken, or any common stuff of that sort, she would mope over it as if it had struck her sick, and cry, "How sweet! how perfect!" just as though it had been a painted picture. She didn't like games, but I used to make her play "tig" and such like; but it was no fun, for I could always catch her in three jumps, and she could never catch me, though she would come with as much rustle and flutter as ten boys would make. When I used to tell her that she was good for nothing, she would begin to cry, and say that I was a rude boy, and that she would go home that very night, and never forgive me as long as she lived. But in five minutes she had forgotten all about it. What was strange was that she liked me a deal better than I did her, and she would never leave me alone, but she was always watching me and running after me, and then saying, "Oh, here you are!" as if it were a surprise.

But soon I found that there was good in her, too. She used sometimes to give me pennies, so that once I had four in my pocket all at the same time. But the best part of her was the stories that she could tell. And the things that had happened to her, they were enough to take your breath away. There was a Barbary Rover that had been at Eyemouth, and he was coming back in five years, in a ship full of gold, to make her his wife. And then there was a wonderful knight, who had been there also, and he had given her a ring which he said he would redeem when the time came. She showed me the ring, which was very like the ones upon my bed-curtain, but she said that this one was virgin gold. I asked her what the knight would do if he met the Barbary Rover, and she told me that he would sweep his head from his shoulders. And then she told me that she had been followed on her way to West Inch by a disguised prince. I asked her how she knew it was a prince, and she said by his disguise. Another day she said that her father was preparing a riddle, and that when it was ready it would be put in the papers, and anyone who guessed it would have half his fortune and his daughter. I said that I was good at riddles, and that she must send it to me when it was ready. She said it would be in the Berwick Gazette, and wanted to know what I would do with her when I won her. I said that I would sell her by public vendue for what she would fetch, but she would tell me no more stories that evening, for she was very tetchy about some things.

Jim Horscroft was away when Cousin Edie was with us, but he came back the very week she went, and I mind how surprised I was that he should ask any questions or take any interest in a mere lassie. He asked me if she were pretty; and when I said that I hadn't noticed, he laughed and called me a mole, and said my eyes would be opened some day. But very soon he came to be interested in something else, and I never gave Edie another thought until, one day, she just took my life in her hands, and twisted it as I could twist this quill.

That was in 1813, after I had left school, when I was already 18 years of age, with a good 40 hairs on my upper lip, and every hope of more. I had changed since I left school, and was not so keen on games as I had been, but found myself instead lying about on the sunny side of the braes, with my own lips parted and my eyes staring just the same as Cousin Edie's used to do. It had satisfied me, and filled my whole life that I could run faster and jump higher than my neighbor, but now all that seemed such a little thing, and I yearned, and looked up at the big arching sky, and down at the flat blue sea, and felt that there was something wanting, but could never lay my tongue to what that something was. And I became quick of temper, too, for my nerves seemed all of a fret; and when my mother would ask me what ailed me, and my father would speak of my turning my hand to work, I would break into such sharp, bitter answers as I have often grieved over since. Ah, a man may have more than one wife, and more than one child, and more than one friend, but he can never have but the one mother, so let him cherish her while he may.

One day when I came in from the sheep, there was my father sitting with a letter in his hands, which was a very rare thing with us, except when the factor wrote for the rent. Then, when I came nearer to him I saw that he was crying, and I stood staring, for I always thought that it was not a thing that a man could do. I can see him now, for he had so deep a crease across his brown cheek that no tear could pass it, but must trickle away sideways, and so down to his ear, hopping off on to the sheet of paper. My mother sat beside him and stroked his hand like she did the cat's back when she would soothe it.

"Aye, Jeannie," said he, "Poor Willie's gone. It's from the lawyer, and it was sudden, or they'd ha' sent word of it. Carbuncle, he says, and a flush o' blood to the head."

"Ah, well, his trouble's over," said my mother.

My father rubbed his tears with the tablecloth. "He's left a' his savings to his lassie," said he, "and, by gom, if she's not changed from what she promised to be, she'll soon gar them flee. You mind what she said of weak tea under this very roof, and it at seven shillings the pound."

My mother shook her head and looked up at the flitches of bacon that hung from the ceiling.

"He doesn't say how much, but she'll have enough, and to spare, he says. And she's to come and bide with us, for that was his last wish."

"To pay for her keep," cried my mother, sharply. I was sorry that she should have spoken of money at that moment, but then, if she had not been sharp, we should all have been on the roadside in a twelvemonth.

"Aye, she'll pay, and she's coming this very day. Jock, lad, I'll want you to drive to Ayton and meet the evening coach. Your cousin Edie will be in it, and you can fetch her over to the West Inch."

And so off I started, at quarter-past five with Souter Johnnie, the long-haired 15-year-old, and our cart with the new-painted tail-board, that we only used on great days. The coach was in, just as I came, and I, like a foolish country lad, taking no heed to the years that had passed, was looking about among the folk in the inn-front for a slip of a girl with her petticoats just under her knees. And as I slouched past, and craned my neck, there came a touch to my elbow, and there was a lady, dressed all in black, standing by the steps, and I knew that it was my cousin Edie.

I knew it, I say, and yet, had she not touched me, I might have passed her a score of times and never known it. My word, if Jim Horscroft had asked me then if she were pretty or no, I should have known how to answer him! She was dark, much darker than is common among our border lassies, and yet with such a faint flush of pink breaking through her dainty color, like the deeper flush at the heart of a sulphur rose. Her lips were red and kindly and firm, and even then, at the first glance, I saw the light of mischief and mockery that danced away at the back of her great dark eyes. She took me then and there as though I had been her heritage, put out her hand and plucked me. She was, as I have said, in black, dressed in what seemed to me to be a wondrous fashion, with a black veil pushed up from her brow.

"Ah, Jack," she said, in a mincing English fashion that she had learned at the boarding-school. "No, no, we are rather old for that—" This, because I, in my awkward fashion, was pushing my foolish brown face forward to kiss her, as I had done when I saw her last. "Just hurry up, like a good fellow, and give a shilling to the conductor, who has been exceedingly civil to me during the journey."

I flushed up red to the ears, for I had only a silver fourpenny in my pocket. Never had my lack of pence weighed so heavily upon me as just at that moment. But she read me at a glance, and there in an instant, was a little mole-skin purse with a silver clasp thrust into my hand. I paid the man, and would have given it back, but she still would have me keep it.

"You shall be my factor, Jack," said she, laughing. "Is this our carriage? How funny it looks. And where am I to sit?"

"On the sacking," said I.

"And how am I to get there?"

"Put your foot on the hub," said I; "I'll help you." I sprang up and took her two little gloved hands in my own. As she came over the side, her breath blew in my face sweet and warm, and all that vagueness and unrest seemed in a moment to have been shredded away from my soul. I felt as if that instant had taken me out from myself and made me one of the race. It took but the time of the flicking of the horse's tail, and yet something had happened, a barrier had gone down somewhere, and I was leading a wider and wiser life. I felt it all in a gush, but, shy and backward as I was, I could do nothing but flatten out the sacking for her. Her eyes were after the coach which was rattling away to Berwick, and suddenly she shook her handkerchief in the air.

"He took off his hat," said she; "I think he must have been an officer. He was very distinguished-looking; perhaps you noticed him—a gentleman on the outside, very handsome, with a brown overcoat."

I shook my head, with all my flush of joy changed to foolish resentment.

"Ah! Well, I shall never see him again. Here are all the green braes, and the brown, winding road, just the same as ever. And you, Jack—I don't see any great change in you either. I hope your manners are better than they used to be. You won't try to put any frogs down my back, will you?"

I crept all over when I thought of such a thing. "We'll do all we can to make you happy at West Inch," said I, playing with the whip.

"I'm sure it's very kind of you to take a poor, lonely girl in," said she.

"It's very kind of you to come, Cousin Edie," I stammered. "You'll find it very dull, I fear."

"I suppose it is a little quiet, Jack. Not many men about, as I remember it."

"There is Major Elliott up at Corriemuir. He comes down of an evening, a real brave old soldier, who had a ball in his knee under Wellington."

"Ah, when I speak of men, Jack, I don't mean old folk with balls in their knees. I mean people of our own age, that we could make friends of. By the way, that crabbed old doctor had a son, had he not?"

"Oh, yes, that's Jim Horscroft, my best friend."

"Is he at home?"

"No; he'll be home soon. He's still at Edinburgh studying."

"Ah, then we'll keep each other company, until he comes, Jack. And I'm very tired and I wish I was at West Inch."

I made old Souter Johnnie cover the ground as he had never done before, or since, and in an hour she was seated at the supper-table, where my mother had laid out not only butter, but a glass dish of gooseberry jam which sparkled and looked fine in the candle-light. I could see that my parents were all overcome as I was at the difference in her, though not in the same way. My mother was so set back by the feather thing that she had round her neck that she called her Miss Calder instead of Edie, until my cousin, in her pretty, flighty way, would lift her forefinger to her whenever she did it. After supper, when she had gone to her bed, they could talk of nothing but her looks and her breeding.

"By the way, though," says my father, "it does not look as if she were heart-broke about my brother's death."

And then for the first time, I remembered that she had never said a word about the matter since I had met her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ODD FEATS IN TELEPHONING.

A Number of Remarkable Experiments Conducted in Philadelphia.

The telephone committee of the Trades league recently witnessed in Philadelphia some very interesting experiments with a new phone lately constructed by a resident of Darby. Thomas Martindale, chairman of the committee, conducted the party, and at the place of destination was met by Samuel Crother. For the purpose of the experiment, a wire had been fastened between two houses about three-quarters of a mile apart. To the ends of this wire were fixed two ordinary looking telephone boxes with double ear drums. There was nothing to indicate anything unusual about the instrument. The first experiment, which, like the rest, proved eminently successful, was to talk between the two 'phones, each man standing twelve feet from the transmitter. The Record says every word was heard just as distinctly as if both were in the room together, and not a mile apart. Then from the same distance the two members of the league whispered, and still every word was heard. This over, a small watch was set in motion and placed near the transmitter. Every tick could be heard with remarkable clearness. After that a small child's organ was played about thirty yards from the 'phone, and every note was carried in waves across the wire and reproduced at the other end.

Another pleasing experiment was conveying sound through half a dozen men, which passed into the drum and could be heard by the one holding it. The drum was detached and two men held the points of the wire, several others joined hands, two more held the two projecting pieces of metal where the points of the wire are inserted and another held the drum. As soon as the speaker at the opposite 'phone began the sound waves were carried faultlessly through each man and passed out to the drum. Five minutes' conversation was kept up in this novel manner.

The next experiment was the calling of numbers from a distance of forty feet, and these numbers were repeated by the one at the other end, and then, finally, the drum was placed upon the table, and the man at the opposite telephone repeated the names of the persons present. So delicate and yet so powerful is this instrument that every name was heard clear and loud, though the parties sat at least five feet from the drum.

Prudence.

Mrs. Mulligan—De day me husband died, says he: "Ellen, yez needn't moind givin' me a wake. Jist pit a bottle uv whisky in me corfen an' Oi'll wake meself."

Mrs. Delaney—An' did yez?

Mrs. Mulligan—"No," says I. "Cornalius, you'd be gittin' the jimmy jams an' takin' the wurrums in your corfen fer snakes!"—Truth.

Following Directions.

Mr. Younghusband—What's this, dear?

Mrs. Younghusband—Ice water.

"Ice water! Why, its hot!"

"I know it, and it seems strange, too, for I only followed the directions of that French doctor who said that the only sure preventive against the cholera was to boil the ice."—Puck.

Miscellany.

THE PRINCESS OF BATTENBERG.

Queen Victoria's Favorite Granddaughter and Her Pet Pony.

The little Princess Victoria Eugenie Julia Ena of Battenberg will be five years old on the 24th of this month. She is the second child of the Prince and Princess of Battenberg, and takes her name from her two grandmothers, the queen and Princess Julia of Battenberg, Prince Henry's mother. The child is also called Eugenie, after the ex-empress of France, to whom Princess Beatrice has always been attached.

PRINCESS VICTORIA EUGENIE OF BATTENBERG AND HER CREAM-COLORED PONY.

The little princess is the queen's most frequent companion of all the royal grandchildren. The nursery is a most important quarter of the royal household, and the queen is rarely without some of her numerous grandchildren to enliven the monotony of court life.

The cream-colored pony upon which the little princess is riding is a great pet, and one of the children is continually riding it about.

One day last spring the children were driving in Windsor, when they happened upon a circus. When they went home they gave such enthusiastic accounts of its wonders to the queen that she immediately requested the circus to perform upon the royal grounds.

It was then that this cream pony, belonging to the circus, was bought by her majesty and given to the little princess.

THE CORSET STRING.

The Dangers That Engird the Girl of the Period.

A young lady, radiant in all the loveliness that usually attends sweet seventeen, traveled three entire blocks literally on fire, and yet gave no sign, nor did she betray her distress to any one, although passers-by who happened to be possessed of keen olfactory organs may have detected the odor of burning woolens and flannels.

It is related by those who know the particulars that the young lady was engaged in the mysteries of her toilet, preparatory to a street promenade. A corset string refused to be cut bias, or something of that sort, and was subjected to the discipline of a lighted lamp in order to shorten it. Burning the string in two pieces was a success for the time, and the young lady completed her make-up, and hastily started downtown. She was more than a quarter of a mile from home, when the horrible fact was discovered that her under-clothing was on fire in an inaccessible region. The material, however, was all wool, and there was a great deal more smoke and offensive odor than fire. Still, no young lady approves of being on fire in the street or anywhere else, and so she hastened as rapidly as possible to the shelter of the house of a friend, and reached a harbor of safety just before the flames broke out, but it is said she was smoking like a limekiln when the friendly door closed behind her. Strange to say, her person was not even scorched, although she is now the owner of a very dilapidated outfit of woolen underwear.—Cumberland, Md., News.

RECKONING TIME.

How the Christian Era Came Into Use for Dates.

The early Christians did not use the methods of reckoning time now generally employed; but such methods as were common at the time when they lived and in the countries of which they were natives. Roman Christians used the Roman method, Greek Christians the Olympiads, Jewish Christians the Jewish calendar. The Christian era as distinctive from all these was first employed A. D. 527 by Dionysius Exiguus, a monk of Scythia and abbot of a monastery situated in the valley of the Danube. The use of the Christian era began in Italy about the beginning of the seventh century, about 650 spread into France, and became general there in the eighth. A document dated Anno Domini 680, and purporting to have been written in England, is extant, but the use of the era was not general on the island till in the beginning of the eighth century. In 816 the council of Chelsea ordained that bishops and other ecclesiastics should date documents according to the Christian era. In Spain, owing to the presence and power of the Moors, the Christian era did not pass into general use until about 1356, and in Portugal it was not adopted till 1415. In the eastern empire and Greece it was not generally employed till after the fall of Constantinople in 1453, when hatred of the Turks impelled all Christians to use their own method in preference to that of the Moslems.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

He Wears Buchanan's Hat.

Perhaps the most unique hat in Philadelphia is now worn by a car driver. In 1859 it was purchased in this city by James Buchanan, who was particular as to what he put upon his head. The hat is an antique, high black silk affair, with an artistically sloping brim. The great Democratic no-coercionist discarded it after some months' use. The tile passed into the possession of his valet, who found it much too cavernous for personal utility, so the object reposed under a decade's accumulation of dust in a Spruce street attic until the valet's death. His son then became the owner of the heirloom, and having a head larger than the father, the cylinder came occasionally into use. Unfortunately it was tossed off its possessor's cranium by reckless firemen, who inadvertently directed a stream of water full on it during a fire. Thus damaged, the hat was sold for a song to the car driver, who now owns it, and he makes use of the article daily. Inside the tile is still the hat band, daintily embroidered with the initials J. B., and considering its vicissitudes the relic is in very respectable condition.—Philadelphia Press.

Why She Was Sad.

"Marie, my dear," said Mrs. Hamcan, earnestly, "why are you so silent and pensive all these long evenings? Tell me, dear, what is in your mind?"

"I am not pensive, mamma," said the poor girl, throwing herself with a hysterical sob into her mother's arms, "but I can't help thinking how cruel it is that I can't have an Easter bonnet until next Easter."—Chicago News-Record.

Invincible.

Brown—You would have no chance in an argument with her.

Smith—Why, is she really a skillful dialectician?

Brown—No, but she's a woman.—N. Y. Herald.

Mastered All the Details.

Guest—Why do you insist on payment in advance? I have baggage.

Hotel Clerk—If the hotel should burn down the baggage would be destroyed. We understand our business, sir.—Puck.

Love vs. Duty.

He—I am utterly unworthy of your love.

She—That's true—but, George, we owe a certain duty to society, and our set hasn't had anything to talk about for an awfully long time.—N. Y. Herald.

Potent for Good or Evil.

"Onions have their uses after all. They will often break up a cold."

"And sometimes an engagement."—N. Y. Herald.

GEORIE ON FEET.

Joe Kerr's Office Boy Writes on Their Usefulness,

Most feet is two big soft things at the south end of your fraim to wear out shoes with.

Feet is composed of skin and heels and toes with corns. Most peepil uses them to walk with, but some don't. Some fokes kicks with thare feet, but they ain't so bad as them that kicks awl the time with thare mouth.

If cats had more feet an' not so much mouths peepil could sleep better (and rats, too) and boys wouldn't have so much scratches on thareselfs.

A fish don't haf to have feet in his business. But dux feet has got lether on them so they won't leek when he gets in the swim but wimmen has got coald feet an' bees hot & miskeetoes too an' a fli has got feet that tickles but you don't laff none.

a dogs foot is His pa but when a girl like lotty collins steps on a bananno skin an' turns a flip flop over a streat car before she sets down that's grate feat you bet.

Most fee is a trubble to peepil that belongs to them because they have got toes onto them an' toes never ought to ben born—they ain't no use on earth only to hold ingrone nales an' corns an' ake.

When you have the tooth ake in your foot thats a corn an' a bile on your neck or stummick ake or nuthing ain't in it with a corn for ake when it is on a edaturs hoof an' is down to business.

Sox grows on some feet Betwene the shoe an' skin. Some edaturs wares holey sox.

but the worstest foot for newspaper men is foot the bill an' i kno a man whitch washed his'n once an' ketched coald an' now he don't nead any feet but wings. He is a angel.

Feet nox the sox off of faices an' heds for they don't have no hair to be combed. Nor whiskers.

Beefstake grows inside a cowhide whitch wouldn't be thare if it wasn't for the cows feet whitch is his hoofs, but mutton chops grows over sheeps feet an' a pigs feet is to be et.

Horces hoofs is to pull wagins with an' raise ringbones an' spasims, but a muels foot is to object with.

Feet is vary useful.

If you didn't have no feet whare would biciekles be. Not in it? Whare would peepil that sell boots an' shoes be. Starving?

Whare would baseball and collidges be. All the scoolboys would be at the hed of his class for they wouldn't be no foot & acters couldnt walk back to town when they git bustid & a birds feet is her claws but feet wouldnt be nowhare if it wasnt for legs.

legs is 2 tall round peaces of skin like socidges stuffed full of meat whitch grows on top of feet to walk with & have roomatism.

bow legs looks like a wish bone but you cant tell if a girls is like a wish bone till she falls down or something for girls wares dresses but it would be a good blesing if mesinger boys and office boys didn't have no feet for thay could ern thare living like edaturs and uther tired peepil setting down.

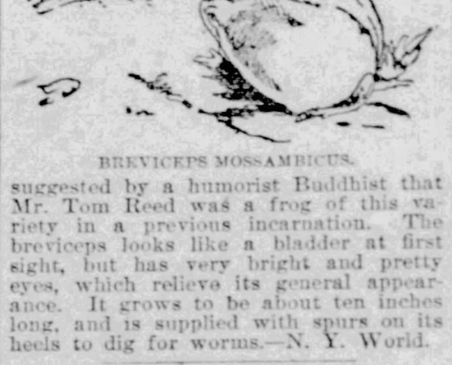
A coald in the hed is the only anamil i kno about whitch can run without feet except chease whitch can git thare eli you bet but a chinaman toes in. but money can do them awl up on going fast. & Besides all that you cant tell if a munky's feet is his hands or her feet and a centerpeed is got too mutch feet but nancy Hanks couldnt brake no reckerds or nothing if she didnt have no feet & de wolf hopper wouldn't be no hopper if he hadnt no feet.

A inch ain't no foot but twelve is an' after that comes foot of the Bed—feet of the table, foot the collum & sofoarth & foot of this artikle.—Georgie, in New York Herald.

A QUEER FROG.

A Native of the Island of Mozambique, in the Indian Ocean.

The reptiles whose pictures are seen here have recently been entertaining the readers of German newspapers. The breviceps mossambicus dwells on the island of Mozambique, and is much sought after by the natives on account of its entertaining manners. It has been



BREVICEPS MOSSAMBICUS.

suggested by a humorist Buddhist that Mr. Tom Reed was a frog of this variety in a previous incarnation. The breviceps looks like a bladder at first sight, but has very bright and pretty eyes, which relieve its general appearance. It grows to be about ten inches long, and is supplied with spurs on its heels to dig for worms.—N. Y. World.

A Female Mathematician.

Mrs. Elizabeth Preston Brown Davis, who computes the ephemeris of the sun for "The Nautical Almanac," is a woman less than 30 years old, and a remarkable mathematician. Originally a Washington school teacher, she entered the Columbia University, and there startled her instructors and other astronomers by discovering and correcting an error in one of La Place's tables that had for years resulted in inconsistencies puzzling to astronomers throughout the world. She also invented and copyrighted the Washington-Greenwich table now used by the government, which is said to greatly facilitate the work of the computers.—Philadelphia Press.

Street Car Courtesy.

The electric car was very full; so was the fellow who just got on. He caught a strap in front of a very pretty girl; the other strap in front of the girl was occupied by a young man. He seemed to belong to the girl; they seemed to belong to each other; they were on their wedding trip.

A disjointed umbrella happened to poke the drunkard, who began to let out a string of oaths.

The young man caught the fellow by the shoulder and shook him:

"How dare—you swear—before—before my wife?"

"How—how—di—did—I know—your wife wanted to—ker—swear first?" he said.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

An Unguarded Utterance.

Whortleberry.—I need a suit of clothes, Mr. Cutaway, but I'm a little hard———

Cutaway.—No use talking, sir, I can't furnish 'em.

Whortleberry.—Well, I hardly thought you could furnish what I want, for, as I was about to say, I'm a little hard to please, and when a man pays cash down, you know, he wants the best. Good day, sir.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Worse Than a Grumbler.

"Timmins is one of the most disagreeable fellows to play poker with I ever met."

"Why? Does he always grumble when he loses?"

"He never loses."—Indianapolis Journal.

He Did.

Tapley—You are an orphan?

Miss Somergurl—Yes.

Tapley (much disturbed)—Well, whose consent must I ask, in order to marry you?

Miss Somergurl—Well, you might ask mine.—Puck.

On the Lookout.

"Satan is always on the lookout for lodgers."

"Yes for the wicked."

"Wicked or not wicked, I saw this sign to-day: 'Rooms to Let—Apply Below.'"—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Unfortunately.

There's quite a difference between a five-dollar bill and a bill for five dollars.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

Our Serial Story.

Written expressly for The Toledo Blade. Copyright 1892.

A POLITICAL JUNO.

A TALE OF LOVE AND POLITICS TO-DAY.

BY W. H. BISHOP.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A DIVIDING LINK.

Two months later the Daleboro Republican club was reorganized with Fred Bement as its president. Fred entered upon the duties of his new office with all of the energy and determination that he was accustomed to exhibit in matters of business as well as of sentiment, and the club was, therefore, a pronounced success from the start. One reason for this success was doubtless to be found in the fact that ladies were admitted to it as honorary memebers. With a number of ladies who were almost as earnest and enthusiastic in their devotion to Republican principles as Lide McElroy, it was a foregone conclusion that any club that they belonged to would be a successful one.

A convenient hall was obtained and conveniently fitted up as a club room. Games of various kinds were provided for those inclined to use them, and cosy nooks provided with easy chairs and sofas, suggested pleasant social intercourse to those who did not care for other attractions. Weekly meetings of a more formal character gave plenty of opportunity for the inculcation of Republican principles, and these were enlivened with music and other attractions of a lighter sort. In fact the rooms became the pleasantest social resort in Daleboro, and they were patronized accordingly.

Soon after the club rooms were opened Fred was somewhat surprised one day to see Jack Devin and one of his Democratic friends coming into his office after the usual office hours were over. He hastily provided seats for them, and exerted himself to make them feel at home, wondering meanwhile, what motive had brought them to see him.

Jack did not leave him long in doubt. "How much do you charge for your political opinions, Fred?" he asked, in a joking way.

"Not a cent," Fred answered. "I make my living out of law, not out of politics."

"I thought I would find out," Jack said. "A man can't be too careful in asking advice of a lawyer, you know."

"It is rather expensive business sometimes," Fred answered, laughing pleasantly. But he left Jack to develop his case in his own way.

"You see," Jack said, "Bill Allen and me have been thinking of following your example, and changing our politics. What do you honestly think about it?"

"You couldn't do a better thing, Jack. I should advise you to do it by all means," Fred answered, rather eagerly.

"Why?" Jack asked, looking at him in a quizzical way.

"Why not, Jack?" Fred asked, with an answering smile.

"That's so. Why not? Fred, you've got me there. I've always had an idea that the Democratic party was the best party, but for the life of me I can't tell why it is. You don't seem to be troubled that way, and it has set me to thinking. A man that can't give a good reason for belonging to a party, had better get out of it, and get into a party that there's some sense in belonging to."

"That is what I thought, Jack."

"Then you did not change altogether on Lide McElroy's account?" Jack asked, looking at him sharply. "That is what the boys say, you know."

"By no means," Fred answered with some emphasis. "It would have been a poor way of winning her. She told me so herself. I changed for the same reason that you are thinking of changing. I began to think, and while I could find every reason in the world for being a Republican, I could not find an honest one for being a Democrat."

"What about this tariff matter, Fred? You know more about it than I do. They say that if it was taken off things would be cheaper."

"So they would. Some things. Wages for instance. And silk dresses. Food would not be cheaper, nor house rent, nor anything that we are obliged to buy every day of our lives. Or, at least there would be very little difference. How much that would be no one can tell. But we know that wages would be a good deal cheaper, because we know just what the men get that you would have to compete with. Would it pay you to be able to buy a silk dress, or even a suit of clothes for a dollar or two less, and have a dollar a day, or even half of that, taken off your wages?"

"Not by a long shot. If I was sure of that they could not fool me that way."

"That is about the long and short of it," Fred said. "Prices are bound to go down in the long run. Competition will accomplish that. But letting foreign goods in free would bring them down in a hurry and turn things topsy turvy in the bargain. You know how it was fifteen years ago when we were trying to get down to a specie basis after the inflation of the war time. The working men were the very first to suffer. We don't want to bring those times back again just for the privilege of seeing if somebody's fool notions would come out as he expects them to."

"You bet we don't," Jack exclaimed. "I remember going hungry myself about that time, because dad couldn't get anything to do for a year or more."

"We would get hard times sure enough if we let foreign goods come in free or at a low tariff," Fred answered. "It stands to reason that if there isn't work enough to go around now, there would be a good deal less if we let foreigners do half of it for us. And that is just what this tariff war is about. Republicans say that we shall make our own tin and steel, and clothing, so as to give our own people plenty of work. Democrats say, 'Never mind the working men. We will buy where we can buy the cheapest.' As far as foreign trade is concerned, it is only a drop in the bucket compared with our own internal trade. We would be the biggest fools in creation to give foreigners half of our trade, in the hope of doubling our exports. And as for selling things abroad, we cannot sell any tin to Patagonia until we can make some for ourselves, can we?"

"I should say not," Jack answered. "But what about the farmers? They say that they could sell more if we had free trade."

"How much more? They do not tell them that. A well paid American workingman is worth twenty foreigners to the farmer. He buys everything he eats here. The foreign workingman buys a peck or two of wheat, perhaps, if he gets wages enough. If he does not he lives on turnips. The farmers would be the worst fooled lunatics of all if they should help to cut down the workingmen's wages one half, and brought on a panic besides, for the sake of selling a few more bushels of wheat abroad."

"It looks a little that way," Jack said. "It doesn't pay to be too selfish, I find."

"Then there is another thing," Fred continued. "We are obliged to raise just so much revenue to carry on our government. The Republicans believe in putting a tariff on two classes of things. First, everything that can be made or produced at a fair profit here. That is for the purpose of giving our own people the first chance for doing our own work. Second, on luxuries which only the rich people buy, anyway. Everything else comes in free, including tea, coffee and sugar, which poor people buy as well as the rich ones. There cannot be anything more favorable to all of our people, even the farmers, than this. But the Democratic tariff tinkers want to knock all this over. They want lower duties on manufactured goods so that the workingmen will have to take less wages for their work, and they want the poor man's and the farmer's coffee and sugar taxed so as to make up the difference. You can see the result easy enough. Less work and more taxes for workingmen and farmers, both. And yet you and Will Allen have been voting for the Democrats right along until you commenced to get your eyes open and to think for yourselves. I am not blaming you for the past, for I was just as foolish myself, but if you ever do it again I shall call you lunatics for a surety."

"We are not going to do it any more. Are we, Jack?" Young Allen had not yet reached the point of independent thinking and action. He wanted to be sure of his leader before he went too far.

"Not if I know myself, and I think I do," Jack answered. "But one thing more, Fred. What about this free silver? They say money will be cheaper if that passes."

"So it will, Jack. But you do not want to take a seventy cent dollar for an honest day's work, do you?"

"Well, no. Hardly."

"Don't help the money tinkers fool with the currency, then. You know how things are now. You never will know how they will be if you let a lot of theorists carry out their fool ideas. You may be pretty sure of one thing. When money goes down, wages won't go up to any great extent. You would better let well enough alone."

"I believe you are right, Fred. I won't be anybody else's fool any longer, if I can help it. It's bad enough to be one's own fool, and I begin to think that I have been that in more ways than one. You can put down my name in your Republican club as soon as you want to."

"And mine, too," Allen said, ready enough to follow his leader when he was once sure of the ground in front of him.

And there were others in the weeks that followed who concluded that Jack Devine's example was a good one to pattern after. The Daleboro Republican club grew and flourished like a green bay tree, and its two most enthusiastic supporters, Fred Bement and Lide McElroy, were correspondingly elated over it.

In February, the month of valentines, Prof. McElroy started East in search of one. It was readily found, and the interrupted Eastern trip became extended into a leisurely, bliss attended Southern one. Meanwhile Lide remained at home to keep the house and, with Aunt Sally's assistance, to prepare it for its new mistress.

At first the excitement of the work and some pleasant anticipation of her own caused the time to pass pleasantly enough, but as the days began to lengthen out into weeks she found herself compelled to suffer a little heroism upon her own account, at times. It was her first experience in being separated from her father for any length of time, and habit as well as affection, had woven its bonds closely about her. The anticipations of Fred's coming were quite enough to enliven her afternoons, but the morning hours often dragged heavily upon her, when her light morning labors had been completed. More than once, as she lay listlessly upon the couch in the library, during these periods of gloom, she felt the tears running down her cheeks. At first she would dash the tears away and hasten to forget her gloomy feelings in some active employment, but sometimes she allowed them to flow until she had had her cry out.

One morning Fred came in rather unexpectedly and caught her with the traces of tears still in her eyes. It was something of a surprise to him, for he had never thought of tears in connection with one so strong and self-possessed as Lide was, usually. "Why do you look at me in that way," she asked, defiantly, greatly vexed with herself for allowing him to discover her weakness.

"You have been crying," he said. "What is the matter?"

"Nothing," she answered, illogically. "It's a woman's privilege to cry whenever she wishes to, isn't it?"

"Yes, if there is some good reason for it," he answered, thinking at once of her father's marriage as the probable cause.

She seemed to divine his thought. "It is not that," she exclaimed. "I am as glad as I can be that they are married. But I believe that I do feel a little lonesome and babyish this morning. It really is nothing else."

He would have given his fortune if he could have taken her into his arms and have comforted her in true lover fashion, but she had not yet given him this privilege. He could show his sympathy in his looks, but she was not in search of sympathy at the moment. "What a lugubrious countenance," she exclaimed, with a merry laugh. "I believe that it is more solemn than mine was, even. If you do not laugh this instant I will send you home."

The threat was amply sufficient for the purpose and when Fred left, half an hour later, Lide's spirits had fully returned to her. But he did not soon forget the tearful countenance that he had seen, nor did his estimate of her character suffer in consequence of these fleeting glimpses of her womanly nature which were so rarely revealed to him.

Both Lide and Mrs. Bement received daily bulletins of the progress of the laggard lovers, and as they at last turned their steps decidedly homeward, Lide's spirits began to rise. And yet upon their arrival, for some reason she preferred to await their coming at home, rather than meet them at the depot with Fred.

But as soon as her father appeared within the doorway, she pounced upon him in an abandonment of joy. "Papa, I have been just dying for a sight of you for two weeks," she cried, looking at him through sunshiny tears.

"Shall we send for a doctor, Pigeon?" he asked, kissing her fondly.

"The doctor has come already," she exclaimed, laughing. "I am convalescent, now, thanks to your medicine, Dr. McElroy." She turned at last to her father's wife. "How dilatory I am in bidding you welcome," she said, embracing her. "But you are welcome—mother."

"I am not going to call you daughter, Lide. You are too big," Mrs. McElroy answered, cordially. "But I am very glad that we are so closely related." Nevertheless there was a fleeting pang of jealousy in Eunice McElroy's heart. She was not yet accustomed to seeing her husband hugging and kissing in such a fervent fashion. And Fred, too, standing by, was wondering if the queenly and self-possessed Lide McElroy would ever pounce upon him in a similar manner.

During the afternoon Lide was joyous and happy. Her father-lover had returned to her, and her new mother, so far from interfering with her happiness, rather increased it. She hovered about them both in the character of temporary guests, but was very careful that all preparations for their comfort

and entertainment were going forward in due order. Eunice had visited the kitchen upon her arrival, and had been welcomed politely, but without undue warmth by her now subject. After this first experience in housewifely matters she was quite content to remain a guest until compelled to take up the scepter of her new authority.

Aunt Sally's first act of open rebellion was in utterly refusing to sit down at the table with the others at supper time. She fancied that she knew her place in the new order of things, and she was resolved to keep it. She did not know how soon a grievance might be a convenience to her, even a self-made one. But Lide was the spirit of peace upon these troubled waters, and she tried her best to prevent, or at least ward off, all unpleasant consequences.

But she herself was destined to receive a rude awakening of her own. As she came into the parlor after the supper work was done she caught sight of Professor McElroy and his wife standing in lover-like attitude before the center-table. They were looking over some photographs that reminded them of the sweet bliss of honeymooning in strange places, and they did not notice her light step. But when she turned to escape again, realizing suddenly and forcibly that she was no longer first in her father's affections, they quickly became aware of her presence.

The professor would have dropped his arm, but his wife caught it with her disengaged hand. She had obtained a glimpse of the look upon Lide's countenance, and realized that prompt measures were necessary. "Lide, come here this instant!" she exclaimed in an authoritative way, as though she had been speaking to a child.

Lide turned back reluctantly, and as she came near them, Eunice caught her about the waist and held her for a moment without speaking. "No, that is not what I want to express," she exclaimed. "I do not want to be a dividing link, but a connecting one." And with her strong arms she swung the two toward each other until her husband's embrace included his daughter also.

"There, that is better," she declared. "Lide, never let me catch you running away from us again. There is nothing here that you do not share equally with me."

Lide did not care to dispute it. It was only the suddenness of the revelation that had shaken her equanimity. She was still sober as she looked into the face of her father's wife. "I minded you, mother, did I not?" she asked.

"Please do not call me mother. Call me Eunice," Mrs. McElroy answered. "Did you take that as a command? I assure you, I only spoke in love."

Lide looked at her thankfully. "May I go now?" she asked.

Eunice released her reluctantly, and she and her husband listened soberly as Lide passed out into the hall and up stairs to her own room. After all, her home-coming had not been as pleasant to Eunice McElroy as she had hoped. But there was no jealousy in her heart at that moment, toward her daughter, whose place she had apparently usurped. "Charles," she exclaimed, turning to her husband, "if you love me, never deny that girl a single caress that she has been accustomed to."

"I will not," her husband answered. But, after all, he was well pleased to remember that Lide was not without resource in matters emotional. "I am glad, though, that she has Fred to fall back upon," he said.

"Do you think that as yet she does not love him?" his wife asked.

"Oh, no. I do not think that. But there are gradations in love, you remember."

"I do remember," she exclaimed, exultantly, looking up into her husband's face with a happy smile.

But in the matter of caresses she took good care that Lide did not again have cause for offense.

In wedding plans and preparations, Lide's friend, Sadie, was allowed to easily outstrip her. She and Harry Morton were married in the early springtime. Lide and Fred acted as bridesmaid and groomsman. The wedding was a quiet one, at an early hour in the evening, and after a bountiful supper, the bride and groom departed immediately upon their wedding trip.

Lide was quiet and pensive as she walked homeward with Fred at her side, and Fred, too, lacked something of his usual vivacity. They entered the parlor and sat down before the grate without having spoken a half dozen words to each other upon the way.

"Shall I tell you what I was thinking about just before the wedding?" he asked at length.

Lide looked up with some show of interest, as if, perhaps, her own thoughts might have been upon a similar subject. "What was it?" she asked.

"A brilliant idea occurred to me, and I was wishing that I had the courage to propose it to you, seriously. It was that we should surprise our friends by making the wedding a double one."

She looked at him with a bright smile. "You should have been able to muster up that much courage, Sir Frederick," she said.

"I fancied that it would require a good deal of courage to propose such a thing in sober earnest. Would you really have listened to the suggestion?"

"No one can tell what they would do under strong temptation," she said, laughing pleasantly. "I might have listened, surely."

"And have acted upon it?"

"The opportunity has foolishly been allowed to pass, Mr. Bement. There is no reason in the world why I should answer that question now."

He looked at her curiously, as if to fathom the real extent of her seriousness. "I really believe that there is a little of the romantic in your nature, after all," he said.

"There is in most natures, I think," she answered. "I am not sure but that you deserve a little romance at the end of such a matter of fact courtship."

"Let us elope at once," he said, looking at her rather eagerly.

"What would be the use af that? Why should people elope when there is nothing to hinder them from getting married any day they choose?"

"Is there nothing to hinder in our case?"

"I think not."

"Then let us get married to-morrow!"

"I do not choose!" she answered, laughing at the trap into which she had fallen. "Do you want to put me into a cottage that is not even plastered yet?"

"We can board around among our friends until it is finished."

"Would you call that romantic? If you wish to tempt me you must propose something more than that'!

"I can think of nothing unless you will authorize me to hire a balloon for the ceremony. We could not live in the balloon, but we could exchange it for a room at some hotel."

"It would be the coming down that I should object to in that case. Upon the whole I am glad that you did not have the courage to tempt me. We shall escape the coming down!"

The conversation slowly died away as the hands of the clock upon the mantel piece drew near to the time when Fred usually took his leave. He had been well trained in all proper social observances. But upon this evening, with its suggestions, he was inclined to rebel against any observances which tended to cut short his visit. Why should the thought of parting intervene to mar the enjoyment of such blissful, wordless intercourse as he was at that moment experiencing? He did not stop to study into the philosophy of the matter or he might have discovered that there are compensations to be found for most of the unpleasant things we meet with in this life. The joy of the reunion may much more than balance the pain of the parting. A dead level of felicity is not good for a man in this world, whatever it may be in the world to come.

Fred sat for some moments watching the play of thought and feeling in Lide's countenance, and gloating over his rights of possession in the heart and life of the one before him as a miser might gloat over his store of gold. He even forgot for the moment that there was anything lacking in the full tale to which Lide's pledge entitled him. He had learned by experience to be content with what had been freely given him and not to worry about what the gods or Lide McElroy might have in store for him. Nevertheless he would have been a still happier mortal could he have believed that the door of her heart was wide open to him, and that he could enter in and take his fill.

Lide looked up at him once or twice, in a wistful, inquiring way, meeting his gaze frankly and smiling as though there were no reason in the world why he should not look at her as much as he pleased. It was only one of love's many methods of speech. But Fred had not yet learned all of the delicate shades of meaning to be found in love's vocabulary. He had noticed a wistful, unsatisfied look in her countenance more than once, but had connected it with the new home relations, which, he feared, were not as pleasant as she had anticipated. That these might in any way affect her relations with him, he had not for a moment imagined.

At length, with another glance at the accusing clock, Fred arose, desperately, to say "Good night," and go. Lide arose with him and stood for a moment near the piano where he had deposited his hat and coat. But Fred, having satisfied his conscience by the start, was still dilatory. "You never urge me to stay longer," he said, complainingly, with a wistful glance of his own.

She laughed pleasantly at the accusation. "Neither do I send you away, unless it is in behalf of your clients. And you require no invitation to come again, or as often as you please, for that matter."

"No," he answered. "I can at least take my welcome for granted, I think."

"But nothing more?" she asked, with a quick, meaning glance.

"Well, I do not know," he answered obtusely. "But I am sure of one thing, and that is that clocks are a nuisance. I wonder why they were ever invented?"

"To remind us that duty and pleasure both have their limitations. And some other things as well. Woman's perversity, for instance."

"And the limit of present pleasure has come, I suppose," he said, reaching out his hand to her.

She looked at him in a despairing way as she gave him her own hand. He held it a moment, looking at her curiously. "There is something that troubles you, Lide," he said at length. "I know there is. I wish you would tell me what it is."

She looked into his face with a queer smile. "Do you really think that I ought to tell you, Fred?" she asked.

"Yes. Have I not a right to know everything?"

"I am not sure that you deserve to know everything, Fred," she answered, with a laugh. "But in this instance it is only that I have discovered that I am hungry."

"What. After that supper that you ate to-night?" he asked, thinking that it was only her droll way of misleading him. "I really cannot believe that story."

"But this is not a stomach trouble at all. It is a heart difficulty," she exclaimed, breaking away from him and starting for the door of the library.

He immediately followed, laughing happily, and soon overtook her. Love flies from love with laggard feet. A sofa—an indispensable article of furniture upon such occasions—was close at hand, and he bore her in triumph to it. She submitted to his caresses with a joyous laugh, her face flushed with the intoxication that comes from love's wine cup, while he had never known, and could never know again, a moment so supremely full of happiness as when he held Lide McElroy, a willing love prisoner, within his arms.

"What a dullard you were, Fred, to make me tell you that I really and truly loved you," she said to him, when his first ardor was satisfied.

"But you must remember my training, Miss McElroy," he answered, laughing in a happy way. "I really do not think that I was to blame."

"No, you were not, Fred. It was a woman's perversity as usual. But it shall never trouble you in that way again."

He answered her without the use of words. Indeed, words were superfluous things for them at that moment. They were each gettingg a deep, new insight into the mysteries of love's vocabulary.

And the clock upon the mantlepiece ticked on, unheeded.

THE END.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold by F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs FREE

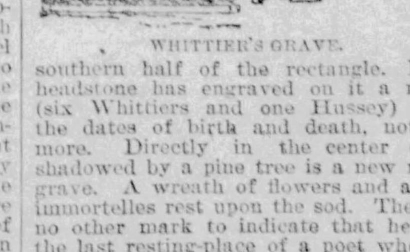
WHITTER'S GRAVE.

The Relic Hunters Already Pursuing Their Nefarious Work.

The relic-hunter is one of the most frightful developments of modern civilization. There are no terms too loathsome to characterize him. It is a compliment to his sense of honor to call him a thief, to his sense of decency to call him a ghoul, and to his intelligence to call him an ass. These terms, opprobrious enough when applied to ordinary criminals, are base flattery when applied to him. Thieves, ghouls and asses would all resent the comparison.

John Greenleaf Whittier was buried only three weeks ago. No monument, no stone of any sort marks his grave as yet. But stories of the depredations of vandals upon the shrubbery have already begun to find their way into the papers.

A New York World reporter went to Amesbury, Mass., to visit the grave and find the facts. The lot is a long, rectangular one, surrounded by a hedge of scrub pines. Seven plain headstones, each about a foot square, occupied the



WHITTIER'S GRAVE.

southern half of the rectangle. Each headstone has engraved on it a name (six Whittiers and one Hussey) with the dates of birth and death, nothing more. Directly in the center overshadowed by a pine tree is a new made grave. A wreath of flowers and a few immortelles rest upon the sod. There is no other mark to indicate that here is the last resting-place of a poet whom a nation delights to honor.

Yet stay, there are other marks. The hedge around the grave is neat and orderly and well trimmed save in one spot. And that is just directly in the center, just on a line with the new-made grave. Here twigs and branches have been rudely broken off until the symmetry of the hedge is utterly destroyed. The pine tree in the center has also suffered severely. Evidently the relic-hunter had been at work here. Disappointed in his search for a tombstone to violate he had wreaked his revenge on the surrounding foliage. Had the reporter been a relic-hunter he could have carried away the entire hedge in sections and nobody would have interfered. There was nobody to interfere. The grave of Whittier lies in the desolate and neglected grave-yard at the mercy of any one who chooses to violate it.

Rather Homely.

Mose Schaumburg (to Ike Silverstone)—"There is my daughter, Repecca, she gets terventy-five thousand dollars ven she marries."

Ike—"Dat vould be a bad bargain. She is ugly for forty tousand dollars at der very lowest calculation."

Recent Literature.

Latest Volumes to Be Found on the Blade Book Table.

From Macmillan & Co., New York City, comes "Calmire," a religious novel, and in many respects one of the most remarkable books of the year. It is a formidable book to tackle, with over 700 pages, but the patient reader will be well rewarded. It can hardly be said to be on the same lines with "Robert Elsmere," but it is a work of the same character.

"Famous Types of Womanhood," by Sarah K. Bolton, author of "Poor Boys Who Became Famous," etc., is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York City. In this latest addition to Mrs. Bolton's "Famous" books, full sketches are given of Queen Louise of Prussia, who was not only beautiful in person and in character, but was the inspirer of German unity; Madame Recamier, who stands forth as the best type of social elegance and dignity; Susannah Wesley, that marvelous woman whose inspiration did so much toward establishing the world-wide work of Methodism; Harriet Martineau, whose career is an encouragement to all struggling women; Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale;" and others.

"Cross Currents," by Mary Angela Dickens, is published in pamphlet form by D. Appleton & Co., New York City. It is a readable novel of the very common type that forms the staple of English circulating libraries.

"Etiquette" is "An Answer to the Riddle When? Where? How?" by Agnes H. Morton, so says the title page, and is published by the Penn Publishing company, Philadelphia. This little book gives the rules that should govern every-day life in a very clear manner, and is a good reference book for those who are puzzled over little matters of behavior in polite society.

"A Son of Esau," by Minnie Gilmore, the author of "Pipes from Prairie Land," etc., is published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., 45 East Tenth street, New York city. This is a Western story, the scene being laid in Colorado. It is very well written, full of incident, brightly told.

"The Other House," by Kate Jordan, and further described as "A Study of Human Nature," is also published by Lovell, Coryell & Company. It is sensational in its ending, showing how a terrible temptation was resisted, though the flames scorched and well nigh overcame the man whose whole after life must be changed. It is well, even brilliantly written, and will find many fascinated readers.

"Suggestions," by Mabel Collins, is published by Lovell, Gestefeld & Company, 125 East Twenty-third street, New York city. It is a story of much literary excellence, but of horrors, with scarcely a bright chapter between its covers.

ADA REHAN AS JUSTICE.

She Will Be the Model for a Silver Statue, Heroic Size.

It seemed a pity that when all the world should come a-flocking to the fair at Chicago, and each country should put forth her best, that America's grandest product and greatest triumph—to wit, her women—should not be placed somewhere on high where all might gaze, wonder and adore. The

MISS REHAN IN SILVER.

powers that be pondered upon this question with no particular result, and, while they were still plotting, out comes the rich and rocky state of Montana and says that she will see that the American girl has her due, and offers to erect a solid silver statue, eight feet high and costing $50,000, standing upon a pedestal worth $250,000 and made of pure gold.

To be sure, the statue will be called "Justice," but what does that matter when it will be in fact an American girl, and this girl Miss Ada Rehan.

The sculptor is Mr. R. H. Park, and it is said that he will receive $10,000 for his services. The model will probably be cast in Chicago.

The figure will represent Miss Rehan standing on the globe, with one foot resting on the continent of North America. In her left hand she holds scales equally balanced with gold and silver coin. In her right she holds a sword, and the head is thrown slightly back, while the eyes are cast upward.

It is confidently predicted that Miss Rehan, in her new and allegorical part, will be a great success.

WIDE TIRES.

What the English Law Requires Regarding Wagons.

An exchange says that the old statute relating to the width of wagon tires is still in force in England. It is the general turnpike act, and regulates the weight to be allowed to wagons, carts, etc., according to the width of the tires on their wheels. The limit for nine inches in width is 6 1-2 tons in summer and a little less in winter. The six-inch tire is allowed a load of 4 3-4 tons, and four and a half inch tires are permitted a maximum of 4 1-4 tons. An increased toll is levied at the turnpikes for weight over the statutory figures, and one-half extra toll is exacted from the drivers of all wagons which have tired less than four and a half inches broad. We ought to have similar arrangements in this country. It is the vehicles with narrow tires that do the greatest amount of mischief in cutting up the roads in the country and the pavement in cities. They ought to be taxed out of existence in the same way as was driven out some thirty years ago the wildcat and red-dog currency which the Democratic national platform demands to be reinstated. The narrow tire is a luxury for possession of which the owner should be made to pay sufficient to reimburse the community for the harm it does to the roads.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

(For recitation in school.)

'Twas just four centuries ago—
In fact, it is a little more—
Since, as you scholars all well know,
Columbus left his native shore
And boldly pushed his vessel's prow
Due west across the stormy main,
Quite fearless as to when, or how,
The fates might bring him home again!

Day followed night, night followed day,
And onward still his vessels sped,
Across the ocean's trackless way,
Uncertain where his destiny led,
'Till, as no sign of land appears,
His sailors, who had timid grown,
Expressed their superstitious fears
In many a mutinous undertone.
Lest they, upon these trackless seas,
So vast, tempestuous and wide,
Struck by some sharp, cyclonic breeze,
Should sink beneath the treacherous tide!

'Twas then Columbus's lofty soul,
Sought his own courage to instill
Within their hearts, and thus control
And hold them subject to his will!

We can't forget how much we owe
To that imperial will, so grand—
That in a few days, as we know,
It brought him to the promised land!

A land where savages then dwelt,
But which, beneath the march of time,
Has at the shrine of science knelt
And reached an eminence sublime!

A land by tyrants never trod,
A land where noble souls have striven
To consecrate each inch of sod
To God, and Liberty, and Heaven!

For this we gather here to-day,
And on this shrine our tributes lay,
And trust another hundred years
Will place us where we have no peers!

S. I. LOVETT.

HE KNEW HIS BUSINESS.

The "Terror" Gave Him a Minute, but it Took Him Only One Second.

A group of club loungers were exchanging reminiscences when the youngest of the group spoke up in a tone that promised a good story:

"I can tell you an experience I had when I was with an engineering party in Idaho a few years ago. A prominent man in the camp had suddenly disappeared, and it was generally believed that Murphy—or Desperado Jack, as he was familiarly known—was accountable for the disappearance. Murphy was a typical Westerner, was born in the West, had roved around in the West for years and it goes without saying that he was an expert at poker and a crack shot. There were already eleven notches upon the handle of his revolver when I met him. He was absolutely fearless and was regarded as the terror of the camp. Notwithstanding the suspicions that arose concerning the old colonel's disappearance, there was no positive evidence that Murphy was the murderer, and probably the right arm of the law would have proved a little weak anyway in a case in which Murphy was involved.

"I was playing poker one evening in the bar-room and may possibly have been affected somewhat by my half dozen drinks. I had a dead cinch I thought on my opponent, and the chances were in favor of my becoming richer by about fifteen hundred when Murphy sauntered in. He lounged around the bar for a few minutes, but finding nothing else to interest him he swaggered over to our table and watched the game. Seeing that I was about to win he remarked insolently to my companion, 'Don't let that damned tenderfoot get the best of you. Put down that ten.'

"I fired up in a second and was ready to knock him down.

"'Stiddy, now, Billy; stiddy,' he said to me, jeeringly.

"Of course I lost my temper, called him a murderer and accused him of killing Brown, and added that everybody knew it. Eyeing me coolly, he drew out a silver mounted Derringer, with the remark:

"'Young man, I'll give you just one minute to take that back.'"

"You killed the scoundrel with his own gun, of course," remarked a listener in the tone of one who had anticipated the point of the story.

The narrator tilted back his chair and thrust his thumbs in the armholes of his vest.

"Gentlemen," he remarked dryly, "I had just fifty-nine seconds to spare."—New York Herald.

A STRANGE FREAK.

A Case Which is a Puzzle to Learned Biologists.

The members of the medical profession in Hamilton, Ont., are greatly interested in a remarkable surgical operation which took place in the west end of the city about a week ago. It is said that the case is, in some of its features, so curious as to be unprecedented.

A little girl, 3 years of age, was troubled with what appeared to be a tumor rapidly growing out of the small of her back. The growth was soft, and had all the characteristics of a fatty tumor excepting that there was a well-defined bone of triangular shape embedded in it. The supposed tumor was the shape of a sugar-loaf, with an indentation at the crown. It was about six inches in diameter, and stood out from the back fully five inches. It was decided to have it removed. Seven city doctors were present at the operation. It was not successful; the child died 36 hours afterward.

The dissection of the mysterious growth and the post-mortem held on the child's body revealed some remarkable facts. A portion of the spinal column was wanting, and from the cavity the growth proceeded. There was in the supposed tumor evidence of the beginning of another and independent life, rudimentary organs having already been formed. If no operation had been performed this independent life would have continued to grow until, no doubt, it would have developed into a monstrosity and ultimately caused death.—Hamilton Spectator.

ALEUT CANOES.

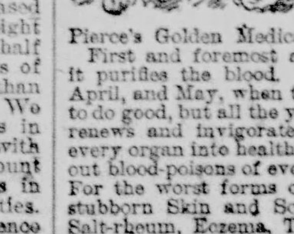
How the Natives of the Aleutian Islands Navigate the Sea.

Two firemen who were on the steamer Alice Blanchard on a trip to the Yukon river brought back two novel Aleut canoes. The boats are made of rawhide, supported by horizontal ribs. The only opening is a circular hole in the center, large enough for a man's body so that he can sit down. A flap of rawhide surrounds the hole, and, when the occupant plants himself in the bottom of the craft, he draws this flap up, fastening it tightly around his body under his arms. This makes the boat practically water-tight, and he can paddle along in the roughest kind of weather without danger of drowning. If this craft rolls over all he has to do is to paw the water until he gets his head to the surface again, and the boat, having stationary ballast, immediately rights herself.

Some of them are made with two holes to accommodate two passengers. The two brought down are the single pattern. They are about fourteen feet long, thirty inches across, and of a like depth. They are very light and can easily be carried about. The owners are going to keep them at Lake Washington. It is said two men came down from Alaska in one some years ago and had been upset on numerous occasions on the way, but they never suffered more serious injury than getting their shoulders wet.—Seattle Post-Intelligence.

My Photograph.

My sister Sunshine smiled on me,
And of my visit wrought a shade.
"Behold," she cried, "the mystery
Of which thou art afraid!
"For Death is but a tenderness,
A shadow, that unclouded Love,
Hath fashioned in its own excess
Of radiances from above."



Rosy cheeks are not made from the outside. Pure blood, an active liver, good appetite and digestion—these are the things that give them. And these are the things that you get with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

First and foremost and above all things, it purifies the blood. Not only in March, April, and May, when the sarsaparillas claim to do good, but all the year round, it cleanses, renews and invigorates the system, rouses every organ into healthful action, and drives out blood-poisons of every name and nature. For the worst forms of Scrofula, the most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases, such as Salt-rheum, Eczema, Tetter, Erysipelas, and *all* diseases or disorders caused by a torpid liver or impure blood, nothing can equal it as a remedy.

If any thing could, it would be *guaranteed*, just as the "Discovery" is. *If that* fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back. Is any thing that isn't sold in this way likely to be "just as good"?

See that you get the genuine medicine.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Spider in Teat.

Mrs. E. W., New Hampshire: The editor does not know of any disease called "spider" in cow's teat. The udder of the cow is embraced in four separate glands called quarters, each one consisting of a mass of lobules, among which are many ducts, small at the extremities, gradually connecting and forming large ducts. The largest of these reservoirs is above the base of the teats. The teats form the outlets for the principal milk ducts. As your cow had garget there may have been a partial breaking down of the structure of udder leaving it in a spongy condition. If the teat is closed, open it with a milking tube. If you can not get this, use a small feather. If the milk in the udder is thick inject into it a little of this: A teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in a pint of water. Bathe the udder with warm water, and rub it with sweet oil after drying. Knead the udder with the fingers gently. Give the cow 1 oz. of saltpetre in her drinking water once a day for five days.

Diseased Foot.

G. E. M., Marion county, Kansas: The mule has navicular disease, which has run so long that it is doubtful if the disease can be overcome. The lameness in the shoulder is the result of the disease in the foot. The mule must stop work for at least two months, if a cure is to be expected. Open up the heel, and place the foot in a bucket of warm water for a full hour every day for a week. Then poultice for three days. Rasp the front of the foot in the shape of a V with wide part at the toe. Then blister with cerate of cantharades around the coronet of the foot. After blistering sharply heal with unsalted lard; then repeat the blister. Let the mule run to grass or in the barn yard, and if stabled put in on a dirt floor. It will be unnecessary for you to apply anything to the shoulder, for the remedying of the disease in the foot will dissipate the pain in the shoulder.

Bony Lump on Leg.

S. D., Monroe county, Pennsylvania: The bony formation on your horse's leg is a splint. Splints are not regarded as an unsoundness unless they cause lameness, which rarely occurs. When very near the knee there is usually lameness. As your horse is young, the splint may gradually grow less. You are advised to take, of bin-iodide of mercury, 1 drm; lard, 1 oz. Mix these thoroughly and rub a little on the part once a day, washing off before re-applying with warm water and soap. The application should be continued for about a week; then heal with vaseline. It will be well for you to wrap the leg, over the splint, with muslin, to keep the horse from getting his lips against the mercury and lard.

Received.

The Farmers' Institute Question Box is a book of 50 pages, giving practical and authentic information on cattle, their care and management; feeding and food rations; the dairy, milk and butter and cheese making. The subject matter has been gleaned from reports of the Farmers' Institute, New York, in reports of institutes in other states and dairy schools of New York. The book contains many facts that will prove of interest to cattle owners, or those engaged in the dairy industry. Published by J. Wallace Darrow, Chatham, N. Y.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Preserving Fence Posts—Tamarack.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—Will some reader of The Blade tell me how to preserve fence posts? When is the best time to cut the timber? How does tamarack last, and when is the best time for cutting the same? There was a recipe published a few years ago to preserve posts for half a cent apiece. Can some one repeat it?—I. W. Zuch, Indiana.

Feeding Bees in Winter.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—In reply to R. F. Johnson regarding the feeding of bees in winter, will say: Take granulated sugar and make a syrup about as thick as good honey, being careful not to burn it. Take pepper boxes, fill and invert over the cluster. Let your bees winter on their summer stands. Do not confine to the hives, whether wintered on their summer stands or in the cellar. In wintering bees in the cellar the temperature must be kept between 38 deg. and 50 deg., Fah. This is hard to do in an ordinary cellar.—Plinny Shepardson, Washington.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A New Variety of Sugar Cane.

Many new plants have been brought to light in the recent explorations by Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans in Equatorial Africa, but one in particular has a special claim to the attention of West Indies. In the Upper Niger region, where great heat and moisture combine to produce luxuriance of tropical vegetation, a quaint variety of sugar-cane has been found, which is described as possessing great saccharine richness and being reproduced from seed, which in this variety is well developed. This is indeed new to the sugar-planter, and from a botanical point of view confirms the theory that our present cultivated varieties are descended from an original perfectly flowering and seeding plant, the perpetuation of which by cuttings impaired in the course of time the original attributes of the parent variety. The agricultural board and local planters should take particular note of this reported discovery, and so also should the government botanist. Such a variety of cane introduced in the island would be worth millions of Tusser silk-worms, and prove infinitely more advantageous for its prosperity. And it is to be hoped we shall soon hear something more of the Niger cane.—Port of Spain, Trim., Gazette.

Gilt Edge Butter.

The farmer who has good dairy cows and the modern improved dairy appliances makes the gilt edge butter that private consumers like to pay fancy prices for. The factory takes milk or cream from large herds of cows in filthy stables, and it is impossible to make gilt edge butter from such cream. The improved appliances make home dairying pleasant and profitable. The power for churning is furnished by a good sized calf or steam. The milk is cooled and the cream may be separated as fast as milked and the sweet milk better utilized. With all these advantages where the cleanliness is known to be satisfactory with ice or running water in the dairy, the farm dairy with new methods can make better butter of finer flavor than the creamery. The butter is put in neat, attractive packages, wrapped in specially prepared paper instead of white rags that may have served for other purposes, like the famous little English cheese that was discovered to be ripened in the warm feather bed, the demand soon ceased.—Western Live Stock Journal.

Fall Care of Cows.

Too many dairymen talk about "putting their cows upon their winter feed." The good dairyman does not know where autumn ends and winter begins. With him there is no sudden change from wet to dry, or cold to warmth; and the man who sees that the summer dairy is as well cared for as the winter one, and the reverse, will be the one who has succeeded in keeping his cows giving milk until near calving time. In our dairy, judicious feeding and care doubly pay me by furnishing milk even in the mid-summer, so that the milk-can makes its trips to the creamery every day in the year, when by the old plan of dairying, the cows rested from milk-giving at least eighteen weeks, and that at the time of their greatest cost, namely, winter months. Few dairymen begin to stable their cows early enough in the fall. To them it seems a loss not to have cows in the pasture night and day until the ground is actually frozen, the idea being that this frosted feed will be lost if not eaten. The fact is ignored that milk, if secured in profitable quantities, is a result of warmth and comfort, and no cow on frosted feed, deluged by the cold and penetrating rains of autumn and chilled by frosts, can maintain the flow of milk that she would if kept in the stable at night and on stormy days. Teaching a cow to endure cold weather and expecting her to do well in milk yield, has not paid since the advent of winter dairying. The winter dairymen have found that the nearer they make the fall and winter months like June, the better the results. In general practice, I find that as soon as the chilly nights set in in October, it pays to keep the cows in, and feed them in the stable, for a cow by preference never likes a wet and cold bed, and by the same reasoning is never found on the windy side of a fence, but hunts a sheltered nook, if one is to be found. Let us take a hint from the cow herself, and as soon as the fire is needed in the house, put this mother cow, that in her milk-giving is more susceptible to the cold than the "dry" one, into the warm stable and generously feed her, and defer the toughening period until warmer weather in the spring, and by this more generous and humane treatment secure many more gallons of better milk, and place ourselves among the more progressive dairymen of the country.—John Gould, in O. J. Farmer.

Fresh Butter.

The following translated from L'Industrie Laitiere, is by Mr. Nourry, a well-known French authority:

Fresh butter is distinguished by its sweet and agreeable flavor. The flavor is the more refined and delicate the less the butter is washed; but this delicacy is quite temporary, and (during hot weather especially) will not last more than about one day. This is due to the sweet milk retained in the butter and the transformation of its sugar into lactic acid, which is the first stage of decomposition.

Butter, therefore, that is required for immediate consumption should not be washed too much; but if not so required the more it is washed the better and the longer it will keep.

Various methods have been adopted for the preservation of fresh butter. The two following are recommended by M. Pourain in his classical treatise on dairying:

1. To preserve butter as long as possible in its fresh state, it should first be thoroughly washed so as to retain no milk, and then placed into a crock and pressed firmly into it in order to expel the air. Sufficient room should be left in the crock for a layer of fresh water to cover the butter, and so prevent its contact with the air. The water should be frequently renewed.

2. Another method is to wrap up the butter in a damp cloth of white linen, care being taken to keep the linen always damp.

The object of this method being also to keep the butter from contact with the air, it is advisable to use comparatively thick and coarse cloths, as they retain the moisture longer than finer ones, such as gauze, etc.

The water makes the threads of the cloth swell, and prevents the air from penetrating through; and, as it evaporates, it also repels the air, and tends to keep the butter at an equable temperature.

No substance is more susceptible than butter to contamination with odors from neighboring substances. It should always be kept in a cool place and apart from bodies such as meat and vegetables, which have a deleterious effect on it.

THRILLING INCIDENT

On a War Ship During the Rebellion—How the End Came.

Capt. H. D. Smith, United States navy, tells of this thrilling incident in midocean just after the war, in St. Nicholas:

Early one morning the mate was startled by the cry from aloft: "Black smoke ahead, sir! A big steamer standing to the southward."

The captain was called, and in a trice bounced on deck, where, applying the glass to his eye, he took a long look at the stranger who had pushed so suddenly out of the early mist hanging low upon the horizon.

Whatever her character, we had but little chance of escape if she had rifle guns. Many a glance of apprehension was directed toward the sombre hull and pair of sloping smokestacks, with the twisting smoke trending far astern.

"Show him our colors, sir! Bend on the ensign; we may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. If that fellow is a rebel, the sooner we know it the better!" exclaimed the captain somewhat excitedly to the mate.

It was close upon six bells (7 o'clock) when the steamer revealed her nationality.

We fairly yelled as the blood-red cross of St. George danced up aloft from the steamer's signal-halyards. She was evidently a troop-ship bound for the Cape, a trifle out of her course; but we did not stop to consider that.

She was too far distant to speak; but in obedience to a gesture from the captain, the mate emptied a bag of gayly-colored signals on deck, and the boys were called aft to man the halyards, and lend a hand to bend on the magic flags. Upward fluttered the parti-colored bits of bunting, glasses were leveled, and breathless expectancy marked the sunburned features of the clipper's crew; for the inquiry flying from our mizzen-royalmast was: "What news of the American war?"

The flash of foam cast up by the huge propeller greeted our straining vision; the great steamer glided onward, but no responsive signals gladdened the anxious hearts of those yearning to hear news from home.

With a passionate exclamation of disappointment, the captain closed the joints of his long glass with a savage snap, saying, as he turned away: "He hasn't our code. It's no use."

"Look at that!" suddenly exclaimed the mate, pointing. "What is he going to do?"

"He's coming about," shouted the captain, his bronzed features fairly paling. "Can it be possible he has played us a trick, and is the Alabama? Stand by all hands for——"

A deep blast of the steam whistle rumbled over the flashing water, followed by a number of quick toots, as the steamer ranged to leeward; then an expanse of white canvas was lowered over the side.

Glasses were directed upon that bright patch amidships, upon which dark lines could be discerned with the naked eye. The glasses showed these were letters.

"I have it!" shouted the captain, leaping excitedly into the rigging. "Spread the news fore and aft! It says: 'The American conflict is over! Davis a fugitive'—and what's that? Heavens, no—yes—'Lincoln is killed!'"

"Strike the colors half-mast, sir," continued the captain to the mate, in a subdued tne. Then he added: "Hoist the signal, 'Thank you,' to the steamer."

At that moment the rich, full tones of a regimental band were wafted across the heaving swells, and many an eye glistened with emotion as the well-known strains of "Hail Columbia" were faintly heard. The steamer slowly fell off and resumed her course, while, as if actuated by one impulse, the officers and men sprang into the weather-rigging, giving three times three and waving their hats in return for the kindness of the courteous Englishmen. The stars and stripes were dipped three times, the hoarse whistle rang out in return, the Meteor Flag slowly and majestically returned the salute, and the greeting in midocean was over.

"The commander of the craft is a gentleman—every inch of him!" was the admiring remark of the mate, as he glanced astern at the fast-fading troop-ship.

Scrofula

Is more especially than any other a hereditary disease, and for this simple reason: Arising from impure and insufficient blood, the disease locates itself in the lymphatics, which are composed of white tissues; there is a period of fœtal life when the whole body consists of white tissues, and therefore the unborn child is especially susceptible to this dreadful disease. But there is a potent remedy for scrofula, whether hereditary or acquired. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which expels every trace of the disease and gives to the blood the quality and color of health. Get Hood's.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"When my boy was two years old he was attacked and suffered a long time with scrofula sores. The physician at length told us to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla, which we did. Two bottles cured him. He is now 10 years old and has not had any sign of scrofula since. We recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all our friends." Mrs. E. C. Clipper, 8 Kidder St., Cleveland, O.

Entirely Cured My Boy

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS have attained a world-wide reputation solely upon their superlative merits. They have many would-be rivals, but have never been equalled or even approached in curative properties and rapidity and safety of action. Their value has been attested by the highest medical authorities, as well as by unimpeachable testimonials from those who have used them, and they are recommended as the best external remedy for Weak Back, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Chest and Stomach Affections, Kidney Difficulties, Weak Muscles, Strains, Stitches, and Aches and Pains of every description.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

"Thorough" and "Standard."

J. M. C., Beeler Mt., Wyo.: The term, "a thoroughbred horse," applies to running horses only. Certain conditions relative to speed and breeding, as defined by English and American turf authorities, are necessary to insure a horse to be classed as a "thoroughbred." Any one owning a runner can explain these conditions. The Blade has not the data at hand.

The term, "standard bred horse," applies to trotters and pacers only. When an animal meets the following required conditions, and is duly registered, it becomes a standard bred animal:

First—Any trotting stallion that has a record of 2 minutes and 30 seconds (2:30), or pacing stallion that has a record of 2 minutes and 25 seconds (2:25), or better, provided any of his get has a record of 2:35 trotting, or 2:30 pacing, or better; or provided his sire or dam is already a standard animal.

Second—Any mare or gelding that has a trotting record of 2:30, or pacing record of 2:25 or better.

Third—Any horse that is the sire of two trotters with records of 2:30, or two pacers with records of 2:25, or one trotter with a record of 2:30, and one pacer with a record of 2:25, or better.

Fourth—Any horse that is the sire of one trotter with a record of 2:30, or one pacer with a record of 2:25, or better, provided he has either of the following additional qualifications: 1.—A trotting record of 2:35, or a pacing record of 2:25, or better. 2.—Is the sire of two animals with trotting records of 2:35, or pacing records of 2:30, or one trotter with a record of 2:35, and one pacer with a record of 2:30, or better. 3.—Has a sire or dam that is already a standard animal.

Fifth—Any mare that has produced a trotter with a record of 2:30, or pacer with a record of 2:35, or better.

Sixth—The progeny of a standard horse when out of a standard mare.

Seventh—The female progeny of a standard horse when out of a mare by a standard horse.

Eighth—The female progeny of a standard horse when out of a mare whose dam is a standard mare.

Ninth—Any mare that has a trotting record of 2:35, or a pacing record of 2:30, or better, whose sire or dam is a standard animal.

American Shipping.

G. B., Rich Hill, Mo.: Your Democratic friend is airing his ignorance. Our shipyards are as good as any in the world. The Charleston was made from plans purchased in England by Secretary Whitney, and her imperfections were due to these English plans. The other vessels of our navy, which were built from plans made here, by American builders, exceeded the requirements. Any man conversant with the history of American shipbuilding knows that we can beat the world in that line. He is also wrong in what he says about American ships repairing in foreign ports. They would lose American registry by so doing; and we doubt if he can give an authentic instance of one vessel which has done as he says.

The reasons we have not a large merchant marine on the ocean may be given briefly thus: English built pirates, like the Alabama, destroyed our commerce during the war. When the war ended, Great Britain had the predominance, and has kept it ever since. First, her mail steamers are all subsidized by the British government; and until we follow the same system for some time, we can not hope to rival her. We now have a law for this purpose, passed by the 51st Congress, which is building up our steamer lines. As for merchant ships, there are more English merchant vessels afloat than are needed to carry the freights of the world. Ocean freight rates are consequently so low that there is no money in the business; that is, a man can a better return for his money by investing it in something else rather than in building merchant ships with it. We have an enormous tonnage as it is, and if the business were more profitable we would have more of it.

Free Trade Circulars.

A. J. H., Muscoda, Wis.: Some of the quotations you send us in the free trade circular are correct; others we do not know. But the statements are misleading. To illustrate: Blaine did say, in effect, that "there is not a section or a line in the entire bill that will open a market for another of wheat or another barrel of pork." But it was not said of the law as it now stands. The words were spoken by Blaine while the McKinley bill was before Congress and before it was made a law. Blaine was urging the insertion if the clauses on reciprocity. They were inserted and are part of the law to-day. Every statement in the circular about which we know anything is misleading in the same way. Some of them are old and were spoken years ago, in the course of debate on some proposed tariff measure, and were not intended as general statements. Such literature is trivial, and any intelligent man can detect the fallacy of it at once. The second circular is of the same character. Why did not its author put in "Sugar, free; saves the people fifty million dollars a year?" and other things of that sort. A circular of the same sort, just as effective, can be made against the Democratic Mills bill. Only ignorant men can be affected by such rubbish.

Our Imports of Breadstuffs.

A. W. S., Santa Fe, Kan.: The items of breadstuffs imported into the United States for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1892, were as follows:

	Amount.		Value.
Barley	3,146,337	bu.	$1,592,040
Corn	15,230	bu.	10,752
Oats	20,208	bu.	8,224
Oatmeal	496,333	bls.	27,942
Rye	83,537	bu.	67,507
Wheat	2,459,602	bu.	1,935,780
Wheat flour	614	bls.	4,911
All others	....	bls.	965,327
Total			$4,631,809

These figures are taken from the "Summary Statement of the Imports and Exports of the United States," No. 12—June 1891-92, issued by the statistical bureau of the Treasury department. They are official. This summary does not name the countries from which these breadstuffs came, but they were doubtless from the Dominion of Canada. The new tariff law has very largely reduced such imports. For 1890—the year the new tariff went into effect—they were over six millions in value—about one-half greater than in 1892. Free trade would pour all the grain of Canada into our markets, especially from Manitoba, etc.

Asking Her Parents.

J. C., Tingley, Iowa, asks: "Is it necessary to ask the parents of a young lady who is of age, to marry her, if she is willing to accept you, and there does not seem to be any objections with the parents?"

It is necessary—not in a legal sense, but as a matter of gentlemanly courtesy. You have no right to take the view that, because the girl is of legal age, you can treat her parents in a rude and boorish manner. If there is no objection on their part, it will be a very pleasant thing to ask them; if they do object, you then have an opportunity, in a manly way, to remove the objection, or prejudice, if possible.

Miscellaneous.

C. C., Dresden, Kan.: Any school history of the United States will answer your question.

W. C. H., Laurel Point, W. V.: We do not know how many states have compulsory school laws.

J. W. P. W., Oliver Springs, Tenn.: We have not the Greek type, and hence can not print the Greek alphabet.

A. D. S., Toledo, O.: We have not a sketch of J. M. Barrie's life. When we find one we shall be glad to publish it.

D. H. A., New Salisbury, Ind.: We have exploded the lie, that our manufacturers sell articles cheaper abroad than here, many times in The Blade.

D. S.: You do not understand the silver question. The point is this: That to give unlimited coinage, with unlimited legal tender powers, to silver dollars of the present weight, would drive all the gold out of the country, and make the silver dollar the standard—not at its face value, but its market value, of about 65 or 66 cents.

S. J. W., Lincoln, Ill.: The total disbursements for pensions for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1891, was $118,548,959.71. The expense of disbursement is very small, but we have not the exact figures.

F. P., Grand Rapids, Mich.: Better advertise for news of your brother in the leading New York papers. That is the only feasible plan, it seems to us.

W. S. W., Grant City, Mo.: The constitution of the United States says nothing about the observance of Sabbath, or Sunday, or any other day. That is a matter entirely in the power of each state.

G. H. C., McPherson, Kan.: Thanks for your postal, but you misapprehended the question our correspondent asked. He wished for the date of an alleged "dark day" between 1800 and 1810, to fix the birth-year of an ancestor. If any one knows of a dark day within that decade, we shall be obliged for the date and facts.

W. C. J., Holbrook, Neb.: There is no way of telling the politics of the soldiers in the Union army except by their votes. Several of the states passed laws to allow their soldiers to vote in the field; the others did not. Of those allowed to vote, there was an enormous Republican majority. Not one-fourth of the voting soldiers cast Democratic ballots.

N. C. H., Scottsburg, Ky.: The article you send us is not worth the trouble of picking to pieces. The first statement is a lie—that "the greenback paid every dollar of the expenses of the late war." It did not pay half of them. They are not all paid yet. Every dollar of bonds now outstanding, and the $346,000,000 of greenbacks now in circulation, are part of that debt, and must be paid. The rest of the article is no better.

D. W. S., Osgood, Ind.: If you melt a gold dollar into bullion, that bullion is worth a dollar in any civilized country. If you melt a silver dollar into bullion, you can get only about 65 cents for it. No law can create the additional value to make it worth $1. The thing to do is to put a dollar's worth of silver in the silver dollar, and then give silver free coinage; or, in other words, change the present coinage ratio to what it should be.

J. W. S., Handley, W. Va.: The statements in the Baltimore News you send us are campaign falsehoods, to frighten fools. The federal elections bill is not an issue. It was defeated by Republican votes in the Senate, not by bargain with Gorman, but simply because they did not believe in the measure. No such measure will ever be attempted again. The Democrats know it; but they are simply howling "force bill" to keep the South solid, that is all.

J. S. H., Johnson City, Tenn.: It was the intention to place Blaine's name before the Minneapolis convention, and it was understood that he would accept if nominated; but the fact was developed that, as between Blaine and Harrison, the latter would win. The Blaine men then endeavored to prevent the nomination of Harrison on the first ballot—as in the case of Ohio, which cast her vote for McKinley. This failed, as Harrison was nominated on the first ballot.

D. B. L.: Why did you not turn to the constitution of the United States, and read article 12 of the amendments? It says if no person has a majority of the whole number of electors, "then from the persons having the highest numbers, not exceeding three, on the list of those voted for as President, the House of Representatives shall choose, immediately, by ballot, the President." The vote in the House must be by states, the representation from each state having one vote; and a majority of the states is necessary to a choice. If the House fails to elect by March 4, the new Vice President becomes President.

WHEN NATURE

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

HE WASN'T IN IT.

They built a fine church at his very door—
He wasn't in it;
They brought him a scheme for relieving the poor—
He wasn't in it.
Let them work for themselves as he has done,
They wouldn't ask help of any one
If they hadn't wasted each golden minute—
He wasn't in it.

So he passed the poor with haughty tread—
He wasn't in it;
And he scorned the good with averted head—
He wasn't in it.
When men in the halls of virtue met
He saw their goodness without regret;
Too high the mark for him to win it—
He wasn't in it.

A carriage crept down the street one day—
He was in it.
The funeral trappings made a display—
He was in it.
St. Peter received him with book and bell,
"My friend you have purchased a ticket to —well,
Your elevator goes down in a minute."
He was in it.

—Mrs. M. L. Rayne in the Detroit Free Press.

Schiffmann's Asthma Cure

Is used by inhalation thus reaching the seat of the disease direct. Its action is immediate and certain. No waiting for results. Ask any druggist or address, Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., for a free trial package.

THE CAMPAIGN IN RHYME.

Our hearts are sad, our peace has fled,
Our home is in an awful state,
Our family circle's lost its head,
Since pa became a candidate.

Poor mamma cannot sleep at all,
For pa gets home so very late,
And we've had many a family brawl,
Since pa became a candidate.

Poor pa is worried most to death,
In dreams he talks about a "slate,"
And raves of "fights" with fearful breath,
Since he became a candidate.

His clothes smell horrid of cigars,
And nasty beer he used to hate,
We watch for hacks instead of cars,
Since pa became a candidate.

—Minneapolis Tribune.

SCRAPS OF EDITORIAL WIT.

The "Ta-ra-ra" period of '92 politics is right upon us.—New York World.

Isaac Pusey Gray, ex-governor of Indiana, who was tomahawked by Tammany in Chicago, has come to town.—New York Advertiser.

When a woman wants to throw a stone she usually gets a man to do it for her, and it is not the only time she finds a man's arm useful and comforting.—Yonkers Statesman.

The hop crop of New York is estimated as 140,000 bales, against 124,000 last year. This increase should enable the brewers to use a few in their business.—Buffalo Express.

Two Kinds of Paleness.

"You are awfully pale," said Esmeralda Longcoffin to Birdie McGinis.

"Yes, I know I'm pale, but my paleness is natural. It comes from dyspepsia, but you get your paleness by the box from the drug store."

A Laudable Ambition.

Witherby—Your wife tells me she is learning to speak Irish.

Bitter—Yes; she wants to be able to talk to her new French maid.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Talmage's Sermon.

MARCH OF THE HUNGER FIEND.

Dr. Talmage Gives a Vivid Description of the Suffering in the Czar's Domain—His Tour in England.

Dr. Talmage this week preached of his summer trip to Europe. The subject was, "Observations in Russia and Great Britain," the text selected being: Psalm cxxxix, 9: "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me."

What an absurd book the Bible must be to a man who has no poetry in his soul. "Wings of the morning!" What kind of a bird is it, and how long are its wings, and of what color? Ah, some of us have seen and felt its wings. They are golden. They are buoyant. They are swift. They are widespread. The 15th of last June I took "the wings of the morning" and started for Europe. June 20, on "the wings of the morning" I started from Liverpool. July 12, on "the wings of the morning" I entered Germany, the land of Martin Luther and many of that ilk, living and dead. On "the wings of the morning" I entered St. Petersburg, Russia. On "the wings of the morning" I entered Moscow. On "the wings of the morning" I entered the palaces of Russia, greeted by the emperor and empress, surrounded by a lovely brood of princes and princesses. On "the wings of the morning" I entered Inverness, the capital of the Scottish Highlands, country of Robert Burns and Thomas Chalmers, the one for poetry, the other for religion. September 21, on "the wings of the morning," I entered the finest haven of all the earth—New York harbor—and looked off to the most interesting place I had seen in three months—1 South Oxford street, Brooklyn. Oh, I like "the wings of the morning." I am, by nature and by grace, a son of the morning. I think I must have been born in the morning. I would like to die in the morning. I have a notion that heaven is only an everlasting morning. In the summer of 1892, my text was fulfilled to me again and again. "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me." Yes, he led me as he always has led me since I took my first walk from the cradle to my mother's lap at Bound Brook until this pulpit where I now stand, and he shall lead me until I stop for all time about three miles out yonder, where the most of you will be my fellow slumberers.

You all know why I went to Russia this summer. There are many thousands of people who have a right to say to me, as was said in the Bible parable: "Give account of thy stewardship." Through the Christian Herald, which I have the honor to edit, we had for months, in publisher's, in repertorial, and editorial column, put before the people the ghastly facts concerning twenty millions of Russians who were starving to death, and subscriptions for the relief fund had come by letters that seemed not so much written with ink as with tears, some of the letters practically saying: "We find it hard to get bread for our own families, but we cannot stand this cry of hunger from beyond the seas, and so please to receive the enclosed." And others had sent jewels from their hands and necks, saying: "Sell these and turn them into bread." And another letter said: "Enclosed is an old gold piece. It was my mother's. She gave it to me, and told me never to part with it except for bread, and now I enclose it." We had gathered $35,000 in money, which we turned into 3,000,000 pounds of flour. When I went down to the Board of Trade at Chicago, and left $5,000 of the amount raised with a prominent flour merchant, taking no receipt, and leaving all to him to do the best thing, and returned, it was suggested that I had not done things in a business way. How could we know what sort of flour would be sent? There are styles of flour more fit for the trough of the swine than the mouths of hungry men and women. Well, as is customary, when the flour came to New York it was tested, and we found indeed they had cheated us. They gave us better flour than we had bought. I bought in Chicago fine flour, but they sent us superfine. God bless the merchants of Chicago!

Now, we know nothing about famine in America. The grasshoppers may kill the crops in Kansas, the freshets may destroy the crops along the Ohio, the potato worm may kill the vines of Long Island, and rust may get into the wheat of Michigan, yet when there has been dreadful scarcity in some parts of the land there has been plenty in other parts. But in districts of Russia, vast enough to drop several nations into them, drought for six consecutive years has devastated, and those districts were previously the most productive of all the empire. It was like what we would have in America if the hunger fiend somehow got out of hell and alighted in our land, and swept his wing over Minnesota, and said: "Let nothing grow here," and over Missouri, and said: "Let nothing grow here," and over New York state and said: "Let nothing grow here," and over Ohio and Georgia and Massachusetts and Pennsylvania and Nebraska and Dakota and the Carolinas, and said: "Let nothing grow here," and the hunger fiend had swept the same withering and blasting wing over the best parts of America in the years 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, and 1892, and finally all our families were put on small allowance, and we had all risen from the table hungry and after awhile the children had only a quarter enough, and after awhile only one meal a day, and after awhile no good food at all, but a mixture of wheat and chaff and bark of trees, and then three of the children down with hunger typhus, and then all the family unable to walk, and then crawling on hands and knees, and then one dead in each room, and neighbors, not quite so exhausted, coming in to bury them, and afterwards the house becoming the tomb, with none to carry the dead to more appropriate sepulcher—whole families blotted out. That was what occurred in Russia in homes more than were ever counted, in homes that were once as comfortable and happy and bountiful as yours or mine, in homes as virtuous as yours or mine.

It was to do a little something towards beating back that Archangel of Wretchedness and Horror that we went, and we have now to report that, according to the estimate of the Russian Famine Relief committee, we saved the lives of 125,000 people. As at the hunger relief stations, the bread was handed out—for it was made into loaves and distributed—many people would halt before taking it and religiously cross themselves and utter a prayer for the donors. Some of them would come staggering back and say: "Please tell us who sent this bread to us." And when told it came from America they would say, "What part of America? Please give us the names of those who sent it." Ah, God only knows the names of those who sent it, but he certainly does know, and many a prayer is going up, I warrant you, day by day for those who sent flour by the ship Leo.

Perhaps some of us at our tables rattle off a prayer that may mean nothing, although we call it "saying grace," but I warrant when those people who received the bread which saved their lives "said grace," it meant something. Our religion may not demand that we "cross ourselves," but I have learned that while crossing one's self in some cases may mean nothing but mere form, I believe in most cases it means: "Oh, thou of the suffering Cross of Calvary, have mercy on me and accept my gratitude." Prefer your own form of religion by all means, but do not depreciate the religious forms of others. From all I can learn, there were several good people before we were born, and I rather expect there will be several left after we are dead. I have traveled in many lands, but I tell you plainly, as I told Emperor Alexander III, in the palace at Peterhoff, that I had never been so impressed with the fidelity to their religion of any people as by what I had seen in Russia, and especially among her public men. I said respectfully to a Russian, when I saw him cross himself: "What do you do that for?" "Oh," he said, "when I do that I always say: 'God have mercy on me!'"

I hold in my hand something very suggestive. What does that black and uncomely thing look like? That is what is called hunger-bread from Russia; that is what millions of people lived on for months before help came from England, Scotland, Ireland, and America; that is a mixture which seems to have in it not one grain of sustenance. It is a mixture of pig-weed and chaff and the sweepings of stables. That is something which, if dropped in the street, your dog or cat might sniff at, but would not eat. That was the only food on which millions of men and women lived.

Before passing to the other field of my summer observation, I give you one little specimen of the falsehoods about Russia. I stood in London with my tickets for St. Petersburg, Russia, in my pocket. It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and at 3 o'clock I was to take the train. An American physician came in and said: You certainly are not going to Russia." I said: "Why not?" Then a morning paper was shown me, saying that in St. Petersburg there were two thousand cases of virulent cholera; the city had been divided into hospital districts; and the doctors were at their wit's ends what to do with the number of patients; the population was flying in terror. It was almost as bad in Moscow. While reflecting on these accounts, two messages arrived from other friends protesting against the foolhardiness of my rushing into the presence of two thousand cases of cholera in one city. Of course, I halted. I halted for four days. Meanwhile a telegram from St. Petersburg encouraged me to go. I went. There was not a single case of cholera either in St. Petersburg or Moscow, and there was not a single case in either city until four weeks after I left those cities. But the continental falsehood had done its commercial errand. Tens of thousands of Americans and Englishmen who proposed to summer in Russia turned in other directions. At the large hotel in St. Petersburg at which I stopped, though capable of holding five hundred guests, and months before every room and every hallway and every mattress and every pillow had been engaged by telegraph by sightseers, all the orders were canceled, and instead of five hundred guests, I should think about thirty, and that including our party. And so it was in all the hotels in Northern Russia, and the substraction of that amount of commercial profit from these cities you may imagine. But that whole system of systematic fabrication I adjourn to some other hour. Yet, I must tell you of a picture of pathos and moral power impressed upon my mind so that neither time nor eternity can efface it. The ship Leo swung to the docks a few miles below St. Petersburg, loaded with flour from America. The sailors on board huzzaed as they came to the wharf. From a yacht, on which we had descended the river to the sea, the prominent citizens of St. Petersburg disembarked. The bank was crowded by prosperous citizens, who stood on the wharf, and back of them by poor laborers who had come down to offer their services free of all charge for the removal of the breadstuffs from the ship to the imperial freight train that took the flour to the interior free of charge. While we stood there, the long freight train rumbled down the docks, the locomotive and each car decorated with a flag—the American flag and the Russian flag alternating. Though a flag to some eyes is only a floating rag, you ought to see how the American flag looks 5,000 miles from home. It looked that day like a section of heaven let down to cheer mortal vision. Addresses of welcome and responses were made, and then the work began, the only contest being who should lift the hardest and be most expeditious. From ship to train. From rail train to kneading board. From kneading board to oven. From oven to the white and quivering lips of the dying. Upon all who, whether by contribution small or large, helped make that scene possible, may there come the benediction of him who declared: "I was hungry and ye fed me."

But I must also give a word of report concerning my other errand—the preaching of the gospel in Great Britain last summer. It was a tour I had for many years anticipated. With the themes of the gospel I confronted more people than ever before in the same length of time—multitudes after multitudes and beyond anything I can describe. The throngs in all the cities were so great that they could be controlled only by platoons of police, so that none should be hurt by the pressure, each service indoors followed by a service for the waiting throngs outdoors, and both by handshakings to the last point of physical endurance. From the day in which I arrived at noon in Liverpool, and that night addressing two vast assemblages, until I got through my evangelistic journey, it was a scene of blessing to my own soul and I hope to others. I missed but three engagements of all the summer, and those from being too tired to stand up.

But all up and down Great Britain I found a multitude that no man can number enlisted for God and eternity, and I tell you the kingdom is coming. If the pessimists would get out of the way, the people who snivel and groan and think everything has gone to the dogs or is about to go—I say if these pessimists would only get out of the way, the world would soon see the salvation of God. Christianity is only another name for elevated optimism. Was Isaiah an optimist? See his deserts incarnadined with red roses, and snowed under with white lilies, and his lamb asleep between the paws of a lion. Was St. John an optimist? Read the uplifting splendors in the Apocalypse and the Hallelujah Chorus with which the old book, which they cannot kill, closes. The greatest thing that I can think of would be to have a triple alliance of America, England and Russia in complete harmonization, and then to have upon all of them come a deluge of the Holy Ghost. Let the defamation of other nations cease. Peace and good will to men. For that glorious consummation, which may be nearer than we think, let us pray, remembering that God can do more in five minutes than man can do in five centuries. If the consummation is not effected in our day, I shall ask the privilege of coming out from heaven a little while to look at this old world when it shall have put on its millennial beauty. I think God will let us come out to see it at least once in its perfected state before it is burned up. I should not wonder if all heaven would adjourn for an excursion to this world to see how a shipwrecked planet was got off the breakers and set afloat again amid the eternal harmonies. Meanwhile, let us do all we can to make it better, and it will somehow tell in the final result, though it be only a child's sob hushed, or a trickling tear wiped from a pale face, or a thorn extracted from a tired foot, or a sinful soul washed white as the wool. May God help us to help others! And so these lessons of gratitude and sympathy and helpfulness and vindication, I have brought you on the wings of this morning.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

—Catarrh in the head is a constitutional disease, and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, to effect a cure.

A HUNGRY TYPE-WRITER.

She Lunches for Ten Cents When Nobody Treats Her.

Places called dairies are numerous in New York. There is one in Nassau street that the working girls patronize. They are waited on by working girls, invariably dressed, summer and winter, in stiffly starched prints. There is a sort of reciprocity between patron and waitress, says the New York World.

"I'm feelin' flush to-day," says the patron, "guess I'll have a stew."

"That's where your head's level," says the waitress. "Take a clam stew. I know it's good to-day. I caught the cook putting a clam in it."

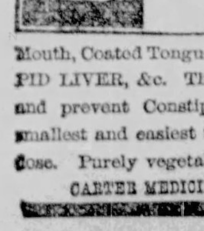
But the patron chooses instead a not unsavory concoction of scraps of beef with potatoes and onions, which costs 15 cents. Sometimes the girl is rich enough to add to this a wedge of pie, and that makes her check 5 cents more.

There are other restaurants where the prices are a little higher. These are patronized largely by the girls who do type-writing. The prices range from 10 to 50 cents for the various dishes. A piece of roast beef and a glass of claret can be had for 40 cents. The girls who go in pairs may order a meat pie for 25 cents, which answers for two. Now and then, however, the type-writer has a very elaborate luncheon. The men who employ type-writers are proverbially philanthropic in this regard. It must be philanthropy which prompts them so often to take the young women who attend to their correspondence to lunch with them. Then possibly she has reed birds and white wine at the Savarin. But perhaps it isn't philanthropy after all, for the next day her meat pie seems somehow to have lost its flavor.

The girl with a sense of humor goes to a Park row coffee house, and is amused. She gives her order and hears the waitress shriek: "Beef one; draw one in the dark," which interpreted means, beef and beans and a cup of black coffee; or perhaps she wants wheat cakes, and then the waitress demands: "A stack of browns." Possibly she desires eggs turned over, which are known at this cafe as "white wings."

While she waits for her luncheon to be brought, she reads the texts that are displayed on the walls. One young woman, who had neither the fear of the Lord nor of the proprietor before her eyes, took her pencil one day, and wrote upon the wall: "Take a little wine for thy stomach's sake," "Let us eat and drink and to-morrow we'll die," and similar texts, pertinent neither to the place nor occasion.

SICK HEADACHE



Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

On Arlington Heights.

By the author of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."

The old camp ground is silent now,
All hushed the martial tread;
The night winds cannot soothe the brow,
They slumber with the dead.
"Tenting To-night" they will not sing;
Ah, boys, the camps are still;
The battle's and the cannon's ring
Is silent on the hill.

The slumbering dead lie sleeping,
Their camp fire has gone out;
Those lonely trees are weeping,
Those boys have left the rout.
Those little headstones there
Tell such a mournful tale,
Even the women fair
Join in the mournful wall.

Sleep on my comrades, glory
Shall mark your lonely rest;
To tell the sad, sad story
The bird shall leave its nest.
The little singers warble
Above the lonely grave,
To tell of war and trouble,
Of boys so true and brave.

You will not march again;
God bless your rest to-night!
Your suffering and pain
Have clothed your soul in white.
The battle call is ended,
The bugle notes are still,
Your country is defended,
'Tis silent on the hill.

The Soldier Vote.

Editor Camp Fire:—The following open letter is addressed by Gen. E. O. Beers, of Elmira, N. Y., to the veterans of the Union army. Gen. Beers served during the war of the rebellion in the 50th N. Y. V. Engineers, as captain of Co. H, and major, and was breveted lieutenant-colonel for distinguished service on the field of battle. He writes to his old comrades as follows:

Comrades:—Again we are upon the eve of a Presidential campaign, and will soon be called upon to decide by our ballots who shall occupy the executive chair for the next four years. Under ordinary circumstances it would be of little consequence to the most of us which of the Presidential nominees should be called to fill this exalted position, but under existing circumstances it becomes a matter of almost vital importance to each and every one of us. We left our homes and families, sacrificed our business, and endangered our health as soldiers and sailors to maintain the union of states and the supremacy of the Stars and Stripes. Comrades, how many returned to their homes with health unimpaired? How many to-day are physically able to perform the manual labor necessary to procure a comfortable living for ourselves and those dependent upon us? I venture the assertion that not ten per cent of all those who returned from that war are free from the effects of the campaign. The exposure and hardships there incurred have made sad havoc on our constitutions and our health. Each succeeding year finds us more broken down in health and less able to meet the struggle to procure the necessaries of life.

Certain laws have from time to time been passed by Congress granting to disabled soldiers a pension to aid us in the battle of life. With a chief executive opposed to granting pensions, the labor of procuring that which rightfully belongs to us will become an almost insurmountable barrier. Party affiliations under certain conditions and circumstances are all right, but when the result is of such vital importance to us, it is no less a privilege than a duty we owe ourselves and those dependent upon us, to use every honorable means to place the man at the head of the government that will the most faithfully carry out the promises made, and stand by us in our hour of need.

We have no better way of judging the future than by the past. On the one side we have Gen. Harrison as a candidate for our suffrage. In him we have one who was a soldier with us, whose sympathies always have been and still are with and for us, and whose every act we have confidence to believe will be to insure to us that which by right is ours. When our country's safety was threatened and our flag assailed, Gen. Harrison voluntarily buckled on the sword, and leaving home, friends and the peaceful pursuits of life, offered his services, and if need be his life, to preserve the Union and perpetuate the grandest government the world has ever known. Already he has occupied the Presidential chair for more than three years, and his views, as expressed by his official action on matters relating to pensions, are matters of record, and too well known to require explanation. I venture the assertion that there has not, during that time, been a single instance where he has not been in hearty sympathy with every valid and legitimate application for a pension.

Contrast this with the actions of Mr. Cleveland. When our country was sorely in need of men, did Mr. Cleveland hasten to buckle on the sword and offer his services to put down that gigantic rebellion? History says no. Although bound by no stronger home ties than Gen. Harrison and thousands of others (in fact, not as strong, for he had no wife or children dependent upon him), still he did not offer his services except through a substitute. He was like that celebrated humorist who was willing to sacrifice all his wife's relations to put down the rebellion.

Mr. Cleveland, too, occupied the Presidential chair for four years, but I have yet to learn of an instance where he interested himself in the procurement of a single pension, no matter how worthy or needy the applicant. On the contrary, his almost universal use of the veto on pension bills is a convincing argument of his hostility to granting pensions.

I am informed and believe that the substitute sent by Mr. Cleveland was, from want, compelled to spend the later part of his days at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home at Bath, N. Y., and supported by that state. While the home is all that the name implies, and the boys are well cared for, it does not lessen the moral obligation of Mr. Cleveland to himself provide for the comforts of the man that faced danger and death in his stead. It is currently reported, and no doubt entirely true, that Mr. Cleveland procured his substitute (an Italian), for the paltry sum of $150, and when too ill to relish the substantial food furnished by the home, wrote Mr. Cleveland asking for a small pittance that he might procure some delicacy in the way of food that he could relish, he was entirely ignored by him.

It is true that the President has but little to say with reference to granting pensions, yet remember, comrades, that as the chief executive he would surround himself with those who would be ready and willing to carry out his views and wishes in this, as in other respects. What encouragement have we then, comrades, to aid in placing a man in the Presidential chair that we feel assured will be as cold and indifferent to our rights as he was to the one who faced danger and death in his stead. No, comrades, let us not put our trust either in prophets or a known enemy to us and our cause, but stand by the old soldier who is tried and true. Mr. Cleveland's well-known attitude on the pension questions should be sufficient to prevent him from receiving any support from the soldiers and sailors of 1861 to 1865.

I am aware that this will be criticised as an electioneering letter written by a Republican. I assure you, comrades, that this is not so. I have arrived at the age of fully three score years, was brought up in the Democratic faith, and have been a long-life Democrat. But I am more than any other way interested in the coming election as affecting the interests of all old soldiers, and I am fully satisfied that Mr. Cleveland is not the friend of the soldier boys of 1861-'65, and is not entitled and should not receive our support. It seems very plain to me that with the past record of Grover Cleveland, if any veteran casts his ballot for him, he not only stultifies himself, but goes back upon every comrade of the Union army.

E. O. BEERS.

Unlike unsoluble Cocoas which are Indigestible & Cocoas adulterated with starch,
Van Houten's Cocoa
—BEST AND GOES FARTHEST—
leaves no Sediment on the bottom of the cup.

"Instantly Killed.

Editor Camp Fire:—At Stone River I saw an infantryman struck between the shoulders by a solid shot. He was flung forty feet or more and reduced to a pulp, and yet he was gasping thirty seconds after being struck. At Second Bull Run the man next to me on the right was shot through the center of the forehead. We were kneeling. He had his gun to his face, and had fired the shot and cried out, "My God, I'm hit!" before he fell over on his side. While we were forming a battle line in the streets of Fredericksburg a rifle shell exploded in the ranks, about twenty feet away. One man was blown to fragments—so completely wiped off the face of the earth that not a finger of him was to be found. The shell probably exploded just as it hit him. The man on his right had a leg and an arm blown off, and was flung ten feet away, yet he was living and trying to speak half a minute later. The one on his left was cut in two above the hips and one of his arms blown over the heads of the second line just forming. This man's eyes did not close for twenty seconds.

At Spottsylvania a sergeant on my right was shot through the heart as the lines were advancing. The body was afterward examined by the surgeon, and he said the bullet had passed through the heart. The man advanced at least four steps, and then clutched at a sapling and said: "Keep right on; I've been hit." He must have lived fully thirty seconds after receiving the shot. In the cemetery at Gettysburg three of us were lying down behind a monument which had toppled over, and were using it as a breastwork. The man on the left was struck by some missile, probably a fragment of shell, which uncovered the whole top of his head. He laid his gun aside, stood up at full length, and then shrieked out and fell. As we turned to him he raised his right arm, and his lips moved as if he were trying to give us some message. Can not some of the comrades give us other instances of remarkable vitality, such as these, which happened in my own experience?—T. T. L.

At Spanish Fort.

Editor Camp Fire:—At the siege of Spanish Fort we came from New Orleans. I was with the 16th Army Corps. While on the Island, on one Sunday, there was a rain storm, and in the big tent one was killed by lightning and twenty were badly injured. We were out two weeks, and had a good time, living on oysters, which we could have for gathering. When all the force was landed, orders came for us to land in a small cove near to an old saw mill. As soon as we landed, we commenced to march, and every day about 4 o'clock p. m. we would stop and throw up breastworks by felling trees and digging trenches, and throwing the dirt over them. The timber was pitch pine, and it was fired and left all black. On the third day we came to a big open country, and nothing was to be seen only pieces of shells falling around us. Some of the boys wanted to see the elephant, and they got so close that many of them got hit in the foot. We continued marching until we stopped by a muddy stream, where we commenced throwing up breast works by felling trees and throwing the dirt over until we were safe from the flying shot and shell. While there I became indifferent to the order to keep under cover, so I dug out a small hole to lay down in and sleep, or to sit in to read and write. We had our muskets stacked, points down, in a row. When I was busy writing, a solid shot hit the lock-plate, and the gun, what was left of it, knocked me over, and tore my tent down. If it had not been for that lock-plate, I perhaps should not be here. The fort surrendered April 16, but all that was found was a few men, about twenty fat hogs, and a good supply of tobacco.—Levi A. Canfield, Co. G, 10th Minn. Inf. Vols.

Comrade Canfield will please write with the lines much wider apart. It was impossible to make out part of his letter because it was so closely written. —Ed. Camp Fire.

The 12th Tenn. Cavalry.

Editor Camp Fire:—I enlisted April 19, 1864, and did some long and wearisome scouting and some hard fighting, especially in the battles of Franklin and Nashville. While I was having a rough time, I also had some fun, as any of the boys could very readily testify. I would be glad to see that all of the comrades of my old company were adding some of Wilson's rails to the Camp Fire, that I might know that they are interested in one of the best papers in the world. Above all, I would rather know that they were going to vote for Harrison, the soldier's best friend, and the one who went to the front and saw service himself—did not stay back and hire a substitute.—Wm. Stewart, Co. L, 12th Tenn. Cav., Lanelm, Ark.

An Old Kettle.

Editor Camp Fire:—An old camp kettle, made in Ireland, bearing the date A. D., 1411, was brought to America about twenty-five years before the Revolutionary war, and used by the soldiers in the struggle for independence. Afterwards it was used in the fort at Cincinnati, O. It is now in the possession of E. C. Ramsey, Warrensburg, Mo., having been in the family for six generations. It will probably be sent to the World's Fair.—E. C. Ramsey.

"Old Abe."

Will some old soldier tell us through the Camp Fire all about "Old Abe," the eagle that followed the army all through the war; what regiment he was with; how he came to go with them, and all about him? I am the son of a veteran, and like to hear stories of war times.—E. C., Tallapoosa, Ga.

An Illinois Comrade.

Editor Camp Fire:—I was a member Co. E. 117th Regiment Illinois infantry. I would like to have every survivor of that regiment not only bring a chip for the fire, but a vote for Harrison and Reid in November.—S. O. Curtiss.

Who Can Do Better?

Editor Camp Fire:—Is there any post of the G. A. R. in Ohio with a membership of 24, which can furnish as many votes for Harrison as will post 88, of this place? Our post will cast its entire vote for Harrison in the Presidential election.—L. R. Hawkins and G. W. Ruggles, Mulberry, Ark.

"All she lacks of beauty is a little plumpness."

This is a frequent thought, and a wholesome one.

All of a baby's beauty is due to fat, and nearly all of a woman's—we know it as curves and dimples.

What plumpness has to do with health is told in a little book on CAREFUL LIVING; sent free.

Would you rather be healthy or beautiful? "Both" is the proper answer.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1.

Couldn't Wait.

Dashaway—After I took Miss Summit home from the theater the other night I wanted to kiss her so much, and I think she rather wanted me to, but she had her veil on.

Cleverton—Why didn't you ask her to take it off?

Dashaway—Because I wanted to get home in time for breakfast.—Cloak Review.

She Knew His Treasury.

He—"Now, if you don't agree to marry me I'll run the boat into those weeds and keep her there all day."

She—"Oh, I think not!"

"And why?"

"Because the boat is paid for by the hour, and I know you haven't got a great deal of money!"—Exchange.

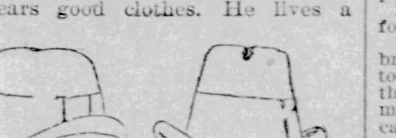
HATS FOR THIS WINTER.

Valuable Hints from a Hatter's Fashion Plate.

My letter box is once more filled with the plaintive query: "How can I persuade my trousers not to bag at the knee?"

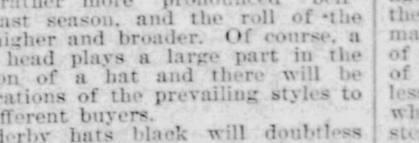
Taking it for granted that my questioners live in bachelor quarters, do not possess a valet and are averse to sending their trousers to a tailor every three days, I offer the following story as a reply, says a writer in the New York Recorder:

Young Chapleigh earns a fair income and wears good clothes. He lives a



bachelor's life, rooming in an apartment house and taking his meals where he conveniently can. A few days ago I saw Chapleigh purchasing a small gas stove. "What do want that for?" I asked. "To brew my coffee in the morning," said he. I dropped in to try a cup of the coffee yesterday and found Chapleigh carefully folding a pair of trousers and calmly surveying a flatiron which rested on the lighted gas stove. "Don't say a word, my boy!" exclaimed he, "but between you and me, this little scheme beats all the tailors, stretching machines, valets and mothers-in-law in the business. That gas stove cost $1.50, the flatiron 40 cents and the gas doesn't count. I reckon that it takes me fifteen minutes' time every two days to keep a half dozen pairs of trousers in perfect shape. Then, too, I don't rush home nowadays, with but fifteen minutes to dress for dinner and suddenly discover that my dress suit is still at the tailor's, where I sent it to be pressed." And with the air of a man thoroughly satisfied with himself, my friend spread one leg of his trousers upon the table, which was protected by a thick blanket. Then he moistened a linen cloth and laid that over the garment. The hot iron first hissed against Chapleigh's damp fingers, and was then pushed slowly over the wet cloth. Within five minutes the trousers, well straightened and creased, were hanging over the back of a chair ready for their owner's use.

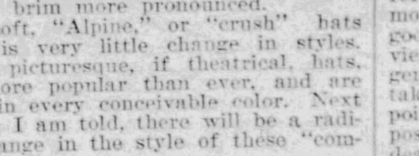
I received a few fashion plates which will show the styles of hats to be worn this winter. The plates are fresh from the printer, and were loaned to me by a prominent Fifth avenue hatter, so the



correctness of the styles may be relied upon.

The crown of the high silk hat will be a rather more pronounced "bell" than last season, and the roll of the brim higher and broader. Of course, a man's head plays a large part in the selection of a hat and there will be modifications of the prevailing styles to suit different buyers.

In derby hats black will doubtless always be the prevailing color, but this year young men will be urged to wear a hat of a peculiar brown color, which the hatter calls "coffee." The crown



of the derby hat for this winter will be considerably broader, and the roll of the brim more pronounced.

In soft, "Alpine," or "crush" hats there is very little change in styles. These picturesque, if theatrical, hats, are more popular than ever, and are worn in every conceivable color. Next spring, I am told, there will be a radical change in the style of these "comfortables."

I am asked if it is proper for a "young man who has been in deep mourning for six months to wear a light-colored fall overcoat." Strictly speaking, no. He should wear a black overcoat made of rough goods. The light-colored coat should properly be worn only in the morning, and by men not in mourning. For afternoon or evening wear the very dark-colored coats are the thing. In England, however, men in mourning do wear light overcoats, but with a band of crepe tied or sewn about the sleeve. This style would, however, be considered rather pronounced in this country.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old or middle-aged man suffering from nervous debility, weakness, lack of vigor from errors or excesses will enclose stamp to me I will send him the prescription of a genuine certain cure free of cost. No humbug, no deception. Address Charles Gaus, Marshall, Mich.

HON. THOS. H. CARTER,

Chairman of the National Republican Committee.

The chairman of the Republican national committee, the Hon. Thomas H. Carter, is a pretty busy man just at present. Political canvassing has begun in earnest, and he has his hands full.

Carter is still a young man, having been born in Ohio in 1854. He has lived both in Illinois and Iowa, and went

HON. THOS. H. CARTER.

to Montana in 1882. He was a delegate in Congress from the territory of Montana, and after Montana's admission to the Union as a state he was its first Representative.

At the time the chairmanship of the Republican national committee was offered him, he held the office of commissioner of the General Land office, but resigned this latter to take up the former.

Mr. Carter has a great reputation for political shrewdness and has gained the appellation in the West of "hustler." He is certainly full of energy and fertile in resources.

SONNET BY ARTHUR HALLAM.

(At the time Arthur Hallam, to whom "In Memoriam" is dedicated, died he was engaged to a young sister of Tennyson's. This sonnet was addressed by him to his betrothed and was written when he began to teach her Italian.)

Lady I bid thee to a sunny dome,
Ringing with echoes of Italian song;
Henceforth to thee these magic halls belong,
And all the pleasant place is like a home.
Hark, on the right, with full piano tone,
Old Dante's voice encircles all the air.
Hark, yet again, like flute tones mingling rare
Comes the keen sweetness of Petrarca's moan.
Pass thou the lintel freely; without fear
Feast on the music. I do better know thee
Than to inspect this pleasure that thou dost owe me
Will wrong thy gentle spirit, or make less dear
That element whence thou must draw thy life,
An English maiden and an English wife.

The Sunday School.

LESSON V., SUNDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1892.

The Gospel Preached.

Golden text: A great number believed, and turned to the Lord.—Acts 11:21.

LESSON TEXT.

(Acts 11: 19-30.)

19. Now they which were scattered abroad upon the persecution that arose about Stephen traveled as far as Phenice, and Cyprus, and Antioch, preaching the word to none but unto the Jews only.

20. And some of them were men of Cyprus and Cyrene, which, when they were come to Antioch, spake unto the Grecians, preaching the Lord Jesus.

21. And the hand of the Lord was with them; and a great number believed, and turned unto the Lord.

22. Then tidings of these things came unto the ears of the church which was in Jerusalem: and they sent forth Barnabas, that he should go as far as Antioch.

23. Who, when he came, and had seen the grace of God, was glad, and exhorted them all, that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord.

24. For he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith: and much people was added unto the Lord.

25. Then departed Barnabus for Tarsus, for to seek Saul.

26. And when he had found him, he brought him unto Antioch. And it came to pass, that a whole year they assembled themselves with the church, and taught much people. And the disciples were called Christians first in Antioch.

27. And in these days came prophets from Jerusalem unto Antioch.

28. And there stood up one of them named Agabus, and signified by the spirit that there should be great dearth throughout all the world; which came to pass in the days of Claudius Cesar.

29. Then the disciples, every man according to his ability, determined to send relief unto the brethern which dwelt in Judea.

30. Which also they did, and sent it to the elders by the hands of Barnabas and Saul.

Illustrative Applications.

Speaking of the word to none save only to Jesus (v. 19). Salvation was of the Jews, but not alone to the Jews. God's plan of salvation was first revealed to them, but not in order to its being held for their benefit only. Jesus commanded his disciples to begin their preaching at Jerusalem, but he did not tell them to end it there. He told them to go first to the lost sheep of the house of Israel; but he did not say that their first work was to be their last work. Yet how much easier it was in that day to be narrow and partial and bigoted, than it was to be liberal and broad-minded, and full of charity? How much easier it is nowadays! It was all right for the disciples to recognize God's one plan of salvation, and God's one order of progress; but it was all wrong for them not to see that that plan was far-reaching, and that that order was one of progress. So, now, there is a vast difference between liberality and laxity; between breadth and license; between charity and indifference. It is all right for us to realize that our civilization and our religion are an improvement on the civilization and the religion of the lower classes of the black man, or of the red man, or of the yellow man; but it is all wrong for us to think of limiting the proffer of a share in our civilization and in our religion to white men of our privileged stock. That sort of exclusiveness is quite as un-Christian now as it was in the apostolic days; and it is a great deal less excusable.

But there were some who spake unto the Greeks also (v. 20). Christianity is sure to carry some men ahead of their age in the right direction. However, the mass of those who are in the church may be bound by the common customs of the present, or by the blind traditions of the past, there will ever be more or less of radical and progressive reformers, who will do as others ought to do, instead of being content to do as others do. From the days of the apostles this has been the way of moral and religious reforms; their beginning has been with the few extremists, rather than with the many conservatists. So it was with modern missions; with the Sunday school work, with the cause of temperance, and of anti-slavery, and of anti-lotteries, and of anti-dueling; so it was with the progress of both religious and civil liberty; so it was with the now world-wide plan of uniform Bible study. So it is with anti-liquor legislation, with the battling of the anti-Chinese spirit, with the pressing of the anti-tobacco reform, and of the anti-church-debt movement, and with a host of other good enterprises. Whatever may be the views or the practices of Christians generally, there are "some" who have taken an advanced position on these points—a position which they don't propose to yield for anything short of death, or the second coming of our Lord.

The disciples were called Christians first in Antioch (v. 26). But it isn't said that "Christians" were called "disciples" last in Antioch. "Disciples" is the name by which Christ called his followers. "Christians" is a name which was given by outsiders in Antioch to members of a new religious organization. "Disciples" means "learners." "Christians" means much or little, according as it is understood and applied. The term "disciple" indicates the purpose and spirit of those who bear it. The term "Christians" does not, necessarily, denote more than a connection with a peculiar body of thinkers. It would be a pity if, in taking up the name given by the Antiochers, we must lose the name given by our Savior. The better way is to hold them both; the one to show our connection with the church of Christ; the other to show our spirit and purpose in that church. Each of us ought to be ever and always a Christian and a learner—a Christian disciple.

Every man according to his ability determined to send relief unto the brethren (v. 29). It was only "some" of the disciples who were ready to enlarge the borders of brotherhood; but "every man" of them recognized the duty of open heart and an open hand for the help of those who were fairly within the borders of brotherhood. It might be a question who were entitled to be called brethren; but there was no question as to the claims of those who were brethren. And there is where the early church was an example to the church of to-day. Not here and there a generous giver, but "every man" in all the number of Christian disciples should determine to send relief to needy brethren, whenever there comes a knowledge of their need. And the standard of proper giving is the same to-day as in the days of the Apostolic church: "Every man according to his ability." Not every man according to other people's giving, or according to other people's ability, but every man according to his ability. How well cared for the poor brethren would be, if this were the recognized standard of giving in the church to-day!

Which they also did (v. 30). Well, that's a fact worth noting. A great many people determine to give money which they never do give. They read in the morning paper about the sufferers by flood, or by fire, or by famine, or by pestilence; and they determine to send relief to those sufferers. As they read along in all the harrowing details of the case before them, their hearts go out in unfeigned sympathy with those whose need is indicated, and they determine to give "according to their ability" to "such a cause as that." Or they receive a circular call for help to a deserving charity; and, as they read it through, they determine to give something there also. They "can't do much," but they "will do something." Or it is an annual report of an institution they helped last year; or it is a pulpit appeal in behalf of the cause of missions, or of some church enterprise; or it is a casual reminder of some family they know to be in special need—which prompts their determination to give. But their determination to give ends their thought of giving. Determining to give to a good cause is all very well to begin with, but it doesn't amount to much, unless there is also a doing in the line of determination.—H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.

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Amos Ginks, who is 107 years old, lives at Wellingsborough, Northamptonshire, England. His age is verified by the registry of births. The old man is thin, bent, and cannot see any too well. Apart from that he enjoys good health. He suffers no physical infirmity, and bids fair to live several years more. For a long time he was a soldier. Since he left the Royal Artillery he has worked as a farm hand in Wellingsborough.

Ginks does not seem to think it remarkable that he has reached such an extraordinary age. In 1887, a newspaper having published his age, 102 years, his employers gave him less work. Ginks was agreeably surprised. The hardy centenarian has been married three times; he smokes and drinks moderately. Several years ago he buried his daughter, who was almost 80 years old.

The Foolish Ant.

Who tells me now to seek the ant,
Consider him and be wise,
When I see his antship spoil his health
With picnic lemon pies?
—Puck.

A Little Slow.

Good Minister—Do you like to go to church, my boy?

Good Boy—Yes, sir, but I'd like it better if they didn't sing such tired tunes.—Good News.

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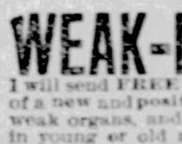

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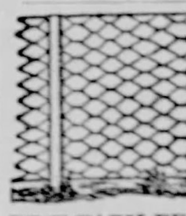

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Bear in mind that if we receive over 250,000 subscribers on this plan, you have more chances to obtain one of the premiums than if we receive but 100,000. If each subscriber will make sure that three coupons are used besides the one he uses himself, it will make our plan a complete success—as it deserves and as we want it to be.

We will also send sample copies, single or a number, containing this coupon to anybody who wants them. Please see that sample copies are distributed in your neighborhood.

One thing more: We want our subscribers to urge upon their Democratic neighbors to send in their guesses upon these coupons. Suggest to them that if they are so confident that Mr. Cleveland will be the next President, that here is a chance to get a good newspaper two years for a dollar. We want every guess to be the honest conviction of the subscriber, and in order to make the matter more interesting, we should have guesses from the other side—presuming, of course, the sentiments of our present readers to be largely one way.

The United States Supreme court has rendered a decision upholding the constitutionality of the new Michigan election law, known as the Miner law, which provides for the election of Presidential electors by Congressional districts. The view taken by the court is that the legislature of a state may decide whether Presidential electors are to be chosen on a general ticket, or by districts. Of course the court passed only on the constitutionality of the law, not on its fairness. The Michigan Republicans have now determined to elect the next legislature, and repeal the obnoxious law.

An offer of $10,000 for the first coin of the World's Fair issue of half dollars has not been accepted, the conviction being current that a higher premium can be obtained. Chicago is going to make money out of the souvenir coins.

Grover Cleveland did a courteous and gentlemanly act in declining to attend the World's Fair dedicatory ceremonies because President Harrison is unable to be there also, as he is not willing to leave the side of his dying wife.

The London, England, Chronicle thinks Blaine's Ophir Farm speech indicates that Harrison is making a winning fight. For once an English newspaper has diagnosed correctly an American political event.

Our campaign subscribers should not delay to take advantage of our splendid offer on the fifth page. They have had The Blade long enough to know its excellence, and doubtless desire its weekly visits in the future.

The Chicago Post, in reply to a question, states that H. C. Frick, chairman of the Carnegie Steel company is a "high tariff Republican." The Post is in error. Mr. Frick is a Democrat, and has always been one.

A Northern vote for Weaver is a vote for the Southern chivalry that rotten-egged the People's party candidate.

THE CHOLERA AND RUM.

The danger of cholera for the present year has passed away, but the London Times sounds a note of warning for 1893. It cites many facts to show that, in spite of an apparent decrease in the number of victims in Europe just now, the disease is really getting a firmer hold, and its germs are more and more widely disseminated, to spring into virulent activity with the advent of warm weather next spring. If this be so—and we fear that it is—then we can hardly hope that the pestilence shall be kept from our shores. It evaded the strict quarantine in New York bay, and a few cases appeared in the city. It is hardly possible that it can be held at bay for the whole summer, if it breaks out in Europe in the spring.

In view of the strong probability that the United States will suffer from a cholera epidemic next year, we wish to call public attention to the proved fact that intoxicating drinks are the strongest ally of that scourge. A Russian authority mentions it as remarkable that "persons given to drinking have been swept away like flies. In Tiflis, containing 20,000 inhabitants, every drunkard has fallen—all are dead—not one remains." In Glasgow, in 1849, a liquor dealer declared that cholera carried off one-half his best customers, and it was observed that after every public occasion, on which the populace always drinks, the mortality lists were swelled at once. Dr. Carpenter, a leading hospital physician of that city, wrote:

> In both epidemics which have visited this country a very large proportion—estimated by some physicians at five-sixths—of the individuals attacked by it, in whom the liability to disease could not be attributed to the foul condition of the locality in which they resided, are known to have derived their predisposition to it from habitual intemperance, and the rate of mortality among those attacked bore a constant proportion to their previous abuse of alcoholic liquors.

When cholera was epidemic in Montreal, a physician gave this testimony:

> The disease has searched out the haunt of the drunkard, and has seldom left it without bearing away its victim. Even moderate drinkers have been but little better off. Ardent spirits, in all shapes and in all quantities, have been highly detrimental.

A Montreal paper made this comment after 1,200 deaths had occurred in that city:

> Not a drunkard who has been attacked has recovered from the disease, and almost all the victims have been at least moderate drinkers.

In 1832, five-sixths of those who perished from the cholera epidemic of that year in Great Britain were intemperate. In some villages, every drunkard died, while no total abstainer lost his life. In the same year, at a hospital in New York, out of 204 patients only six were non-drinkers. They all recovered, while 122 of the others died. During the last cholera epidemic in New Orleans, only three deaths occurred among members of the Sons of Temperance. The death rate of the city was 15 per thousand of population, while in that order the rate was only 1 in 400—about one-sixth the average death rate. Of the epidemic in New York city, a leading doctor wrote that "had not it been for the sale and use of spirits there had not been cholera enough in the city to have caused the cessation of business for a single day."

These instances might be multiplied until they would fill column after column. The proof is clear that the drink habit enormously increases the danger of infection by cholera and of a fatal termination of the case. In view of the probability of the advent of the pestilence next year, this fact can not be given too wide publicity. The time to begin preventive measures on this line is now. Temperance means personal safety in the midst of a cholera plague. If every drinking man in the United States could have this fact impressed upon him, the common sense of the vast mass of the community would deal one of the hardest blows ever given to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

MRS. LEASE'S INTERVIEW.

Mrs. Lease has had her eyes opened. In a long interview, she recites the facts of the Southern trip made by herself and Gen. Weaver. She declares the indignities offered to the party were not because of anything Weaver said or had ever done, but because he was advocating the cause of a party that was threatening the local success of the Democratic party. She says the outrages were not committed by young men and boys, but in many instances prominent business men were the leaders in the disturbances—in some cases organized party clubs; that instead of one egg being thrown at them, there were a great many eggs thrown, and not by boys, either. Mrs. Lease was greatly disappointed over the conditions existing in the South, because she had hoped in this new party to allay what little sectional feeling there was left, but she finds it as "violent as ever Republicans had depicted it."

Consequently, she sees that the Alliance men in the South are, very largely, Democrats first, and that the hope of carrying any Southern state for the People's party is vain. There is nothing for it but to rebuke the Democracy in the North for its intolerance in the South; to vote for Harrison, as the contest is between him and Cleveland, and Weaver is by no possibility in it. Her interview is going to have great effect among all fair-minded men belonging to the People's party in the West, who believe in freedom of speech and honesty in voting. They will vote the Harrison and Reid electoral ticket, to show the Bourbons of the South that the People's party is not to be made the catspaw of Democracy to pull Cleveland chestnuts out of the fire.

A canvass of the undergraduates of Cornell University discloses 590 Republicans and 239 Democrats. The brightest class of our young men are largely Republican in sentiment. They do not cling to a moss-grown party because their fathers did.

The speech of James G. Blaine at Ophir Farm is short, but it is convincing. It is sufficient for any voter who wishes to cast his vote for the best interests of the country, for it exposes the shallowness of the free trade pretense.

Powderly never put so much solid truth into so few words as when he declared that "the Democratic party is the party of the poor man, and if he continues to vote that ticket he will never be anything else than a poor man."

Every Republican voter should remember that the defeat of President Harrison means that both House and Senate will go Democratic, and that free trade, wildcat money, lower wages and business disaster will follow.

The story that Judge Cooley intends to support Cleveland is shown to be utterly false by a telegram from his son, who says of it: "There is absolutely no truth in the story. I have it, in writing, from father."

The Irish Republicans are an active factor in the Indiana campaign. They know that free trade ruined Ireland, and they do not wish it extended to this country.

GROVER'S SOLDIER RECORD.

It is a mistake to suppose that Grover Cleveland has no soldier record. It may be of interest to the old soldiers, their children and their friends, to have it put in concise for. Here it is:

In 1863 he hired a substitute—one George Brinski, a poor Pole. Brinski always claimed that Cleveland never paid him the full amount agreed upon; and he died, while Cleveland was President, in the Soldiers' Home at Bath, New York.

When Mr. Cleveland was mayor of Buffalo, he vetoed a resolution of the city council appropriating $300 to defray certain expenses in connection with a proper observance of Memorial Day in that city.

When he was governor of the state of New York he vetoed a bill to authorize the supervisors of Chautauqua county to appropriate money from the county treasury to erect a Soldiers' monument.

On another occasion, during his term as governor, he vetoed a bill passed by the legislature appropriating money to erect suitable monuments on the battlefield of Gettysburg to mark the position of New York troops in the battle, "and in preserving or reproducing and perpetuating the several defensive works thrown up by them." This was a worthy purpose, and although the money was to be expended under the direction of the Gettysburg Battlefield Memorial association, the bill was obnoxious to the substitute-hirer, and he vetoed it.

Subsequently, as governor, he also vetoed a bill appropriating $2,000 to provide for the issuance by the secretary of State of a certificate to each veteran soldier from New York. Several other vetoes of bills which, in some small way, were intended to benefit or honor Union veterans, are on his record.

The grounds of these vetoes were generally trivial and technical. Several of them were based on the alleged "unconstitutionality" of the appropriation of money for such purposes. The fact that these bills had passed both branches of the legislature by a unanimous vote made no difference to him. He was opposed to any bill to benefit an Union veteran.

When he became President, he made the unique record of vetoing 524 pension bills, his veto messages being frequently brutal and insulting in attributing unworthy motives to the applicants.

As President, he signed the bill to pension the veterans of the Mexican war. This was because the great majority of those benefited lived in the South. Many of them were Confederate soldiers; and under that bill Jefferson Davis was eligible to a pension from the United States government!

Shortly after this, he vetoed the dependent pension bill—which was passed by the Fifty-first Congress at its first session, as the disability pension bill, and promptly received the signature of President Harrison.

Mr. Cleveland's hatred of the veterans seems to be vindictive. At the grand celebration of Columbian Day in New York city, on October 12, he had a seat in the reviewing stand with other notables. When the Grand Army posts filed past, his back was toward them, and he busily talking with some friends. Before they had all passed, he left the stand, and did not return.

Verily, the boys who wore the blue and their friends will make it warm for Grover on November 8!

PEOPLE'S PARTY ACTION.

The shameful intolerance shown in the South to Gen. Weaver and Mrs. Lease has opened the eyes of the People's party leaders in the West. They see that the reactionary Bourbon sentiment is too strong in the South to hope for any result this year in favor of the People's party in that section. They see that "sectional hatred" is so strong there that men agreeing with the People's party in its peculiar views will not vote them, but will adhere to the old Bourbon Democracy. They see that the Southern Democrats hope to elect Cleveland by the People's party vote in the North throwing the Presidential election into the House; and they feel like rebuking this scheme. Mr. D. H. Woolley, a leader of the People's party in Kansas, has come out in a frank letter in which he declares that he will affiliate with the Republican party. He gives the following emphatic reasons, among others, for this action:

> When General Weaver went to Georgia to proclaim the People's party doctrine and met with a shower of eggs, then, for the first time, I began to realize that it was not the intention of the Democrats to break up the Solid South, but to use the People's party as a helper to get them into power, and when Georgia went Democratic by 70,000 I went Republican by a large majority.

Mrs. Lease's views are nearly as radical on the subject as Mr. Woolley's. She favors the maintenance of the People's party organization, but believes that its voters should cast their electoral ballots for the Harrison and Reid ticket, voting on other offices for their own party nominees. The result of the People's party campaign in the South is represented as greatly discouraging the party; and well it may, for it renders its hope of making any real progress toward victory utterly vain. Had it carried Georgia, Florida, or Kansas, or made any considerable show in the state elections, such result would have given the party much ground for hope for some measure of success, though not of victory. Now its only hope is in the continued defeat of the Democratic party; and the only way in which it can contribute to this is by throwing its strength to Harrison and Reid.

The figures of Labor Commissioner Peck, showing the prosperity of New York's manufacturing interests, are sustained by an official bulletin of the Census Bureau, just published. The census report and Peck's investigation were conducted on entirely independent of each other, but their results agree. The protective tariff gives not only the opportunity for workingmen to ask higher wages, but gives the employer the means to pay them.

The Democrats should remember the fact that when the Mills bill was under discussion, the British Tin trust, assuming that the bill would pass, and would put tin plate on the free list, at once raised their prices. If tin plate were put on the free list to-day, the price would be put up very quickly.

It has been officially decided that a young man whose 21st birthday falls on November 9 can vote on November 8. His 21st year is completed on the 8th; he is of age, and entitled to vote, on that day.

Is there any reason why any Irish-American should vote to establish British free trade in this country? It ruined Ireland, as it would the United States.

Why should any business man—except an importer—vote for a party whose success would mean disaster to himself?

Seventy per cent of the workingmen of Saxony receive less than $150 a year. This is Democratic policy.

SOME FACTS ON CURRENCY.

The currency question is not one which should be in politics at all. But it was made an issue in the early years of the war by the Democratic party, with its usual propensity of barking at everything its political opponents do, whether a political measure or not. That party fought the national bank system; and, when the war was over, took a big flop and advocated the greenback which it had formerly opposed. So the currency question came into politics, and the fact of its being there is one of the obstacles to a safe, prompt and common-sense settlement of the matter.

It becomes clearer every day to intelligent men that the clause of the silver law of 1890, compelling the government to purchase 4,500,000 ounces of fine silver each month, is bound in the end to drive us to the silver standard. Senator Sherman saw this tendency, and, in the closing days of the last session of Congress, introduced a bill to repeal this clause. That bill is now on the Senate calendar, and will come up for action when Congress meets. It should be passed—not as a party measure, but as a financial safeguard.

The opposition to its repeal will come, oddly enough, from the same men who opposed most bitterly the act of 1890. Then they wanted free silver coinage, and abused the silver law because it did not provide for it. Now they will oppose the repeal of the silver purchase clause, because they theorize that the country needs "more money," and they will naturally antagonize a measure to stop the addition of over four million dollars in Treasury notes to our circulation every month.

The trouble is, the class of people in the West and South who are clamoring for "more money," do not see that the country has all the money it needs for all the purposes of trade. Those who howl for more money are not talking like business men; they are voicing their poverty. They mean, in reality, that they want greater incomes; and they have a hazy fancy that an increase in the volume of money world, by some unexplained method, increase their revenues without their having to render an equivalent for it. If a man has anything of value to dispose of, he can get the money for it on the nail; if he have good collateral security, he can borrow money, and at a not exorbitant rate of interest. But these men have neither. They cry for more money, when there is plenty of it.

They use business terms without knowing their meaning. When a business man says money is scarce, he means that it is difficult to borrow it at the banks on good security. When he says money is dear, he means that the rate of discount is high, even on good security. But money is neither scarce nor dear—if you have good security. These men, unfortunately, have not that security (a mortgage on land is not "good" security, as the business world uses the term, because it can not readily be turned into money.) To double the volume of our currency would not put a single dollar into the pocket of one of these men; it would not make it easier for them to borrow. These are plain, every-day facts, but unfortunately there is a large class of people in the United States who misconstrue them, and are thus fundamentally wrong in their financial ideas.

PLANT COLUMBIAN TREES.

The Pennsylvania School Journal makes the excellent suggestion that "Columbus Day" be observed everywhere by the planting of trees. It was an old Scotchman who said to his son, "When ye hae naething else to do, Jock, be stickin' a tree. It will be aye growin' when ye're asleep." There were many trees planted as memorials in the Centennial year, and they are objects of increasing interest every successive year. Columbus trees would grow into permanent interest, perpetuating the memory of the day and the event which it commemorates, because a constant reminder of the man in whose honor they were planted. The School Journal says:

> Let memorial trees be planted by the school children everywhere, and by the people about their homes. They will mark the event with living testimonials, to flourish in spring-time verdure and beauty and in autumnal glory for years, it may be for generations, perhaps even for centuries, after the hands that planted them have mouldered into dust. Children's children may find in them a highly prized and perpetual reminder of the great Columbus.
>
> On Columbus day encourage school children who cannot plant suitable trees to plant nuts and acorns of good stock and in good condition, in the faith and hope that great trees may grow from them. It may be that from some of these little acorns will grow "brave old oaks with a hundred arms so strong" to flourish in the sunshine and the strengthening gales of five hundred years, symbolizing the expanding life and ever-increasing strength and power of this great republic.
>
> On this festal occasion let the kindling imagination of the youth of the land lift itself above the plodding routine of to-day, and look forward with a seer's vision to the prophetic future of the dear land we call our country and our home. Let us rejoice with devout and exulting patriotism in the goodly heritage that God has given us, and "highly resolve," with solemn religious devotedness of consecration, that the blessings we enjoy shall be transmitted to the coming generations, not only unimpaired, but stronger, better, purer than the highest ideals of a poet's dream or the splendor of apocalyptic glory. Let us be strong in the assurance that ever, as the waves of time roll on, our land shall be the glory of all lands, our people the exemplar of the nations.

DANA AMONG THE PROPHETS.

The New York Sun, a short time before the Chicago convention, had the following editorial showing why the nomination of Grover Cleveland was impolitic on the part of the Democratic party. It was prophetically headed, "The One Great, Unalterable, Final Fact," and a perusal of it now shows that Mr. Dana is entitled to high rank rank among the political prophets:

> The proposition to nominate Grover Cleveland is to elect a Democratic candidate without the vote of New York.
>
> New York's 36 electoral votes Republican, and a Republican goes into the White House in March 4, 1893. New York's 36 electoral votes Democratic, and the next President is a Democrat, providing he runs well elsewhere.
>
> It is the situation of 1884 an 1888 unchanged, except so far as the vote of the new states makes the task of the Democracy a little harder now. The margin afforded by the new states enables Republican cipherers to figure out a possible combination by which they can lose New York and elect their man, nevertheless.
>
> But there is no arithmetic that enables the Democracy to dispense with the 36 votes of the Empire state. They are absolutely essential to Democratic success.
>
> You may twist and turn the numerals of the table of states until your head swims; this one fact remains.
>
> You may pile rainbow on rainbow until the Western sky looks like Joseph's coat; this final fact remains.
>
> To lose New York for the Democratic candidate is to lose the election of 1892; and the proposition to nominate Grover Cleveland is a proposition to go into the battle with New York's 36 indispensable votes thrown away in advance.

Protection is again vindicated. In the city of Chicago the percentage of wage increase during the last decade was 227; in the city of Denver, 380 per cent. Let the free trade liars dispute these figures.

The difference between the fellow who crossed Niagara gorge on a rope, and Grover Cleveland? That's easy! The artist had a walk-over, and Grover hasn't.

If it be true, as Weaver says, that **the best people of the South are with** him, then the best people are in a hopeless minority down there.

A PLATFORM LIE.

One of the declarations of Democratic principle in the tariff plank of the Chicago Democratic platform is the following:

> We denounce the McKinley Tariff law enacted by the Fifty-first Congress as the culminating atrocity of class legislation, * * * and we promise its defeat as one of the beneficent results that will follow the action of the people in intrusting power to the Democratic party.
>
> Since the McKinley tariff went into operation there have been ten reductions of wages to one increase.

The lie in the closing lines was shown up in the very month—June—in which this declaration was adopted. Within that month a list of twenty-seven firms, wages of whose employes were increased, was published. If it were true that there were "ten reductions to one increase," why did not some Democratic organ publish a list of 270 cases of reduction in wages? For the simple reason that there were no instances of such reduction. The lie is apparent.

Again, a decrease in the cost of the necessaries of life is exactly the same, in its effect upon the workingmen, to a direct increase in wages. The report of the Senate committee, on wages and prices, was made public in that same month of June, and was signed by Senators Carlisle and Harris, the two Democratic members of that body. It showed that the cost of living decreased from 3 to 4 per cent between August, 1889, and May, 1892, and from 1 to 4 per cent between September 1, 1891, and May 1, 1892.

In addition to this, the report showed that there was an increase in wages in general occupations, amounting to an average of 1.22 per cent, between March, 1890, and September, 1891. It showed also, in a list of fifteen occupations, that wages in September, 1891, as compared with the rates of August, 1889, were uniform in 77.85 per cent of cases, higher in 16.44 per cent and lower in only 5.71 per cent. In other words, there were three increases of wages to one decrease, instead of ten decreases to one increase, as the Democratic platform asserts.

Next we may instance the official report of Labor Commissioner Peck, of New York—a Democratic official, first appointed by Grover Cleveland himself, when he was governor of that state—which shows that in certain trades the wages of 19,971 workers were higher in 1891 than in 1890, while only in 4,363 cases were they lower. In the construction trades out of 17,701 workingmen 17,684 were receiving higher wages, and only 17 lower wages. There are thousands of other figures in this report, but they all show the same thing. There is not one iota of proof which has been advanced by any Democratic authority to support the allegation of the platform which we quoted above. It is thus shown to be a malicious lie, written with intent to deceive ignorant or prejudiced voters. The people should put the seal of their disapprobation upon the party which resorts to such trickery, at the polls next month.

ANOTHER TIN PLATE LIE.

The lie has just been started by some of the demoralized tin-plate liars that the American people are paying $6,000,000 more every year because of the duty on tin plate. This is another of those apparently endless free trade fabrications, calculated to mislead and deceive the people. The best possible answer to this is a comparison of price lists. The following table, which we take from the Boston Journal, settles the matter conclusively. The prices there given are the wholesale prices for the principal articles of tinware in domestic use, in 1888 and 1892, taken from the wholesale lists of New York dealers:

Articles.	1888.	1889.
Pint lip measures, per gross	$4 00	$4 00
3-qt. common coffee pots (with spout) per gross	11 40	13 25
2-pt. common coffee boiler (with lip) per gross	11 40	11 50
4-qt. common coffee pots (with spout) per gross	15 50	15 50
4-qt. common coffee boiler (with lip) per gross	15 55	15 00
10-qt. stamped dishpan, per dozen	1 79	1 74
10-qt. rinsing pan, per dozen	1 63	1 59
Medium colander, per dozen	1 25	1 25
Retinned scoop, per dozen	1 20	1 29
Plain washbowl, per dozen	54	54
Retinned stamped cup, per dozen	29	27½
Japanned candlesticks, No. 1, per gross	3 25	3 25
Japanned candlesticks, No. 2, per gross	3 00	3 00
8 1-2-inch japanned cash box, per dozen	4 51	4 50
11 1-2-inch Japanned cash box, per dozen	5 70	5 62½
9 1-2-inch Japanned cash box, per dozen	2 14	2 14
No. 6 Japanned spice box, per dozen	3 00	3 25
No. 5 Japanned spice box, per dozen	4 00	4 00
No. 1 Japanned spice box, per dozen	5 00	5 00
No. 2 retinned preserve kettle, per dozen	1 05½	1 05½
14-qt. bread raiser, per dozen	6 75	5 25
Retinned saucepans, per dozen	1 18	1 15
Cake turners, per dozen	38	36
Skimmers, per dozen	35	33
Ladles, per dozen	46	44
No. 2 corrugated funnels, per gross	4 00	3 88
No. 3 corrugated funnels, per gross	5 00	4 79
Pint pieced cups, soldered handle, per gross	3 25	3 50
Pint pieced cups, plain, per gross	2 50	2 75
Stamped pint cup, plain, per gross	17	17
Dinner pails, 2-qt., per gross	15 00	15 50
Dinner pails, 3-qt., per gross	17 50	17 50
6-qt. pieced milk pan, per gross	11 50	11 50
4-qt. plain dairy pans, per gross	5 28	5 40
6-qt. retinned milk pans, per gross	16 60	16 60
Retinned dippers, pint, per gross	4 10	4 38
9-inch pie plates, per gross	2 50	2 75
10-inch tea tray, per dozen	1 80	1 37
20-inch tea tray, per dozen	2 70	2 06
7-inch wash boiler, per dozen	9 50	8 55
8-inch wash boiler, per dozen	10 50	9 50

The table shows conclusively that wholesale prices have changed very little in the past four years. The majority of the articles mentioned are now slightly cheaper than they were four years ago; and the remainder sell for just the same, with two exceptions—and neither of these would add a cent to the price of the article. If retailers sell these articles higher now than they did four years ago, they are taking an unjust advantage of the public, and the tariff is not chargeable with their extortions.

A well posted Blade reader in Tennessee, writes us that he is convinced his state will give her twelve electoral votes to Harrison and Reid next month. He says:

> The facts in regard to the politics of this state are wilfully misrepresented by the Democratic press. The total vote of the state will be about 255,000, of which the Republicans will get about 95,000, the People's party about 75,000, the Democrats about 70,000 and the Prohibitionists about 15,000.

How can any Ohio colored man vote the Democratic ticket? How can any colored man in any state be cajoled or led into voting it? The whole campaign in the South has been on a cry of "negro domination." The colored man is to be practically disfranchised. **That is what the Bourbon Democracy wants. We believe the colored man knows it, too.**

NO "CATCH" IN OUR OFFER.

A subscriber thinks he sees a "catch" in our premium offer. He claims it to be impossible to guess the exact number of votes cast for President, in order to get the $500 premium; he thinks that, if no one should get this, there would be no "next nearest," and so on, and hence no premiums be given at all.

We have no doubt that some one will win the $500. Among the vast number of guesses, it would be strange if the right one were not hit upon. The total vote of Ohio last year was guessed correctly; the population of Toledo by the census of 1890 was guessed exactly, before the census figures were taken; and we know of a number of cases, where the guessing was as difficult as this, in which the exact number was hit upon. We are absolutely certain the figures will be guessed by somebody.

But, should no one do this, we shall award the other 55 premiums, of course. The one nearest the total vote will get the $100, and so on down the list. Have no fear about this. Just as soon as the official vote of all the states is certified to the Department of State at Washington, the award will be made, and the list of fortunate ones will be published in the Weekly Blade for the information of all. We have changed the wording of the second premium, so as to avoid the misconstruction our friend put upon it.

We are gratified at the large number of renewals and new subscriptions under this offer, which shows that it is a very popular one. Bear in mind there will be but two more weeks until election day, and take advantage of it. You can lose nothing, and have just as good a chance as any one else to obtain one of the premiums.

CHICAGO THIS WEEK.

The dedication ceremonies of the World's Fair at Chicago this week make that city the natural center of interest. From every portion of the country the visitors are pouring in upon the imperial city by the lake, eager to witness the imposing ceremonies.

These begin with the Columbian celebration of the public school children on Wednesday. In the evening there is a reception and banquet to the Cabinet officers, Supreme court justices, diplomatic corps, and other distinguished guests at the Auditorium hotel.

On Thursday occurs the great civic parade, with at least 75,000 people in the procession. In the evening several receptions to guests, military and civic, will be held.

Friday will be "Dedication Day"—the most interesting portion of the celebration. There will be a grand parade, the guests being escorted to the World's Fair grounds by the military. The dedicatory exercises will be held in the great Manufactures building, and there will be no admission to the ceremonies except by tickets, which have been distributed to prominent people all over the country. There will be grand fireworks displays at night.

On Saturday the state buildings will be dedicated, and military maneuvers will be held on the World's Fair grounds. This ends the celebrations this year. The World's Fair will be opened next May, and remain open until some time in October.

BUSINESS PROSPERITY.

The business world is in an exceptionally prosperous condition, and the Democratic "calamity howlers" are correspondingly depressed. According to the last issue of Bradstreet's, the total amount of liabilities involved in business failures for the present nine months, within the United States, amounted to $77,000,000, while for the same time of 1891 the total was $138,800,000, showing a decrease, within the twelve months' interval of 44 per cent. In New York city, the liabilities for the same months have fallen from $15,700,000 last year to $6,400,000 this year, or at a rate of 59 per cent. In no year since 1882 has the amount of liabilities been so low as at present; and making allowance for the increase of population, the ratio is even much lower than in that exceptional year. Taking an average of the last ten years, the average amount of failures, within the first nine months of the year, has been $107,000,000, which is $30,000,000 above the experience of the current year, making no allowance for an increase of nearly thirty per cent in population during the interval. The losses of the South incident to two years of excessive crops of cotton had prepared us to expect a very unfavorable showing from that section, and yet there the amount of failures has been only $11,100,000 against $24,900,000 in 1891. In the depressed Pacific states we should have expected an increase of failures, and yet the liabilities there show a slight decrease upon those of last year. These are facts of record, which can not be disputed. They show a sound condition of the business world, and afford an object lesson to the American people to let well enough alone.

The British Iron Trade association has published statistics which show a tremendous falling off in the production of iron and steel during the first half of this year. The Iron and Steel Bulletin reprints these figures, and comments thus:

> With free raw materials for the use of her iron and steel manufacturers and the markets of the world at her command, the iron and steel industries of Great Britain are declining at a rapid rate. If free trade, with the help of low wages, is not a success in its own home, why should this country adopt such a ruinous policy?

"Everybody is enjoying the universal happiness and prosperity brought about by twenty years of Republican principles and Republican protection. But elect a Democratic President, and support him with a Democratic Senate, and a state of affairs will soon follow which will arouse the most intense public distrust." — Senator Sherman at Philadelphia.

Minister Egan brought from Chile messages of kindly good will for the United States, and a draft for $75,000 wherewith to pay the indemnity to the sailors of the Baltimore. Mr. Egan has made a most faithful and efficient official, despite the abuse showered upon him by the Democratic press.

Famine in England is inevitable, says the cable. Dullness in every textile manufacturing industry. And here the record is of 1,00 new establishments and increases in old ones since June 1, last. Free trade or protection—which?

The report of the Illinois bureau of Labor Statistics shows that the daily wages of coal miners in that state have increased 15.6 per cent within the past year. Labor statistics are invariably against the free trade theorists.

Will some free trader please explain why the hard times prophesied by the Democrats two years ago, as a result of the passage of the new tariff law, have not materialized?

The Democrats are not saying a word now about the "billion-dollar Congress" "Czar" Reed.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Four hundred times has the gray old earth made her mighty sweep around the sun since the day that Christopher Columbus, standing upon the forecastle of his little ship, the Santa Maria, saw the green shores of an, till then, unknown world. It is an event significant of the spirit of the age that the people now inhabiting this Western world, celebrate the quadricentennial of the day on which Columbus achieved the realization of his dream, by dedicating the magnificent buildings to an exposition of the arts and sciences of the industrial age of the world.

Columbus was one of the pioneers of the new era that slowly dawned upon the earth during the fifteenth century. The mental darkness that had settled upon the Christian world a thousand years before, was gradually passing away. The human mind began to free itself from thraldom, and the spirit of invention and inquiry and discovery quickened the pulses of humanity. The invention of gunpowder had revolutionized the art of war; the invention of printing brought learning to the masses. Columbus was one of the men of the new time upon which the world was entering. He did his part in the progress of humanity by finding the path across the trackless waters of an unknown sea, to a new world, wherein the race was to enter upon a new career, emancipated from the shackles of kingly rule—a world wherein "a government of the people by the people for the people" was successfully established.

Four hundred years is but a span; yet the bosom of every American must swell with honest pride as he looks upon our land to-day and marks the progress that has been made within that time. The great Columbian Exposition is a most fitting method whereby to show that progress. Yet those who well there gaze upon the assembled triumphs of man's skill and ingenuity may well ask themselves what will be the conditions existing when another four centuries have passed away. Will a possible World's Fair of 2292 show as great comparative figures as we have made since 1492? Or will the cycle of change be one of retrogression?

No man can answer; but the destiny of the race is in its own hands. The revival of learning, the spread of knowledge, brought the world out of the Dark Ages into the light of the modern era. The key-note of progress is popular education. Not the mere learning by rote of what is set down in books, but the training of every mental faculty to fit the rising generation to go forward in the path of progress. If we do not educate our people in the highest and truest sense we are in danger of a retrograde movement. Humanity can not stand still. It must move—and whether that movement be forward or backward must depend upon the training of the generation which year by year comes upon the stage of active life, to fill the places of those who have passed from earth, into "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns"—a country for which each one of us some day must be his own Columbus, but from which we can never return to tell of the landscapes of fadeless green, the crystal rivers upon whose eternal shores stand trees whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, or describe the glories of the Eternal City, not built with hands.

THE HOMESTEAD INDICTMENTS.

The grand jury of Allegheny county, Pennsylvania, returned a sweeping series of indictments against both sides in the recent Homestead riot cases. Frick, Lovejoy, Potter, and other officials of the Carnegie Steel company were indicted for murder, aggravated riot and conspiracy. The members of the "advisory committee" of the strikers were indicted for treason against the state of Pennsylvania, and for murder.

This brings the whole matter into the courts for an authoritative decision on the various phases of the struggle between the workmen and the company. The trial of the cases will be watched with the utmost interest by every one. Organized labor is interested the United States over, for these cases must necessarily define the limits beyond which it can not go in its coercive efforts to control the business of employers. On the other hand, the legality of the employment of a private armed force to protect private property will be determined.

The most regrettable fact in connection with these indictments is the inflammatory comments of certain newspapers of the baser sort, whose articles are decidedly anarchistic in tone, and calculated to spread absolutely wrong ideas of the respective rights of employer and employe. It is never proper for a newspaper to prejudge a case pending its trial. What this country needs is more respect for the law; and such incendiary utterances are calculated to destroy this. Let the cases be tried on their merits, without prejudgment.

The Germania, the great Lutheran organ of Wisconsin, which supported the Democratic ticket two years ago, has come squarely back to the Republican party. Mr. Koeppen, the publisher and editor, says that "the Lutherans are not a unit in politics. This is a good thing for them and for the country. Party lines should not be drawn on ecclesiastical lines. Church and state should be kept distinct. A political clergy is a clergy savoring strongly of those mediaeval abuses against which Martin Luther entered such revolutionary protest. The Germania is for the Republican ticket, state and national, because it is in favor of protection and sound money, as against free trade and the old state bank fiatism which was such a curse to the country before the war."

The New Berne, North Carolina, Journal, a Southern Democratic organ, in lauding Cleveland's pension vetoes, breaks forth into a wild rebel yawp as follows:

> Three hundred thousand Yankees
> Are still in Southern dust;
> We got three hundred thousand
> Before they conquered us.
> They died of Southern fever,
> And Southern steel and shot;
> I wish there were three million,
> Instead of what we got.

A "tariff for revenue only" would cut down the wages of every American workingman. If the Democracy wins next month, it will carry the Senate, as well as the House and the Presidency. The horns and hoofs will go with the hide. There will be no Republican majority in the Senate to check free trade legislation. Are the wage-workers of America ready to reduce their own wages by their own votes?

Reciprocity is a "sham," is it, Messrs. Free Traders? How, then, do you explain the fact that Cuban imports of American farm products have doubled since Mr. Blaine's reciprocity plan went into effect?

Thoughtful men throughout the country will hesitate to vote to put one life only between the President's chair and Adlai Stevenson.

"DAYS AND NIGHTS IN OLD JAPAN."

The Editor of The Blade to Make a Trip to Japan, to Prepare a Series of Illustrated Letters for Our Readers.

The editor of The Blade, Mr. Robinson Locke, leaves in a few days for Japan—that singularly interesting but little-known land, whose population is about two-thirds that of the United States, while the area of all its islands is only equal to about four states the size of Ohio. Its civilization is thousands of years old; its people are by all odds the most interesting race on the face of the globe to Americans.

Mr. Locke will prepare for The Blade a series of descriptive letters, while en route. He will write them on the spot, with all the bewilderingly odd and strange sights of Oriental civilization before him. Each letter will be

Illustrated With Photographs Taken on the Spot,

which will be mailed us and engraved at once to accompany the letter in which the scene is described. This will add much to the interest and value of the series, which will be entitled

"DAYS AND NIGHTS IN OLD JAPAN."

Mr. Locke does not propose to follow the beaten path of Oriental travel. He will mingle with the Japanese themselves, see them in their homes, and describe the domestic daily life of this wonderful people. He will describe their methods of agriculture, and show how it differs from ours. He will describe their peculiar manufactures of bronze, and lacquer, and porcelain. He will give graphic pictures of Japanese manners and ideals, and show how the civilization of that people differs from ours. In short, the letters will describe graphically just those points which would strike an American if he were suddenly set down in the "Land of the Cherry Blossom," as the Japanese poetically style their country.

Mr. Locke is accompanied by a party consisting of his wife, Mrs. Robinson Locke, his mother, Mrs. D. R. Locke, and his brother, Mr. Charles Locke. Mr. Locke has letters from the State department at Washington, which will insure a welcome for himself and his party in the highest official and social circles of the Japanese Empire, and will enable him to give to The Blade's readers graphic and truthful pictures of

The Social Life of the Japanese People.

This will include the manner of furnishing Japanese homes, the methods of conducting the household, of receiving and returning visits, entertaining guests, etc., etc., and a thousand curious facts about the home life of this curious people, which are inaccessible to the average traveler.

Mr. Locke will also include a description of Japanese methods of farming, their staple crops, how they plow, sow and harvest, bringing into strong relief the peculiarity of all Oriental peoples of doing things in a manner exactly opposite from that of all Western nations. This will be extremely interesting to all familiar with American farm life.

There are many other features of this series of illustrated letters which we will give in subsequent announcements, for lack of room at this time. The series will be a very interesting feature of The Blade for the coming year, and will alone be worth more than the subscription price. They will be published exclusively in The Blade, as the trip is undertaken expressly in the interest of its readers. Watch subsequent issues for further announcements.

A NEW SERIAL.

A Story by an Able Eastern Writer, Fresh and Unhackneyed in Plot, and Extremely Interesting.

In the issue of The Weekly Blade of November 10, we shall begin the serial publication of a new story by Irving Bacheller, a rising New York author. It is entitled

"THE UNBIDDEN GUEST,"

and several well-known critics who have read it express themselves regarding it with much enthusiasm. One of these is from Howard Fielding, the noted litterateur, who says:

> My Dear Sir:—I congratulate you heartily upon your story, "The Unbidden Guest." Its action passes in the midst of a dark subject, and bears its own illumination. The merit of a story is, unhappily, not a guarantee of its success; but in this case I feel sure that the excellence of the work will not be overlooked. That actor who is felt but not seen has impressed me deeply; and I know that his invisible hand will lead every other reader, as it led me, irresistibly from scene to scene, to the end. Yours sincerely,
>
> HOWARD FIELDING.

"The Unbidden Guest" presents a new mystery to the reading world. One of the characters is simply a voice, whose owner is not revealed until the last chapter, when it points a moral with very telling effect.

We have read the story, and have no hesitancy in saying that The Blade's readers will be charmed with it. It is written in an entirely different vein from any serial we have published for a long time, and will afford an agreeable variation. Don't fail to read it.

The platform declaration of the Democrats in 1864, that the war was a failure, because very embarrassing in the campaign, and McClellan and his friends tried to get away from it. At a Republican meeting in Philadelphia, R. H. Dana, referring to this fact, said:

> The trouble is that this platform was constructed at low water mark. But the national tide of national victories has since submerged it! and all that can be seen of it now is candidates swimming for their lives!

The Democratic campaign of this year presents a close parallel. The people received the free trade plank with such extreme disfavor that Cleveland and the gang are trying to get away from it. The rising tide of national prosperity has submerged the Chicago platform, and Cleveland and Adlai are swimming for their lives.

At the Congressional elections of 1890 in Iowa, the Democrats carried five Republican districts, much to their amazement. An analysis of the figures in these districts, compared with those of the previous election, shows that the Republicans lost 10,659, while the Democrats gained but 4,591. The plain inference from this is that enough Republicans refrained from voting to produce the change, and that it was not the result of any revolution in public sentiment. The Republicans will capture these districts this year. They have named first-class candidates, and are putting forth every effort to bring out the normal party vote.

Should Cleveland be elected, every manufacturing nation in Europe will sing paeans of rejoicing.

Workingmen who are anxious to see "good times" continue will not vote to upset business.

DO YOU WANT $500

And a Chance to Get the Weekly Blade FREE for One Year?---If So, Read This Announcement.

THE BEST OFFER WE EVER MADE!

We believe this announcement to be the most remarkable one ever offered by any newspaper to the general public. It is entirely in the interest of our subscribers and of those who may become subscribers under its terms, and will cost us a great deal of money, the advantage being all on the side of the present Blade subscribers, as nearly every one of them will, without doubt, obtain two years' subscription to the Weekly Blade for $1. We feel gratified, however, at being able to give this advantage to our old subscribers, who have most of them been on our lists for many years; and all we ask is that they shall make this matter as public as they conveniently can among their neighbors and friends. We ask no one to take any time to solicit subscriptions for the Weekly Blade on these terms; but it will take only a few minutes to show your friends this remarkable announcement.

Our offer is this:

We will give to every person who reads this announcement, the Weekly Blade one year FREE, if he shall correctly guess who will be elected President of the United States at the coming November election. The conditions are simply these: Fill out the coupon below, with your name and address; write in the proper blank the name of the candidate you think will be the winner; cut out the coupon around the border, and send it to us in a letter with $1 enclosed. Presuming that you are already a subscriber, we will on receipt of this coupon and one dollar extend your time ONE YEAR from the date of expiration of your present subscription (this extension will be made immediately on receipt of your money). This coupon will be carefully filed away until after election. As soon as the result is made known, all those who have guessed correctly the name of the winning candidate will have their time extended for ANOTHER full year, FREE, thereby receiving the Weekly Blade TWO YEARS for the $1 sent us.

(Please bear in mind: Remittances under these terms must be $1 each, current funds, no discount or commission off, and no participation in any other one of our former or present premium offers. Make remittances by money order, express order, postal note, draft on New York or Chicago, or in currency by registered letter. Do not send checks on country banks. Do not send postage stamps, if possible to obtain other funds. No coupon will be filed unless accompanied by $1; neither will a coupon be filed if the remittance is short of the net amount—$1. No commission to agents allowed on this offer.)

Furthermore, we offer you still more advantages. Notice on the coupon the blank to be filled out with your guess as to the TOTAL NUMBER of votes which will be cast for ALL candidates at the coming Presidential election. Fill this out also, and you will participate in 206 opportunities for cash premiums, according to the premium list following:

LIST OF PREMIUMS:

1—$500 CASH to the one guessing the figures of the total vote.
2—$100 CASH to the one nearest.
3—........$50 to the next
4—........$25 to the next
5—........$20 to the next
6—.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
7—.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
8—.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
9—.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
10—.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
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17—........$18 to the next
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55—........$10 to the next
56—........$10 to the next

In addition to the above fifty-six premiums, we propose to add 150 new Blade Sewing Machines, in case our total renewals and subscriptions reach the number of 150,000. This will make the number of premiums 206, instead of the 56 given above, to be participated in by the 206 guessing nearest to the total number of votes polled at the coming election.

In case we receive less than 150,000 renewals and new subscribers, but 100,000 or more, we shall add 100 New Blade Sewing Machines to the above list of premiums, making the total number of premiums 156, instead of 56, as stated above.

In case we fall short of 100,000 renewals and new subscriptions, but receive 75,000 or more, we shall add 50 New Blade Sewing Machines to the above premium list, making the total number of premiums offered 106, instead of 56, as stated above.

We confidently expect to receive more than 150,000 renewals and new subscribers on the terms of this offer. We believe more than 100,000 of our present 115,000 subscription list will immediately renew on the terms of this offer; and it is certainly safe to estimate that 50,000 new subscribers will come to us, if our friends will take a little pains to show this offer to their neighbors and friends.

We shall not be surprised if 250,000 people avail themselves of this offer before the coming election day; and we are making extraordinary preparations to take care of that number of subscriptions.

The coupon below explains itself. All you have to do is to plainly fill it out. Write your name and address very plainly, add your guesses carefully in their proper places; then cut the coupon from the paper, and mail it to "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio," with $1 inclosed.

Be particular, also, in the proper place on the coupon, to write "Renewal" if your name is now on our books, either as an annual or campaign subscriber; or "New" if your name is not on our books at present. This is merely to facilitate our work in the counting-room and mailing-room.

SOME FIGURES TO HELP.

As an aid to you in estimating what the total popular vote for President will be this year, we give you below the official figures of the total popular vote at the last four Presidential elections:

POPULAR VOTE, 1876.	
Tilden, Dem	4,284,885
Hayes, Rep	4,033,950
Cooper, Greenback	81,740
Green Clay Smith, Proh	9,522
Walker, American	2,636
Total vote, 1876	8,412,733

POPULAR VOTE, 1880.	
Garfield, Rep	4,449,053
Hancock, Dem	4,442,035
Weaver, Gbk	307,306
Dow, Proh	10,305
Phelps, American	707
Total vote, 1880	9,209,406

POPULAR VOTE, 1884.	
Cleveland, Dem	4,911,017
Blaine, Rep	4,848,334
St. John, Proh	151,809
Butler, People's	133,825
Total vote, 1884	10,044,985

POPULAR VOTE, 1888.	
Cleveland, Dem	5,538,233
Harrison, Rep	5,440,216
Fisk, Proh	249,907
Streeter, Union Labor	148,105
Cowdry, United Labor	2,808
Curtis, American	1,591
Total vote, 1888	11,380,860

Since the Presidential election of 1888, six new states have been admitted to the Union—North and South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Idaho and Wyoming. They were Territories in 1888, and as the people in the Territories have no vote for the Presidency, they are of course not included in the above table. We give below the total vote of each of these six states at the last state election:

	Total vote.
North Dakota (governor, 1890)	36,489
South Dakota (governor, 1890)	77,607
Montana (congress, 1890)	31,090
Washington (congress 1890)	54,803
Idaho (governor, 1890)	18,210
Wyoming (governor, 1890)	16,032
Total	234,231

Study the above tables carefully. Note the rate of increase each four years; determine in your own mind what the increase this year will be; add what you think the total vote of the six new states will reach; and you will thus get close upon what the total vote for President this fall will be.

This blank coupon will be published seven weeks—the first publication in the issue of September 23, and the last on November 3. Every subscriber will therefore receive seven of these coupons. You will need but one for your own use. See how many of the other six you can influence your friends to use.

It is important that you IMMEDIATELY send your own renewal, no matter if you have just subscribed. Your time will be extended for one year more, anyhow, and for two years if you make the correct guess. We expect every subscriber whose subscription does not expire until next summer or next fall, to just as promptly send us immediately another year's renewal, as if his time expired next month. It is an offer that we shall never make again, and it is certainly to your interest to take advantage of it now.

The time is very short. Therefore, don't delay an hour after first reading this advertisement.

ONLY UNTIL NOVEMBER 8TH.

The terms of this offer will expire with all orders RECEIVED by us on November 8th. No coupons will be filed which are received AFTER that date.

We urge again that you send your renewal immediately. For the convenience of our clerical work, we ask you not to postpone it until the last week of the offer.

Here is the coupon:

COUPON.

Cut out this and enclose with your order for the WEEKLY BLADE one year, first filling out the following blank. This Coupon is not valid unless accompanied by $1.00 in current funds, for a year's subscription to the WEEKLY BLADE.

I believe ______________ will be Elected President of the United States at the coming November Election.

This is a ______________ Subscription.
If your name is now on our books, write "Renewal" in the blank space; if not, write "New."

I believe the Total Number of Votes Cast for all Presidential Candidates at the coming November Election, will be ______________

Name ______________

Post Office ______________

County ______________

State ______________

Date ______________ *1892.*

No. 5.

Read it carefully; fill in the blanks, cut it out and send it with one dollar to

"THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO."

CURRENT EVENTS.

Pekin boasts of 80,000 beggars.

The states contain 46,000 oil wells.

New York makes 55,000 watches a week.

Chicago will erect an aluminum building.

London houses burn 40,000 tons of coal daily.

England has had 270 strikes in ten months.

American street railways employ nearly 71,000 men.

Stockton, Cal., is to have a large macaroni factory.

It takes nearly five years to tan an elephant's skin.

The best silk hats in the world are made in the United States.

Switzerland is erecting what is reported to be its first sugar factory.

Iowa ranges fifth among the states of the Union in railway mileage.

An irrigation canal in Utah and Idaho will irrigate 100,000 acres of land.

An ice yacht has been known to travel a mile in one minute and ten seconds.

The pine tree is said to attain an age of from five hundred to seven hundred years.

A contrivance for removing the hair by machinery has been invented by a Frenchman.

Biting off the thread when sewing is the chief cause of blood poisoning among women.

It is estimated that there is a daily display of $5,000,000 worth of diamonds at Saratoga.

The world consumes 3,000,000,000 pounds of paper a year and is supplied by 4,500 paper mills.

In the manufacture of broadcloth there are 35 processes through which each piece must go.

It is computed that twelve city people die where ten deaths occur among dwellers in the country.

Brandy is an invention of the French and has been known to the world for nearly 600 years.

All the employes of the elevated railroads in New York city are said to receive their pay in gold.

The beaver is an architect, builder and woodcutter; he cuts down trees and erects houses and dams.

Rev. Dr. Hoffman, who owns the Hoffman House, New York, is the richest clergyman in the world.

There is evidence of the enlightenment of Japan in the fact that that nation now has 550 newspapers.

In order to collect a pound of clover honey bees must deprive 62,000 clover blossoms of their nectar.

The Diamond Match company's mill at Ontonagon, Mich., has used over 45,000,000 feet of lumber this year.

There is an ancient superstition that the milk of red cows is better than that given by cows of any other color.

A new substitute for quinine is known as pumbutano. It is an aqueous extract from a root of a shrub of that name.

At Bombay all the Hindoo sentries salute any passing black cat, thinking it may possibly be the soul of an English officer.

After fifteen years of failure the vines at Egg Harbor, N. J., are heavily laden with grapes, and a good year of wine making is expected.

There is a large factory near Chicago which does a profitable business in manufacturing useful articles from the waste blood of animals.

When a child dies in Greenland the native parents bury a living dog with it, the dog to be used by the child as a guide to the other world.

The $500 sword presented to Gen. B. M. Prentiss, the hero of "Shiloh," was recently discovered in a New York pawnshop and purchased for $55.

Suicide is less common among miners than any other class of people, and self-destruction, strangely enough, is more prevalent among soldiers.

A French prince advertises that he desires to sell his title and arms, "the whole guaranteed by authentic parchments of the reign of Henry IV."

A new variety of wheat, the grains of which are almost twice as large as the ordinary kernels, has been grown this season near Moscow, Wash.

The Pettijohn family, of Walla Walla, Wash., consists of ten people who are reputed to average 244 pounds in weight and 6 feet and 6 inches in height.

There are eight soldiers located in Ireland to one in Scotland, and over twenty boys in the British army under 18 years of age have won the Victoria cross.

The proportionate number of births in Russia is nearly double that of France, while the German population increases faster than that of any other country.

Nymak Pasha, the senior field marshal of the Turkish army, lately died at the age of 110 years. His eldest son, who is over 70, is also an Ottoman field marshal.

The peach is of Persian origin and the apricot is Syrian. The former fruit is mentioned by classical writers as early as 200 B. C., but the latter not till 30 A. D.

Young women of Germany have a superstition that if they bury a drop of their blood under a rosebush it will ever after insure the experimenter a pair of rosy cheeks.

The greatest number of deaths from earthquake shock was at Yeddo, Japan, in 1703, when 190,000 people, it is estimated, lost their lives in the terrible seismic upheaval.

The boom company at Marinette and Menomonee have assorted 400,000,000 feet of logs up to the present date, with eight weeks more of active operation before the season closes.

Mme. Bertha de Colonne, the famous poet and author, is both blind and deaf. She is a young and beautiful woman, and is happily married to an architect of European fame.

The first trial of a steamboat with a screw propeller, the invention of John Fitch, occurred in New York in 1796, on Collect pond, situated where the Toombs prison now stands.

In the new Maine town of Rumford Falls, where not even a log hut stood a year ago, a $10,000 residence is building and 700 men are at work upon mills and other structures.

It is said that the American Indians still hold possession of 150,000,000 acres of land. Within the last three or four years they have sold 30,000,000 acres to the United States government.

During one week this month 318 carloads containing 3,816 tons of green fruit were shipped East from California. So far this season 6,000,000 more pounds of fruit have been shipped than last year.

There was exhibited in Berlin recently a set of false teeth made out of paper which a dentist had contrived for a patient thirteen years before and which after constant use during that time were in excellent condition.

The silver wedding of the king and queen of Greece, which will occur on October 27, will be a quiet and unostentatious affair. The only relatives of royal rank now expected to attend are the czarevitch and crown prince of Denmark.

Lewis Morris is said to be the favorite of the Prince of Wales for the succession as poet laureate, and Sir Theodore Martin the personal choice of the queen. The names of Andrew Lang, George MacDonald, Thomas Woolner and others are also mentioned in the same connection.

The car builders making the best class of coaches use nothing but poplar now for siding, and find that wherever poplar can be thoroughly covered with paint nothing stands so well as this wood. The poplar porch column is used to the exclusion of everything else even in the depths of the white pine region.

There is a man in Java who makes a good living as a prophet. He has been paid £80 a year for the last fifteen years "for not predicting a tidal wave which will sweep clear over the island." The credulous natives believe that he has the power to attract a wave that will overwhelm the country.

The alleged connection between gypsies and the nails used in the crucifixion has frequently been referred to. It is said that the tinkers are the descendants of the one who made the nails for the cross and are condemned to wander continually without rest. The tradition is very common in the highlands of Scotland.

The town of Canton, Minn., is excited over a picture which suddenly appeared in a small round window in the steeple of the Roman Catholic church in that place. The picture is that of a grotto in which is seen the figure of a woman with a baby lying on her left arm, and slightly above the woman is another face looking down on the pair.

A curious marriage custom is recorded by Dr. Post as existing in Southern India among some of the more primitive non-Aryan tribes. This consists of wedding a girl to a plant, a tree, an animal, or even to an inanimate object, the notion being that any ill luck which may follow an actual marriage will be averted by a union of this kind, the first "husband" acting as a scapegoat for the second. The superstition which forbids the younger sister to be married before the older ones is set aside by the eldest daughter marrying the branch of a tree, after which number two may safely enter into the bonds of matrimony.

Richard Van Horn, of Jackson, Mich., one of the oldest engineers on the Michigan Central railroad, died lately, and his body was taken to his former home at Marshall, Mich. It was his last wish to be buried there and that his old engine, "Nine Spot," pull the train. A special train was furnished by the company to take a number of his friends and companions to the scene of the burial, and was pulled by old "Nine Spot." As the word was given to start the train the engine would not move. The engineer reversed the lever and threw her back, but she would not budge an inch. After examining the machinery for some time the engineer found nothing whatever the matter. Then the old, seemingly heart-broken machine steamed away. The acts of "Nine Spot" caused much comment among railroad men, and the engineer himself is just a little afraid of her.

Publishers' Desk.

TWO NEW PICTURES.

We have just received two timely pictures, which every reader of The Blade will want. Price 25 cents each, postpaid by mail. Both are 12x17 inches in size.

The first one is, "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS." This is done in fine colors, and is an excellent copy of the great original, which is in the Capitol at Washington.

The second picture is "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA." This also is executed in fine color work, and is a faithful of the renowned painting known by that name.

OUR GREAT HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL CHART.

Some time ago we discontinued the advertisement of the above chart in the Weekly Blade, but we still receive so many orders from readers who want it, that we have concluded to fill orders, for a short time, for it and the Weekly Blade at $1.75 for the two; but the offer will soon be withdrawn to make room for new premiums. This Chart is a great political educator, useful in every family where there is young people, as well as for their elders. It is one of the best and most compact resumes of political history, statistics and geographical information ever compiled on one sheet. An hour's study of this Chart will give anybody ten dollars' worth of information. Nothing of the sort published for many years has had so large a sale as this. Read the advertisement in another column, and order during the month of September, without fail!

BLADE CHINA TEA SETS and BLADE WASHING MACHINES.

Our Blade tea sets and Blade washing machines were very popular premiums last year, and are often inquired for. The offers for both made last year hold good for this season also. Our old readers are familiar with the offers, or have copies of The Blade containing them. New ones who wish to know what the offers are will please drop us a postal card, and we will send a copy of both advertisements, exactly as they were published last year. Briefly they are as follows:

An 80-piece china tea set and the Weekly Blade one year for $7; or the tea set as a premium for every club of 11 subscribers, accompanied by $11.

The washing machine and the Weekly Blade one year for $5; or the washing machine as a premium for a club of 10 subscribers, accompanied by $10. Send for a copy of the offers.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everbody can have a good copy at a very low price. We now offer the following:

"THE ROMAN CHARIOT RACE," in the Circus Maximus of Rome, by Alexander Wagner. This is in full colors, 17x24 inches in size, representing a race in the reign of Emperor Domitian, 88 years after Christ. The tiers of seats, crowded with a mass of excited people, run in a circular or oblong orm around a sandy arena, at the end of which are erected gilt cylinders in conical shape, forming the goal. The three chariots in the foreground, each drawn by four horses, make a scene of remarkable vigor.

"THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW—1814" by Messionier, the renowned French artist, and is in his best style. In full colors, 17x24 inches in size. The great original painting was sold in Paris for $170,000.

"CHRIST LEAVING THE PRAETORIUM," by Gustave Dore. A fine photo-etching, 21x28 inches. The scene represents Christ descending from the steps leading from the official tribunal of the Roman government of Jerusalem after his condemnation. The figure of the Savior, erect and commanding, is the center of attraction.

"NAPOLEON AT FRIEDLAND, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonier. It represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it is swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland. The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors.

"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is not the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is in colors, 17x24, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000.

"THE GRAND CANAL OF VENICE," by Turner, the famous English artist. The scene portrayed is the Grand Canal as seen from the quay.

"THE HORSE FAIR," by Rosa Bonheur. There is no need of describing this world-famous picture. We have sold thousands of them, and still the demand comes.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

LITTLE MYRTLE.

I.

Dear rosy Question! babbling all the day.
"What am I? Tell me ere my curls grow old?"
I can not tell thee, sweet, though curls be gold,
And thou reiterate till they be gray.

II.

O little Query! like a rose unblown,
With folded mysteries in pink and white,
Love can not solve thee in thy morning light,
Nor wisdom when thy three-score years have flown.
—Nilsey Martin in the Athenaeum.

Force of Habit.

Judge—You are charged with beating your wife frequently. What have you to say? If you wish to testify raise your hand.

Instead of raising his hand the prisoner clinches his fist and looks around in all directions.

Judge—What is the matter?

Prisoner—I'm looking for my wife.—European Exchange.

It Will Be Very Clever.

"I wouldn't care to be lawyer Browne on judgment day. He'll be in the soup."

"No, he won't. Browne's smart. He'll get an adjournment of his case to next day and then there won't be any next day."—Life.

The whole World pays tribute to the merits of "Garland" Stoves and Ranges.

BITS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Owls have a good hearing.

The cry of a wounded hare resembles that of a child in distress.

The smallest quadruped in the world is the pygmy mouse of Siberia.

The cocoon of a healthy silk worm will often yield a thread 1,000 yards in length.

The longest animal known to exist at the present time is the rorqual, which averages 100 feet in length.

A bird named the morepork, of Australia, is frequently heard vehemently demanding "more pork" in a clear, stentorian voice.

A number of wild young frogs in Maine became drunk upon the confiscated liquor which had been poured into the pond by the sheriff.

It is stated that wasps' nests often take fire, supposed to be caused by the chemical action of the wax upon the paper material of the nest itself.

Among the many differences between the alligator and crocodile there is one: The alligator never leaves fresh water, while the crocodile often goes to sea, and in the West Indies has sometimes been found many miles from land, but heading directly for an island possibly out of sight. How the creature knows to steer his course is a mystery, but he evidently knows where he is going and it is believed he always gets there.

The blue jay is the most persistent practical joker in the feathered kingdom. He will conceal himself in a clump of leaves near the spot where small birds are accustomed to gather, and when they are enjoying themselves in their own fashion will suddenly frighten them almost to death by screaming out like a hawk. Of course they scatter in every direction, and when they do so the mischievous rascal gives vent to a cackle that sounds very much like a laugh.

For perhaps one hundred years the sandy islands, rich in salt grass, skirting the Atlantic coast have been used as breeding grounds for a hardy race of cattle. They are small creatures, but as it costs nothing to feed them, and they live without care from their owners, they are profitable. The islands that fringe the Maryland coast have long been used in this fashion and also for the raising of wild hogs, long-legged creatures of the razorback variety, common among the pine forests of the eastern shore.

"OLD GLORY."

The House in Which the First American Flag Was Made.

The house in which was made the first American flag, with its unlucky number of stripes and stars that for the first time in history belied an old proverb, still stands on Arch street, Philadelphia. The building is moreover noted as the scene of one of the first meetings between French Envoy Genet and Miss Clinton, daughter of one of New York's most noted governors, who in time became Mme. Genet. Genet himself, standing at an upper story window of the Arch street building, saw a young lady go by on horseback, and it was evident that she had considerable to learn on the subject of equine management. The Frenchman hurriedly descended to the street, and approaching Miss Clinton's uncontrollable animal was just in time to catch the fair equestrienne in his arms as she was falling. With the magnanimity of his race, Genet insisted on bearing the burden thus imposed upon his arms until the young lady had been deposited by him upon a sofa in the Arch street house, and revived by a whiff of smelling salts. The episode terminated in the Genet-Clinton wedding that long agitated society in those colonial days.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

There sat a crow on a lofty tree,
Watching the world go by;
He saw a throng that swept along
With laughter loud and high.
"In and out through the motley rout"
Pale ghosts stole unseen,
Their hearts were longing for one sweet word
Of the love that once had been;
But never a lip there spoke their names.
Never a tear was shed:
The crow looked down from his lofty tree—
"'Tis the way of the world," he said.

A singer stood in the market place,
Singing a tender lay,
But no one heeded his sorrowful face
No one had time to stay.
He turned away; he sang no more;
How could he sing in vain?
And then the world came to his door,
Bidding him sing again;
But he recked not whether they came or went,
He in his garret dead:
The crow looked down from his lofty tree—
"'Tis the way of the world," he said.

There sat a queen by a cottage bed,
Spake to the widow there:
Did she not know the same hard blow
The peasant had to bear?
And she kissed that humble peasant's brow,
And then she bent her knee:
"God of the widow help her now,
As thou has helped me."
"Now God be thanked," said the old, old crow,
As he sped from his lofty bough;
"The times are ill, but there's much good still
In the way of the world, I trow."

A Neat Puzzle.

A Rochester banker, who is interested in mathematics, discovered a way in which the nine numerals could be arranged so as to make 100, using each figure but once. This is the wey:

15
36
47
——
98
2
——
100

The banker gave the problem to a boy not long ago, who found a solution which was much better, the numerals being arranged in regular order, like this: 9 times 8 plus 7 plus 6 plus 5 plus 4 plus 3 plus 2 plus1 equal 100.

Signs.

A circle of light 'round the moon, 'tis said,
With a star within its rim,
Is a sign that the wind will blow out of the east
With tearful weather and dim.
And just as true—let me whisper it, though—
Is the fact that a maiden weeps
If suitor unwelcome her circle invade
And outside the favored one keeps.
—Judge.

Riding Astride.

It may be the safety bicycle and it may only be the process of emancipation that is surely working out, but it is a fact that not only is the idea of a woman riding a horse like a man becoming tolerable in England, but the practice is being followed in some few notable cases. Mrs. Macbeth, wife of a member of the royal academy, rides after the foxhounds like a man, wearing knee breeches and gaiters, covered with a divided skirt.

CHOLERA, Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

The cholera microbe will not live in acid solutions, and Horsford's Acid Phosphate is recommended as the most desirable acid for use as a remedy or preventive because of its beneficial effect on the nerves and process of digestion, as well as its tonic and general strengthing effect on the whole system.

Half a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water, with sugar if desired, makes a palatable drink.

A Plausible Excuse.

"Didn't you say six months ago that if Miss Meier wouldn't marry you, you would throw yourself into the deepest part of the sea? Now, Miss Meier married some one else three months ago and yet you haven't"—

"Oh, it's easy to talk, but let me tell you it is not such an easy matter to find the deepest part of the sea."—European Exchange.

Only a Brute at Home.

"Your husband," said one lady to another, "is very gruff and impolite, and never says a kind word to you. I wonder how you put up with him."

"Oh, you mustn't be too hard upon him," said the gentle wife; "he is not always that way. You should hear him speak in prayer meeting.—New York Press.

A Look Ahead.

Soon among the autumn leaves
The winter winds will rustle,
And at the thought my poor heart grieves,
For them I'll have to hustle.

Definitely Postponed.

"We might as well consider our engagement as broken, Reginald."

"I don't see why! Your father said postponed."

"Postponed until you arrived at years of discretion. And in your case, Reggy, dear, you know what that means."—Life.

Tempting Bait.

"My dear," said the ambitious mother, "I trust that you have given Mr. Bullion every possible advantage to declare his love."

"I should say I had," returned the sweet girl. "Why, I've even whistled as he has bidden me good night."—N. Y. Herald.

Not Convinced.

Penelope—I hear that you are just as witty as you can be.

Dickey—Oh, no, no. I'm not witty at all.

Penelope—Well, that doesn't disprove the report.—New York Herald.

No Scandal in It.

Larkin (to his wife)—Did you hear of the Rev. Dr. Thirdly's fall?

Mrs. Larkin—Dear me, no! What has he done?

Larkin—He has fallen heir to $50,000 by the death of an uncle.—Truth.

Her Pretty Teeth.

He—Miss Miggins has such pretty teeth! Just like pearls.

She—Why not? Did you ever see a mouth that resembles an oyster more than hers?—Indianapolis Journal.

Abused Him.

She—So it was a short love affair.

He—Yes. His family produced him. I introduced him. She induced him. But her father traduced him, and that was the end of it.—Exchange.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

A right to tread so softly
Beside the couch of pain;
To smooth with gentle fingers
The tangled locks again;
To watch beside the dying
In wee small hours of night,
And breathe a consecrating prayer
When the spirit takes its flight.

A right to cheer the weary
On the battlefields of life;
To give the word of sympathy
Amid the toil and strife;
To lift the burden gently
From sore and tired hearts,
And never weary of the task
Till gloomy care departs.

A right to be a woman
In truest woman's work—
If life should be a hard one,
No duties ever shirk;
A right to show to others
How strong a woman grows;
When skies are dark and lowering,
And life bears not a rose.

A right to love one truly
And be loved back again;
A right to share his fortunes
Through sunlight and through rain;
A right to be protected
From life's most cruel blights
By manly love and courage—
Sure these are woman's rights!
—Sadie Gilliam Baird.

POETS LAUREATE.

A Versificator Regis was appointed by Henry III., 1230, with 100 shillings salary.

Chaucer was appointed laureate by Richard II., about 1380.

John Kay was appointed to the laurel by Edward IV., about 1462.

Andrew Bernard was the laureate in the reign of Henry VII., beginning in 1485.

John Skelton was appointed to follow Bernard, by Henry VIII., about 1514.

Edmund Spencer was appointed by Queen Elizabeth about 1589.

Samuel Daniels was appointed by Elizabeth, to succeed Spencer, about 1600.

Ben Johnson was the appointee of Charles I. in 1630.

William Davenant followed in 1637, appointed by Charles I.

John Dryden was appointed in 1670 by Charles II.

Thomas Shadwell succeeded in 1689, appointed by William III.

Nahum Tate was appointed by William III. in 1693.

Nicholas Rowe was appointed by George I. in 1714.

Lawrence Eusden was made laureate by George I. in 1719.

Colley Cibber was appointed by George II. in 1730.

William Whitehead was appointed in 1758 by George II.

Thomas Warton was made laureate in 1785 by George III.

Henry James Pye was appointed by George III. in 1790.

Robert Southey was appointed by the Prince Regent in 1813.

William Wordsworth was appointed by Victoria in 1843.

Alfred Tennyson was appointed by Victoria in 1850.

Chaucer was the first who received an allowance of wine; granted in 1389.

Ben Johnson's salary was £100 and a tierce of Canary wine.

On Southey's appointment in 1813 the tierce was commuted into an annual payment of £27, in addition to the salary of £100.

PRINCE OCTOBER.

Have you seen him, Prince October,
In his garb of russet sober?
With his cap plumes all a-flying,
Each with each in color vying?
Never sits he glum and museful,
All his days are bright and useful;
Friend of sinner and of saint,
Meeting none with chide or plaint,
Best of comrades, Prince October!

Never comes he empty-handed;
Gorgeous vestments, rainbow banded;
Apples red and green and yellow;
Grapes, and pears, and peaches mellow;
Hours of tender, golden shine;
Air like crystalline old wine;
These the land will soon be sharing,
Here he comes! What kingly bearing!
Glad to gree thee, Prince October!
—Brandon Banner.

Take Salt Water Baths.

A bath containing 6 per cent of chloride of sodium diminishes the amount of organic matter, uric acid and extractive substances, but increases the inorganic compounds, the amount of nitrogen, urea, chlorides and phosphoric acid. If the bath has 12 per cent of common salt it gives a brisk stimulation to the nitrogenous interchanges. A bath of 25 per cent of salt influences mainly the process of oxidation, while it affects the nitrogen interchanges but slightly. This last strong bath is, therefore indicated for patients of sluggish digestion and oxidation, who suffer mostly from diseases of the skeleton, with rachitis or necrosis, or with anaemia. It is also good for all persons in whom the nervous system needs to be built up by economizing the nitrogenous interchanges. For certain classes of individuals, especially people of billous habits and sluggish circulation, there is fresh encouragement to plunge, when convenient, in the ocean surf, and when not so convenient to make use of the waters derived from the sea salt as may be most easily procured.—New York Ledger.

DISCOVERED.

With drum and fife and loud kazoo
We celebrate the day in 1492
When one brave man to serve, his queen,
Let go his chains to see what could be seen.
Cycles had passed—tricycles, too—
Men had gone out to find something new,
Yet gumption had none in sailing this way,
And it looked mighty blue to the men of that day.
But there shipped out from Spain
In Queen Isabel's reign
A man who was fearless and brave—
He found us, but by a close shave.
—New York Herald.

She Couldn't.

"Why were you so cross to your husband at breakfast?"

"I just couldn't help it. I felt as if I must scold at somebody or burst. Just physical irritability, you know—and then everything went wrong. Breakfast was late, the steak burnt, the coffee thin, and cakes heavy."

"Then why didn't you scold the cook?"

"Oh, I couldn't. She'd leave."—Life.

In a Nutshell.

A hook,
A book,
A shady nook,
A wish,
A fish,
A sudden swish—
A sigh. But why?
Next day a lie.

She Said More.

"My sister thinks you are an awfully brave man," said Johnny to the handsome young grocer. "She says she don't see where you got so much grit."

"You are a good boy, Johnny, and here is an orange for you. What else did she say?"

"She said she wished you would put a little less in the sugar."—Truth.

An Able Defense.

He—Ah, my first wife! She loved me, but you don't.

She—That's because when I married you I promised not to love another woman's husband.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

A Give Away.

"Did she thank you for the flowers you sent?"

"Yes; and enclosed the bill that was received with the basket."—N. Y. Herald.

Extraordinary Event.

"I hear your shooting party had an accident. Is it true?"

"Yes—Billy Smith shot a duck."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

LOVELY WOMAN IN LITERATURE.

The society of ladies is the school of politeness.—Mountfort.

Remember woman is most perfect when most womanly.—Gladstone.

All I am or can be I owe to my angel mother.—Abraham Lincoln.

Earth has nothing more tender than a pious woman's heart.—Luther.

He that would have fine guests let him have a fine wife.—Ben Jonson.

A woman's strength is most potent when robed in gentleness.—Lamartine.

Lovely woman, that caused our cares, can every care beguile.—Bresford.

Oil and water—woman and a secret—are hostile properties.—Bulwer Lytton.

No man can either live piously or die righteous without a wife.—Richter.

Yes, woman's love is free from guile and pure as bright Aurora's ray.—Morris.

Women need not look at those dear to them to know their moods.—Howells.

Even in the darkest hour of earthly ill woman's fond affection glows.—Sand.

Disguise our bondage as we will, 'tis woman, woman rules us still.—Moore.

Eternal joy and everlasting love there's in you, woman, lovely woman.—Otway.

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks, shall win my love.—Shakespeare.

Raptured man quits each dozing sage, O woman! for thy lovelier page.—Moore.

Every pretty woman should be a flirt, every clever woman a politician.—Ouida.

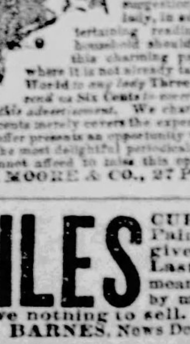
Heaven will be no heaven to me if I do not meet my wife there.—Andrew Jackson.

Reverence every woman's opinion, whether it be to you right or wrong.—Rice.

Decision, however suicidal, has more charm for a woman than the most unequivocal Fabian success.—Hardy.—New York Herald.

A CHARMING LADIES' PAPER SENT THREE MONTHS FREE!

THE LADIES' WORLD is one of the most attractive and valuable papers published for ladies and the family. It has now over 300,000 subscribers. Each issue comprises twenty or more large four-column pages. It is profusely and beautifully illustrated, and its contents embrace high-class Fiction by the best American authors, the choicest Poetry, Artistic Needlework, Home Decoration, Housekeeping, Mother's, Children's and Fashion Departments, Hygiene and choice Miscellany. It publishes original matter only, and spares no expense to procure the best. Each issue is replete with practical hints and useful suggestions of the utmost value to every lady, in addition to the vast fund of entertaining reading provided. No intelligent household should be without it. To introduce this charming paper into thousands of homes where it is not already taken, we will send The Ladies' World to any lady Three Months on trial Free, who will send us Six Cents to cover postage and mailing, and help pay for this advertisement. We charge you nothing for the paper; the six cents merely covers the expense of sending it to you. Our liberal offer presents an opportunity which every lady may secure.



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FREE For 30 Days. To introduce our CRAYON PORTRAITS we make this Special Offer: Send us a Cabinet Picture, Photograph or any picture of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead, and we will make you a CRAYON PORTRAIT FREE OF CHARGE, provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work and use your influence in securing us future orders. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish not interfering with likeness. Refer to any bank in Chicago. Address THE CRESCENT CRAYON CO., Opposite New German Theatre, CHICAGO, ILL. P. S.—We will forfeit $100 to any one sending us photo and not receiving crayon picture FREE as per this offer. This offer is bonafide.

SECOND 5,000 EDITION!

GIVEN AWAY

WITH THE WEEKLY BLADE!

The older subscribers of THE BLADE will remember that, a few years ago, Mr. D. R. Locke ("Nasby") made a tour of Europe, and wrote a series of letters for the paper. This series was afterwards re-written, and published as a subscription book of the highest class, entitled "NASBY IN EXILE." It was a large octavo of over 600 pages, printed on a superior quality of book paper, and with several hundred illustrations. These were drawn and engraved expressly for the volume, and alone cost nearly $3,000. They were done by the best artists, the intention being to make a first-class book. Thousands of copies were sold by subscription at $3.50 per copy.

At the present time, "Nasby in Exile" is entirely out of print; but the plates are owned by the Toledo BLADE Co., and there has been such a demand for the past year or two for the book that we have concluded to publish an edition of 5,000 copies, using, however, a little lighter quality of paper to decrease the cost of postage; and the book will be bound in flexible cloth covers, in the same style as was bound "Dr. Carlin's Recipes" a year ago, with which our readers are familiar. The book will be printed from the same plates and with the same illustrations as the original edition—*except* that we omit five short chapters, referring to the political situation in Ireland. That situation has entirely changed since the book was written, and the statements of these chapters are of no value as matters stand at present. This omission makes the book better than it would otherwise be; for the other chapters are as true to-day as they were when they were written.

We propose to send these 5,000 copies of "Nasby in Exile" to the first 5,000 people who send us $1 each for a yearly subscription to the Weekly BLADE, under the terms and conditions given below. The book can *only* be obtained on these conditions.

For all practical purposes, every copy of this edition of "Nasby in Exile" will be fully equal to a copy of the first edition, formerly sold for $3.50—as it contains exactly the same illustrations, the same reading matter (except that referring to Irish politics), and exactly the same as originally published.

To give an idea of what the book is, we give the table of contents and list of illustrations, all of which are in the volume as now being printed:

TABLE OF CONTENTS---"NASBY IN EXILE."

The Departure—How the Passengers Amused Themselves—Sea-sickness—Tibbitts, of Oshkosh—The Storm.
London—The Englishman—A Few Statistics—The Climate—A Red-coated Romance.
The Derby Races—Departure for the Derby—Sights and Scenes—Shows and Beggars—Betting.
What the Londoners Quench Their Thirst with—The Kind of Liquor—Tobacco—Early Closing.
How London is Amused—The London Theaters—An English Idea of a Good Time—Punch and Judy.
Madame Tussaud—American Worthies.
The London Lawyer—The Solicitor's Bill.
English Capital—London Quacks—The London Advertiser.
Petticoat Lane—The Home of Second-Hand—The Clothing Dealer—Diamonds—The Confiding Israelite.
The Tower—The Royal Jewels—The Horse Armory—Interesting Relics—The Beef-Eaters.
Two English Nuisances—A Badly Dressed People—An English Hotel—The English Landlord.
Portsmouth—Nelson's Ship—In the Harbor—Tibbitts' Diary.
Westminster Abbey—Seeing the Abbey—Warren Hastings—Epitaphs—Religious Service—A Little History.
The American Showman—The Trainer's Widow Foggerty—The Zulu.
Richmond—The Star and Garter—Down the River.
From London to Paris—The Custom House—Normandy—The Cathedral—On the Way to Paris.
A Scattering View of Paris—Drinking in Paris—Wine and Whisky—The National Fete.
Something About Parisians—French Cleanliness—The Polite French—The Disgust of Tibbitts.
Parisian Gamin—Interview with a Gamin—A Contented Being.
How Paris Amuses Itself—The Grand Opera—The Wicked Mabille—Gardens other than the Mabille—Tibbitts and the Professor.
The Louvre—Art in the Louvre—The Commune.
The Palais-Royal—A Tale of the Commune—The Wisdom of Therese—The Two Lovers.
French Drinking—The Water of Paris—The Mild Swash.
Parisian Living—The Market Woman—Parisian Washing—Female Shop-keepers—The Career of Sam.
Paris to Geneva—A Night on the Rail—Geneva—Affecting Anecdote—Piracy on Lake Erie—The Irate Guest—Too Much Music.
Switzerland—The Rhone—A Geneva Bakery—Swiss Roads—Female Climbers—Ascent of Mont Blanc—A Useful Man at Last.
Chillon—Tibbitts and the Jew—On the Lake.
From Geneva Over the Alps—Mountain Climbing—Legend of the Gorge—Martigny—A Swiss Cottage—Alpine Ascents.
Over the Alps—Tibbitts' Idea—Dangers of Ascending Mt. Blanc.
Going up the Mountain—The Mer de Glace—The Gorge—Something About Glaciers.
In Switzerland—Tibbitts's Letter—Berne and Bears—Barbers.
Lake Thun and Beyond—Interlaken—Wood Carving—Geissbach.
Lucerne and the Rigi—Up the Rigi—A Mountain Railway—The Rigi Kulm—Tell's Chapel.
Zurich and Strasburg—Beer and Music—The Cathedral—The Wonderful Clock.
Baden-Baden—A Few Legends—Up the Mountain—To Old Schloss.
Heidelberg—The Great Cask—The Students.
Mannheim—Opera—A Treatise on Treating.
Frankfort-on-the-Maine—Red Tape—Jew's Street—Lovely Gardens.
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Cologne—The Cathedral—Eleven Thousand Virgins—Home.

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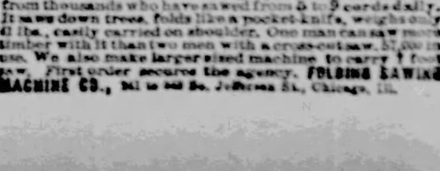

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THE DORMITORY PLAN, ETC.

An Explanation of Methods—What It Means for Workers—The Transportation Scheme—About the Emergency Bureau.

I have been asked several times in regard to the Woman's Dormitory association of the World's Columbian Exposition; what it is, and what purpose it is designed to carry out. The object is to provide cheap lodgings for those women who wish to attend the exposition, but yet can not afford to pay the extravagant prices which it seems almost certain will be charged for comfortable lodgings that are let by private parties, or at the hotels. The association was incorporated last May, its capital stock being $150,000. With this sum six dormitories are to be erected, one after the other as fast as sums of $25,000 have been subscribed for and collected for them. In these six dormitories it is proposed to have lodging arrangements for at least 5,000 women. The buildings are identical in plan; they are to be two stories high, built in the form of a square, 250x50 feet in size, with an interior court 80x40 feet; each floor is to have a central hallway running entirely around the building with rooms on each side. In this way it will give each apartment outside windows, and therefore, very good ventilation.

As said before, the association is a stock company, its stock to be divided into shares of $10 each. These shares are transferrable, but non-assessable. Each is good for a twenty-five days' stay, and will be taken at any dormitory of the association in payment for lodging bills. Only two persons will be allowed to come at one time upon a single share, but if the face value is not used by the holder during her own stay, she can make it over to another. When the $10 paid have been exhausted the share is still credited to the holder, and if there be any surplus after the enterprise is closed, she will be entitled to her pro rata.

There are to be but few restrictions in regard to the arrangements. Each person must engage her room at least a month before coming, in order to be sure of accommodation, and when stock is applied for, the individual must state what part of any month she desires to use her right of lodging. Of course it will be "first come, first served," so far as the taking of the stock is concerned; that is, the first to apply for stock will have the choice of the time when they will be accommodated, and those who come later, will be obliged to select a time when there are vacancies.

Those who desire to know more about this matter may do so by writing to Mrs. Helen M. Barker, 409 Rand-McNally building, Chicago.

It is said that of the stock already taken most is in single shares by individuals, and that Wisconsin so far has furnished the largest number of subscribers. Recently, however, the stock is being taken in blocks by counties, women's exchanges and women's clubs. A curious thing in regard to it is that the very persons it was expected to benefit by this arrangement are the ones who thus far have appeared the least interested. These are young women, and especially those who work in stores and factories. Most of those who have applied are women who must come alone to the Fair, either married or single, who are somewhat limited in means.

The dormitory plan was evolved from the brain of a Chicago woman, Mrs. Matilda B. Carse, and a most excellent plan it appears to be.

Another movement which is on foot is to raise a fund in order to give transportation to self-supporting women who are unable to pay their way to and from Chicago. For this purpose state boards will be organized, to whom such persons can apply for the wherewithal to go and return. Certainly it does seem with these arrangements that no woman who is anxious to see the wonderful "White City," with all that it contains, need miss that pleasure. Never before in the world's history was there such a movement to pave the way for women—a movement made by other women, whose only purpose is to forward the interests of those of their sex who are worthy of assistance in obtaining a comfortable way to see the world thus brought almost to their doors.

A product of the Fair arrangements which promises to be permanent and to do much to solve the problem of domestic service, is what is called the Emergency Bureau of the Columbian association of Housekeepers. As the name implies, it is principally for use in emergencies during the progress of the Fair. To the Bureau, housekeepers who are suddenly left without help may apply, and receive at once assistance in their trouble. Girls and women who want to work for a short time may leave their names at the Bureau, and soon find employment.

As a permanency, this may work out into a most excellent thing that might find a place in other cities as well as in Chicago, after the Fair is over. One trouble is in regard to domestic service that bright, intelligent girls prefer to work at less wages in factories, stores or offices, rather than to enter into any family as a servant, yet many would like certain branches of housekeeping, providing these could be elevated to the dignity of a regular craft or trade. That this might be attained in a way to give the housekeeper skilled service when most in need has been already demonstrated by the Bureau. It is stated in the "Parthenon" that the Bureau is already an established fact, and it gives the following description of the sort of employment and places which had been filled in this way: One got a position to do five hours' work once a week. She could earn a little and yet fulfil other duties. Another obtained a place where sweeping and dusting was the work to do once a week. One young woman found several families where plain sewing and mending occupied several hours each week. Another applied for a place to do sweeping, dusting and putting houses in order for lunches, teas and dinners. And so the list might go on. It shows that by this method a new element would be introduced into the household, and that is, intelligence and refinement in the helpers. If skilled workers could be found to go into the households for short periods, when needed, the status of domestic service might be, it is believed, entirely changed and greatly bettered.

May the Emergency Bureau thus established in Chicago for the Columbian Exposition demonstrate possibilities for the future in this direction that have so far been absolutely beyond the power of women to compass.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Household Chats on Etiquette.

No. 6.

It would seem to be a very easy matter for a person to know how to eat his dinner; but how to use, at the correct time, and in the correct manner, all of the knives, forks and spoons that appear on the table at a formal dinner party, requires much experience, as there are comparatively few who indulge in such an elaborate display at their homes. Some there are who, like one lady we have in mind at this writing, will insist upon her dinner table being arranged completely in every particular, and her dinner served with all possible ceremony each day, although, as a rule, there is no one but herself and her little two-year-old daughter (who is brought in with the dessert) to enjoy the elaborate display of china and silver.

Invitations for a dinner party should be sent, in the name of both host and hostess, ten days or two weeks in advance. They may be written or engraved, and can be after this formula, which is very generally used.

Mr. and Mrs. George Carleton
request the pleasure of
Mr. and Mrs. Jones's company at dinner,
on Monday evening, December twenty-first,
at seven o'clock.
1852 Third avenue.

If an answer is requested, the letters R. S. V. P., or, in plain English, "The favor of an answer is requested," should be added to this card, or, if for any other entertainment, the words, Music, dancing, readings, cards, etc., may be inserted in place of dinner. An invitation to dinner should be sent to both husband and wife, and if an unmarried lady or gentleman is invited, a partner must be provided. An invitation to dinner must be either accepted or declined at once, and should any unforseen occurrence prevent your going at the last moment, you should send your excuse by a messenger. A call in person should be made upon the hostess within a week, or ten days at the farthest, after a dinner party. At a formal dinner party ladies wear elegant, full dress costumes, with diamonds and jewelry; gentlemen wear evening dress, low-cut vests, with immaculate shirt fronts, claw-hammer coats and light-colored gloves, which are worn until they are seated at the table.

When dinner is announced, each gentleman offers his arm to the lady who has been selected by the hostess as his partner, and upon reaching the dining room the place for each guest is designated by a card. There is usually a servant in the room to assist those who are in doubt as to where their places are. At the right of the dinner plate are laid a large knife for the roast, a smaller one for the cheese, and to the right of the knives are the soup and dessert spoons and ice cream fork, for, be it known, a spoon is no longer de rigeur in eating cream. Beyond these is a napkin and a roll of bread.

To the left of the plate comes first the tiny, trident-shaped fork for the raw oysters, then a broad fork, with a knife-like blade on either side, for fish. Next to this is the one for the roast and salad. After the salad the ices are brought in, then the finger-bowls and plates. The finger bowl should be at once removed from the plate, to make room for the fruit. When oranges are served, the orange spoon, and also a sharp-bladed fruit-knife, is used.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Sofa Cushion.—Make a puff of golden brown China silk diagonally across the cushion; also a puff around the four sides. Make the two triangular corners of the cushion of ecru jean, buttonholed on the three sides with shaded golden brown silks. A conventional pattern of large leaves done in long and short stitch is embroidered in the center of the triangular pieces. The back of the cushion is made of ecru jean, button-holed around the edges with the golden brown silk. The center is left plain. Lace the triangular pieces together over the diagonal puff with a gilt cord. Also lace the back to the front over the puff with the gilt cord.

Crumb Cloth.—Make the center of blue jean of the desired size; put an 18-inch border on it of blue and white striped ticking.

Tea Cloth.—Embroider in corners diagonally opposite, bouquets of violets. The flowers and leaves are to be done in solid embroidery with filoselle, which, test thoroughly, to see it will not fade. The flowers are to be done in the different shades of violet from lightest tints to the darker. The leaves are to be done in the gray green-shades. Single violets done in outline stitch with white filoselle are scattered over the surface. The hem should be 1 1-2 inch in width, with hem stitching above it.

Rose Bowl Doilies.—Take a square of bolting cloth and work around the edge a border of clover leaves done in white filoselle, and edged with gold thread, or if color is preferred, the leaves may be done in two shades of clover-leaf green, edged with the gold thread. Then trim out the edge of the mat, following the shape of the leaves.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Insertion.—Cast on 11 sts. 1st row—t o 2—p 2 tog—k 2—o 3 t—k 2 tog—k 3—o 2—p 2 tog. 2d row—o 2—p 2 tog—k 3—n—p 1—k 3—o 2—p 2 tog. 3d row—o 2—p 2 tog—k 3—n—k 3—o 2—p 2 tog. These 3 rows rows knit twice form the pattern.

Point Lace Braid and Crochet Edging.—This edging is worked on a foundation of open lace braid with fine cotton in the following manner: 1st row—5 ch—1 sc in the edge of the braid—6 ch—1 sc on the 1st of the preceding 5 ch—* 7 ch—1 sc on the 4th of the previous 6 ch—3 ch—1 sc in the edge of the braid after a space of a quarter of an inch—turn—and working on the sts before the last sc—ch 4 t alternately put the thread around the needle and work a dc on the following 2d st—but work off only the lowest vein of each dc, keeping all the other loops on the needle—next work off these loops 1 by 1 as in Afghan st—then x 1 ch—p t o the hook—5 dc, working off only the lowest vein of each, on the loops just worked off—then 1dc on the 1st of them, after which work off the loops as previously; repeat once from x—then 1 ch—4 t alternately p t o and work 1 dc as previously on the next 2d of the loops just worked off—then work off the loops—turn—5 ch— 1 sc on the vein before the repetition from x—3 ch—1 sc in the braid—6 ch—1 sc around the preceding 5 ch; repeat from *. 2d row—Going back over the 1st row—work 19 sc around every point, 5 of them at the tip and the rest on the sides, as shown in the illustration. 3d row—Turn and work over the back veins of the st in the 2d row in the same manner, but work 3 sc on the middle 1 of the 19 sc, and pass over 2 in the hollow. 4th row—Turn, and work * 1 dc on the 3d ~ on the upward side of the next point—3 t alternately 1 picot, consisting of 5 ch and 1 sc on the 1st of them, and 1 dc on the following 2d st—then twice a picot, and 1 dc on the next st—3 times a picot and 1 dc on the following 2 st; repeat from *, but in every repetition work off the 1st dc with the last dc in the preceding pattern. 5th row—Along the opposite side of the braid * 1 sc in the edge—twice alternately 8 ch and 1 dc on the 1st of the previous 3 ch—pass one-quarter of an inch of the braid and repeat from*. 6th row—Alternately 1 dc on the next point and 3 ch. 7th row—Alternately 1 dc on the following 2d st and 1 ch.

Correspondence.

Bessie G.: Your serge newmarket can be made into a wrapper, as you suggest. Am sorry I neglected to answer your query sooner, but I trust my suggestions will not be too late. Rip it up and dye it with Diamond fast-brown dye. Press well and baste up. Fit it perfectly, and then put in a full front of the cashmere, which will be pretty if dyed a pretty shade of yellow. Use the Diamond dye for wool in dyeing it. It can be pieced at the waist line, as the breadths are short, and it will come in the shirring and not show. As the Newmarket had bell sleeves, use them for your wrapper, lining them with the yellow, and use the pieces of goods cut from the front to put a puff at the tops. Make full yellow sleeves, gathered at the wrist on a rubber, and wear them inside of the bell sleeves. I think you can make a lovely wrapper from the old Newmarket and the widths of cream cashmere. I am sure I could.—Jean Hunt.

What Shall Bessie Read?

We should be glad to have every mother who reads The Blade, send her views on this very important question:

"What books shall 15-year-old Bessie read?"

It is a matter of anxious thought with every intelligent Christian mother as to what she shall allow her daughters, just budding into young womanhood, to peruse. We think the matter very important. We shall be glad to receive the views of mothers, expressed briefly, with lists of books.

We should be glad also to have some of the "Bessies" themselves give their views as to what they prefer. Let us hear from you, girls!

Make your letters as brief as you consistently can. Give your name and postoffice address, in every case. We wish to use the material all at once—not to have a discussion strung along each week for a month or two. All letters must in our hands by Monday, November 7. Please write promptly, that we may have all by that date. Address your letter, "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio," and in the lower left-hand corner of the envelope write the word "Household."

Correspondence Clippings.

Laura—By no means giv eup the cuddling now, or ever. You are not in the wrong to cuddle him, kiss him and hold him in your arms. It will do you both good. Rock him to sleep every time, if not tired. I never let my babies go to sleep but in my arms. My last baby is now four years old, and I hold her in my arms until asleep, telling her how I love her, and how God loves us both. Truly it is love that makes the world go around.—Mrs Charles Ireland.

In a recent number of The Blade, the veterans were told it would be best not to take more baggage than they could carry to the national encampment, for it might be impossible to get baggage checked before the breaking up of camp. If this be true of the encampment at Washington, might it not be much more so at the exposition? Would like to hear from some who have had experience in this line.

Troubled Housewife.—If you keep your bread in an air-tight vessel in summer time, it will become sour and sticky, no matter how nice and sweet when freshly baked. I lost nearly all of three bakings by keeping it in a large jar with a paper tied over the top, before I found out the cause of my bread spoiling. This may not prove true in all climates. This is a very dry, healthy place.—Leah Car.

I have read about the "Child's Home" in process of construction at the World's Fair grounds. There may be some mothers who know nothing about it, who would be very glad if "C. C." would tell them about it.

"Kitchen Maid" Your walnuts should have been used from two to four weeks ago according to your location. My English friends say American walnuts are not good for pickling after the middle of September, and the best time is from August 1 to September 1.—Mollie.

I cannot express my thanks to the lady who sent the beautiful verses for my comfort, on the departure of my dear, old companion who is gone, never to return to me, but whom I trust and pray that I may meet in the land of the Blessed, but I hope she will accept my thanks as I would be glad to express them, and I hope that the blessing of our Lord may rest upon her.—L. M. H.

Things that we make ourselves, are always dear to us, but one could scarcely realize what a beautiful and artistic wall-cabinet can be made out of two cigar boxes. The wood in such boxes is usually good, requiring only a little oil and polish to bring out its best points. Select two of the largest size, and exactly matching throughout. After measuring the boxes, remove the lids, and place them on the table with the open side down. Now fasten them together, by using strong screws. Cut three strips of wood from another cigar box, and fasten one across the middle, one just above the bottom, and still another at the top, letting this last extend a little on each side, so that you may fasten there the hooks by which the cabinet shall be suspended on the wall. When these have been firmly finished, turn your work over, and there is the frame of your wall-cabinet, all ready for the finishing touches. From the wood of your other box cut as many shelves as you may desire and screw them in place by means of very small, strong, brass tacks.

Make the cabinet doors out of the box lids, treating the wood in various ways. The simplest fashion is perhaps the best. In this you thoroughly oil it, and rub it until it takes on a rich dark hue, and every particle of the grain stands out clearly. A more artistic style is to cut a line of incised wood all around the door, or a geometrical pattern in each corner. Cut out an oblong space from each center, and fill in the vacancy with tile, glass, painted wood, or silk. The fine, clear glass is best, as it gives a glimpse of the interior, and thus tempts the curiosity. This piece of glass can be easily slipped in place by means of small grooves cut in the sides, and kept there by small brads driven on the inside of the doors. The hinges, keyplates, and other finishings may be made of brass, or fine antique silver now so much admired. These can be procured from the large art stores in cities.

Thus you will have an antique affair that will satisfy the most artistic taste. The carved work or ornamentation may ishings may be made of brass, or the or burnt in with a knitting-needle, fastened into a cork handle and heated red-hot in the gas-jet, or over a spirit lamp. A Greek pattern all around, a geometric flourish in each corner, a motto in early English text, or a monogram burnt in, sharp and precise, are tasteful and very appropriate for such a home-made cabinet.—Eliza Palmer Matthews.

Inquiries.

Can any one send a remedy for nervous cramp in the stomach?

We have a valuable dog that has fits. Will some one give a reason for them, and a cure?

Will some one who understands painting on canvas give a little instruction through the Household?—Jennie.

Will some one send directions for crocheting a pretty hood for a baby boy, eight months old?—E. A. T.

Will some one give me a recipe for soft sugar cookies that will keep soft after they are cold?—Nancy Jane.

Can any one give me an effective and certain remedy to rid a house of fleas? They are in two rooms up stairs, where there is carpet on the floor. As soon as cold weather sets in they don't bother us, but as soon as warm weather comes they are with us again.—L. B. Hayward.

Will some one tell me how to get rid of some little pests that look like silver fishes? They are very small, and run with wonderful swiftness. I do not know what they are, but know that they are everywhere in my house, even in the flour barrel.—Mrs. C. K. T.

Is almond meal harmless to use for toilet purposes, and will it whiten the skin?—Esther H. J.

Will some one send a good recipe for potato salad? Not just a few left-over potatoes chopped up with an onion, but something that will be nice enough to have at a company dinner.—Susan H.

Answers to Inquiries.

Grace Adams:—We do not insert addresses for private correspondence in The Blade Household.—Ed.

Katie G. B.:—The person whose address you desire, does not wish it given to any one. Your communication is returned to you for that reason:—Ed.

Greeny:—If you "like a young man," and have the least desire that he should "like" you, you should be very careful how you send him invitations, "through the mail" or otherwise, to visit you. Wait until you are well enough acquainted, so that he will ask permission to visit you, which he will undoubtedly do if he cares to see you.—Ed.

Grace S.:—"Some more" would be very acceptable. Send them soon.—Ed.

A. C. A.:—Supposing you "try." The editor of the Household would be very glad to have the answers that you can send.—Ed.

Mary S.:—To remove ink spots from carpets rub with new milk.

D. H.:—Rub the limbs with lizard oil.

Bride:—Why not try cooking one-half or one-third of a recipe?

Dolly: Try eating a little rosin twice a day for black heads.

Mrs. A. W. B.: Whitewash your cellar and scrub your closets thoroughly with lye.—Pansy.

Black-Eyed Beauty: If I were in your place I would not ask such questions through a paper, and have the public comment on them. I would use my own good judgment, or respect my mother's opinion, or that of any nearest relative more than strangers.—A. M.

Tell "Enquirer" to snuff warm milk up her nose every day until cured. Try it a month.

Tell the lady who inquired "how to get the smell of onions out of the house," not to let the onion come into the house, is the only sure way.

A wash made of poke root (or pigeon berry) is a sure cure for ivy or other vegetable poisons.

Spirits of turpentine is sure death to all insects that are wet all over with it. It is the best thing to put on bedsteads to free them from bugs.—A. C. Arnold.

Cure for St. Vitus Dance.—Give one-quarter teaspoonful of bismuth just before meals, and six drops of Fowler's solution just after meals, and let the patient have all the out-door exercise possible.—Topsy.

The above remedy is a very risky one to give, although our correspondent says it cured her child. The editor would advise any one who thinks of using it to consult with a reliable physician before doing so, in order that no mistakes may be made.—Ed.

To Rid a Bed of Bugs.—Sprinkle five cents worth of insect powder (pyretheum) on the mattress and bedstead, and it will drive bugs and fleas away.—Topsy.

Recipes.

Preserved Pumpkin Chips (requested).—Select a fine, ripe pumpkin, the dark yellow ones are usually the best, cut in halves, then in narrow strips. Pare off the yellow rind, remove the seeds, and then slice the strips into very thin chips. To each pound of chips allow 1 lb. of granulated sugar and 1 gill of lemon juice. Put the pumpkin chips on plates, cover with sugar and lemon juice and let them stand over night in a cool place. In the morning simmer them gently in a porcelain kettle for 1 1-4 hours, or until the pumpkin becomes tender and transparent, skimming if necessary. When done, lift the chips carefully into tumblers or jars, and strain the syrup over them, tie up and set away as you would jelly.—Neale.

Tomato Butter.—To 10 lbs. ripe tomatoes allow 5 lbs. of brown sugar, 1 tablespoonful each of ground allspice, cloves and cinnamon and 2 sliced lemons. Scald the tomatoes to remove the skins and press them through a colander; mix the sugar and spices with the pulp of the tomatoes, add 1 pt. of cider vinegar and the lemons, after removing the seeds. Put in a preserving kettle and boil slowly 1-2 hour, take out the lemon and boil three hours longer, stirring frequently. When cool, seal in glass jars.—R.

Tomato Catsup.—Take 6 lbs. of ripe tomatoes, sprinkle with salt after cutting in slices, and let them stand for a day; then boil them and pass through a colander or coarse sieve. To 1-2 pt. of vinegar add ground spices, cloves, pepper, ginger and cinnamon, to taste; if onions are put in, they should be chopped fine, tied in a bag and put in with the spice; boil one-third away, bottle tight and shake before using.

To Pickle Walnuts.—One hundred walnuts; procure the walnuts while young, prick them with a fork, prepare a strong brine of salt water, 4 lbs. of salt to each gallon of water, and let the walnuts remain in this for nine days, changing the brine every third day. Then drain them off, put them in a dish and place them in the sun until they become perfectly black, which will be in two or three days; have ready dry jars, into which place the walnuts, but do not quite fill them. Boil sufficient vinegar to cover them, adding to each quart of vinegar 2 ozs. of whole black pepper, 1 oz. of allspice and 1 oz. of bruised ginger. Pour this hot over the walnuts, which must be entirely covered with the pickle, tie down with bladders and keep in a dry place. They will be fit for use in a month, and will keep good for two or three years.

Tomato Mangoes.—Select smooth, medium-sized tomatoes, cut from the stem end a slice large enough to allow the removal of the seeds. Stand them up in a pan, with each top beside its corresponding tomato; put a teaspoonful of salt into each, cover with cold water and let them stand over night. In the morning drain and wash in cold water. Chop coarsely two heads of cabbage for each 50 tomatoes, 1 teaspoonful each of ground cloves and allspice; 4 tablespoonfuls of whole mustard seed; 2 tablespoonfuls of salt and mix thoroughly. Stuff the tomatoes with this mixture, put on the tops, tie securely with twine, place them in a jar and cover with cold vinegar, add 1 cupful of nasturtium seeds or horseradish and 1 onion, sliced. Tie up the jar, and in one week they will be ready for use and will keep all winter.—G. T.

Ice Cream Cake.—(For Helen S.)—1 cupful of sugar and 1-2 cupful of butter, beaten to a cream. Add 1-2 cupful of milk and 1 cupful of flour and beat again. Then add 1 cupful of flour, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder and lastly, the whites of 3 eggs, beaten until stiff. Bake in 2 layers.

For Filling.—Yolks of 3 eggs and 1 cupful of powdered sugar. Beat 15 minutes.

West End Molasses Cake.—Put 2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter in a cup and fill it up with molasses, yolks of 2 eggs, 5 tablespoonfuls of water, 1 teaspoonful of soda, 1-2 teaspoonful of ginger, 2 teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, 2 cupfuls of flour. Bake in 3 layers.

For Filling.—1 cupful of sugar, enough water to cover it. Boil together until clear and candied. Pour over the beaten whites of eggs. Beat until cold, and flavor with vanilla. This is especially good eaten warm for dessert.—Grace S.

An Economist's Aversion.

"I hope," said Mr. H-lm-n, "that you will never refer to the Sahara desert again in my presence."

"Why not, sir?" inquired the capitol employe.

"Because I understand it is a great waste of sand."

Keep Off the Enemy.

A foe who lurks in ambush is a more dangerous antagonist than one who attacks us in the open field, and for whose assaults we are in a measure, prepared. That dangerous enemy to health, malaria, must be encountered fully armed. Its thrusts are sudden, unexpected and deadly, and can only be guarded against with certainty by fortifying the system by a course of defensive medication. The surest defense against chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague and ague cake, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is also an eradicator of the most obstinate forms of malaria which resist the action of ordinary specifics, and the virus of which remains in the system even when the more violent symptoms are subdued. Constipation, liver complaint, dyspepsia and kidney troubles are always relieved by this genial remedy.

OUR WINDOW GARDENING

STORY TOLD BY ONE WOMAN.

Her Home Made Beautiful for Years With Small Expenditure of Money —Others May Do As Well, If They Will.

The complaint made by many busy mothers is that they have no time to care for plants, as the care of the children occupies every spare moment. Why not let the children help you in this, as in the out-of-doors gardening? You can soon give them all the instruction they will need about watering the plants, keeping them free from dead leaves, and occasionally loosening the soil about the roots, and if they spill the water on the floor or make any "muss," see that they make everything right afterwards, and they will soon grow to be careful. There are many things that they can arrange for home decoration, themselves. Children all love to see "how things grow," and can obtain much amusement and instruction from a "glass garden." To make this, take any glass dish, a common tumbler will do as well as anything, cut two thin rounds of cotton batting just to fit the top. Fill the glass with water and cover it with one piece of the cotton. On this, sprinkle grass seeds, oats, flax or any other small seeds; cover them with the other piece of cotton, and set it away for a few days in a dark place, when the seeds will sprout and the roots will send their delicate white fibers through the cotton into the water, and the top of the cotton will become a thicket of green leaves. The writer has tried this experiment for the benefit of some young people, who watched with intense interest the growth of some oats from seed time till the ripened grain was ready for the harvest. Two or three times a week the water in the glass should be replenished by carefully inserting a syringe or a tube beneath the edge of the cotton.

A tumbler or a goblet with the foot broken off, can be placed in a crocheted bag and hung in a window. This, filled with water and a bit of coarse, milliner's lace tied loosely over the top, on which some sweet peas are laid, will soon make a most lovely and fragrant window basket. A few bits of charcoal and a constant supply of water is all that is needed. A saucer, or flat dish, filled with moss can be used as a center piece for the table without the danger of soiling the cover. In this, seeds can be sown, and in the center of the dish a pine cone can be placed. This can be filled with canary seed, and by keeping the moss wet, you will soon have a cone of green, the whole making a very pretty table ornament.

If an acorn be suspended by a thread within half an inch of the water in a glass, or vase, it will in a week, or two, burst its shell and you will have a young oak tree growing in your room. It is more necessary with these than smaller plants, that you should keep bits of charcoal in the water. Small, oddly shaped vases of unglazed pottery are sold in the art stores for cress. The seed is soaked in warm water for four or five hours and when it has become sticky, it is placed thickly on the outside of the vase, which is filled with water, the unglazed surface absorbing sufficient moisture to germinate the seeds and soon nothing but the beautiful green of the cress can be seen. The vase must be kept well filled with water and kept in a warm room.

One more very easily made ornament and then we will leave the children to think of others themselves. A turnip basket, which is made by scraping out the inside of a large turnip, leaving a thick wall of an inch or more. Through these walls pass three cords with which to hang up your basket. Plant in the cavity some morning glory seeds and keep the turnip moist. In a little while it will sprout below and send forth its feathery curling leaves while the morning glory vines will grow up over the cords by which the basket is suspended.

Flower Gossip.—With what did you have best success this season? My success of the season was sweet peas. I read last winter that the higher you could get sweet peas to grow the more blossoms you would have. I have found it true. I have sweet peas over eight feet high, and about twelve feet of one has supplied the neighborhood with one of the very sweetest of our annual flowers for months. Sweet peas in another part of the garden trained up not over four feet high had not over one-tenth as many blossoms. Never neglect your sweet peas in one particular; that is to pick the blossoms. Pick them every day. Do not try to raise seed and blossoms on the same vines, as it is not a success.

Soil for Potted Plants.—As the season for repotting and preparing for winter is at hand the question of soil becomes a living issue with the amateur plant grower. Most writers, whether in paper, catalogue or book, advise mixtures of leaf-mold, sand, well-rotted manure, peat, etc., varied according to the needs of different varieties of plants. This is good, but the writers do not go far enough; they do not tell us, who live in cities, where we can get the aforesaid leaf-mold, well-rotted manure, etc. Leaf-mold is especially to us an almost unknown quantity. Now, I wish to say to beginners that I have found these things not at all indispensable, though very nice things to have when procurable; no one should neglect having plants solely because they have not these things. I have often used a substitute soil, easily procurable, with which I have had very good success. The soil that plants need is one which will be porous, and hold water enough for their needs, and which will not bake and become hard; they also need food. Lake sand, easily procurable where any improvement is going on, building, paving or sewer-making, is the first requirement. This sand will make any soil, short of hard clay, porous enough to hold water and not bake. Take of fairly good garden soil three-fourths, and of sand one-fourth. Mix thoroughly and make fine. You now have your soil, with the exception of a little additional food. Well-rotted manure is only a degree easier to obtain than leaf-mold, and almost any commercial fertilizer is as good. I think bone-dust far preferable. We should not use too much of this at first, as it can be put on at any time, if needed, and dug into the soil at the top of the pot, from where the water will carry it to the roots of the plant. I think our city amateurs will find this soil a fairly good makeshift.—Crank.

We shall be glad to hear from "Crank" again.—Ed.

Catarrh in the Head

Is undoubtedly a disease of the blood, and as such only a reliable blood purifier can effect a perfect cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood-purifier, and it has cured many very severe cases of catarrh. It gives an appetite and builds up the whole system.

Hood's Pills act especially upon the liver rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cure constipation and assist digestion.

Generally the Case.

He went to bed at nine o'clock,
Was up again at five;
He worked from dawn till dewy eve,
Quit more dead than alive.
And so he piled the dollars up,
To leave them to his son,
And the boy he blew in every red
And had a lot of fun.
—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

An Appropriate Look.

"That wall paper has a very cold look," said a customer to a dealer.

"Well, you see, it is intended for a frieze," was the dealer's reply.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

For Blade Young Folks.

"WHAT AILS HIM?"

L. A. F.

There's a curious kind of sickness
That attacks a boy I know,
Every morning, just at school-time,
So he's quite unfit to go.
For his head is "sort of achy,"
And his knees are "sort of shaky,"
While his throat is kind of skraky,"
And he's "hoarser than a crow."

There's a mystery about it,
That I really can't divine.
He regains his health and spirits
At exactly, half-past nine.
When the bells are all done ringing,
And the scholars are done singing,
And the lessons are beginning,
What can all this boy of mine?

For Blade Young Folks.

Kitty White's Family.

BY HELEN SOMERVILLE.

A large white cat lay asleep in the sun one summer's morning. The time had been when she was known as Kitty White, but now, being the dignified mother of five kittens, it seems more respectful and proper, to designate her as Kate. One of her children was named Kitty for her. The others were Puss, Pet, Frolic and Beauty, and handsome they all were, and for the most part, a credit to their bringing up.

It being time for them to come in from their play, Kate called them, and they came scampering into the barn, their home. All? No, one was missing, and that was Frolic, the liveliest and most mischievous of the five.

"Where is your brother, my dears?" asked their fond mother, pulling her whiskers.

"O mother," said Puss, turning a somersault, "he's in the kitchen, getting a whipping! You see, Miss Araminta made a delicious custard for tea, and Frolic smelt it, and"

Just then Frolic came limping home, mewing loudly.

"My son, what have you been doing?" asked his mother, sternly. When the kitten could control his grief, he answered: "I was only eating some custard I found in the kitchen, and had left more than half of it for Miss Araminta's supper, when she—the stingy old creature—came out, and called me a thief, and whipped me! Mew, mew!"

"Frolic White," said his mother, solemnly, "you have brought disgrace on my honored name. To think that I have lived to see the day when my son should be called a thief! I have brought you up to be honest, and have told you how good Miss Araminta has been to me, nursing me when I was sick, and feeding me dainties when I was young and frivolous, and now you repay the kindness shown your mother by sneaking around and stealing her custard! Go to bed, sir, immediately." And she boxed his ears.

"Mother," said Pet, faintly, "I don't feel very well. I found something in the alley that tasted very good, but now I feel sick."

"You shall come with me down to the catnip patch, and take a roll in it. Then you'll feel better. Beauty, you and your sisters must wait here quietly till I come back, when I'll bring each of you a leaf of catnip."

"Goody!" cried Puss. "I like catnip."

Pet and his mother returned in a little while, the former feeling much better after his roll in the catnip bed. The other three kittens chewed their catnip leaves with purs of great satisfaction. Their mother then gave them a lesson in mice-catching, after which she called Frolic, telling him he had been punished enough for his misbehavior. Then she asked them if they had washed themselves that morning, to which all replied in the affirmative but Beauty, who said he never could remember.

"I'll teach you to remember," said her mother, striking her. "Beauty, we cats are a remarkably clean family, and only yesterday I heard Mrs. Barton telling her little boy that he ought to wash his face every morning, as he had seen me wash my children. No, not exactly that either, for of course he cannot wash himself in the same manner as we cats do—more's the pity he can't, for it's a very convenient way!"

"How does the little boy wash, mother?" asked Kitty.

"Why, he gets a basin of water, and either stoops over and dashes the water into his face, or rubs it on with a sponge or rag."

"O my, how I do hate that way! I like our way best," said Kitty, complacently. "Don't you suppose that little boy wishes he were a cat, mother?"

"I don't know, my dear. But now we'll all take a walk down the grape-arbor, and visit your Uncle Spot's grave."

"O, goody!" and the five kittens scampered on ahead, followed by their sedate mother. Spot, their mother's brother, had died six months before, deeply regretted by the children of the family.

Mother White was mewing piteously over the spot, when happening to discover that three of the kittens were turning somersaults, she boxed their ears.

"What naughty children I have! Have you no respect for the memory of your dear uncle?" she cried.

"O mother, tell us about him!" said Pet, and they sat in a row before her to listen. She loved to talk about the time when she and Spot were brought in a basket to live with Miss Araminta, Will and Annie. How a nice comfortable bed was given them behind the stove, how a bowl of water always stood ready for them to drink, how they were petted and beloved by all for their good behavior and activity in clearing the house of mice. How, one sad day, Spot went out and accidentally ate some poisoned bread thrown out by a neighbor, and how, after being sick for only two days, he died, and was buried with much pomp and ceremony by Will. The kittens cried, as they always did, when told this oft-repeated tale.

"Mother," said Beauty, "may we go and play with Tip Maltese for an hour?"

"Yes, my dear. Tip Maltese is a well-behaved kitten. While you are gone I'll catch some sparrows for dinner."

After dinner the mother gave her children some rules for their future conduct. Among the rules were these: "If a baby or young child should stroke your fur the wrong way, or pull your tail, it will be hard to bear the abuse patiently, but try to do so. Do not scratch or bite the child. There are two reasons for this forbearance on your part. The first is, you will get the name of being a good-tempered cat, and receive many honors accordingly. The second is, if you hurt the child you are sure to get the worst of it in the end, for the baby's mother will take her child's part and put you out of the house, either whipping you or throwing hot water on you.

"If a visitor should want to hold you, behave nicely, purring your sweetest, but if he says, 'I detest cats!' walk with dignity from the room.

"Never repay kindness as Frolic did to-day, when he stole the custard from kind Miss Araminta.

"Do not fight with common, low-bred creatures, like the Tabby family or the Grays. Try to keep on friendly terms with the Blacks and Maltese family. They are high-toned.

"Keep clean and tidy. Always wash after each meal, besides several times during the day. If fed from a bowl, do not drag out pieces of bread with your paw, as I saw Puss doing the other day.

"If the mistress of the kitchen is sweeping or mopping, keep out of her way. She will see that you are thoughtful, and so will not be tempted to hit you with the broom."

There were several other rules, and it happened that they were the last Mother White ever gave her family. That afternoon she was pursued by some cruel boys, and drowned in the pond, and thus were the five kittens left motherless.

Pet and Beauty were given away by Miss Araminta to an old lady, who carried them to her home in a basket. Puss was retained to catch mice about the house, and became in time a useful old cat. Kitty wandered away and was never seen again.

As for Frolic, he came into the kitchen, mewing for something to eat, but Miss Araminta had not forgotten the stolen custard, and chased him from the house. For several days he wandered about, half-starved and truly sorry for his wrong-doing, till he came to a door-step where sat Frank Barton, mourning the loss of his pet rabbit.

Frolic came up and rubbbed her head lovingly on the boy's arm, looking up so wistfully that Frank said, "What a pretty white kitty! I shall keep it, to take the place of poor Bunny. Here, Kitty!"

And so Frolic found a home.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
25 CTS. 25 CTS.

OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHAT ARE WE?

We belong to the feathered tribe, and derive our name from our principal characteristic. I dare not tell you what that is, or you would guess it too easily. We are not very large, and are marked by a long, graduated tail, the feathers of which are narrow. We haunt cultivated grounds, where we are commonly seen in pairs. Our flight is rapid and undulating, and we are seldom seen above the lower branches of trees. We are recognized by our nests as well as by our appearance, as we have a manner of building, which we think some of having patented. We are certainly very smart, and can do what our friends can only wonder at. We line our nests with a cottony substance, and take good care of our children when they arrive, which is better than some of the human family do.

2.—CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in pay, not in band;
My second in cake, not in hand;
My third in room, not in wall;
My fourth in fence, not in all;
My fifth in plant, not in old;
My sixth in metal, not in gold;
My seventh in flash, not in bower;
My whole you'll find the name of a flower.
MAGGIE A. ANDREWS.

3.—SQUARE WORD.

A carved stone or shell; a preposition; a great inventor; something to follow; ornaments in architecture.
HATTIE ROBINSON.

4.—BURIED AUTHORS.

1. The man's sale made him rich.
2. You must owe him nothing.
3. He said that Al denies the story.
4. Hugh espies the little bird.
5. Heroes must be brave men.
6. There was a moor east of the city.

ELIZABETH GUTHRIE.

5.—DIAMOND.

Part of a day; an adjective; with all force; a transposition; to make foul; denial; one-fourth of home.

(It reads the same through the center both ways.) MOGG MEGONE.

6.—PRINTER'S PI.

A tfaul dencaloce si a utalf belodud
MAGGIE A. ANDREWS.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles.

1. Orang-Outang.
2. Delaware, Housatonic, Easton, Chelsea, Minnesota.
3. "Harvest-Home.
4. A M I A B L E
M A C U L A
I C K L E
A U L N
B L E
L A
E
5. God help the rich, the poor can beg.
6. The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.
7. Orange.
8. 1. Because it stretches from pole to pole.
2. Because he can't run and won't draw.
3. Because he chants his lays.
4. Because it makes the corn grow.
5. Water finds its own level, while time levels all things else.

Answers to Puzzles of Oct. 6.

1. Nutmeg.
2. J-owl; u-s; l-umber; I-van; s-tiff; c-heap; a-mercer; e-quip; s-train; A-myr-Ural.
3. D equals 500; L equals 50; I equals 1; M equals 1,000. Transposed, equals mild.
4. Never too late to mend.
5. P A P E R
A E R I E
P R I G S
E I G H T
R E S T S
6. Cauquomgomoe.

WITH TRUMPET AND DRUM.

With big tin trumpet and little red drum,
Marching like soldiers, the children come;
It's this way and that way they circle and file—
My! but that music of theirs is fine!
This way and that way, and after awhile
They march straight into this heart of mine!
A sturdy old heart, but it has to succumb
To the blare of that trumpet and beat of that drum!

Come on, little people, from cot and from hall,
This heart it hath welcome and room for you all!
It will sing you its songs and warm you with love,
As your dear little arms with my arms intertwine;
It will rock you away to the Dreamland above—
Oh, a jolly old heart is the old heart of mine!
And jollier still is it bound to become
When you blow that big trumpet and beat that red drum!

So come; though I see not his dear little face,
And hear not his voice in this jubilant place,
I know he were happy to bid me enshrine
His memory deep in my heart with your play.
Ah me! but a love that is sweeter than mine
Holdeth my boy in its keeping to-day!
And my heart it is lonely, so, little folk, come,
March in and make merry with trumpet and drum!

—Eugene Field.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
For Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, and diseases incident thereto.

Broiling.

Overcooking is a great fault in broiling. Without venturing on exact figures, the following time table will give an approximate idea of the time required for articles frequently broiled:

Steak, ¾ inch thick, underdone	8 minutes.
Steak, ¾ inch thick, with the gravy in	10 minutes.
Steak, ¾ inch thick, well done	12 minutes.
Loin chops, ¾ inch thick, lightly done	10 minutes.
Loin chops, ¾ inch thick, well done	12 minutes.
Neck chops, ½ inch thick, lightly done	7 minutes.
Neck chops, ½ inch thick, well done	9 minutes.
Sheep's kidneys, split	8 minutes.
Spring chickens, split open	35 minutes.
Pigeons, split open	25 minutes.
Fresh herrings, whole	10 to 15 minutes.
Bloaters, split	6 minutes.
Slices of cod or salmon, ½ inch thick, and wrapped in paper	20 minutes.
Mackerel, split	15 minutes.
Partridge	25 minutes.
Mushrooms (blackflaps)	10 minutes.

Birds are split open and flattened before being broiled. They are easily spoilt. Round fish are also usually opened. In this case the cut side must always be put first to the fire. Birds and fish should also be basted with butter, tied in muslin.

A maiden dimpled, dainty, fair,
With hazel eyes and crumpled hair,
Was asked what was the height of bliss.
She promptly answered, "Tis a kiss,
Provided that the kissers won't
Neglect teeth-cleansing SOZODONT."

Macaronic Latin.

Certain Latin phrases of the style known as Macaronic have had some circulation of late, as "I sabili haeres ago, fortibus es in aro." This stands for "I say, Billy! Here's a ro, 40 buses in a row."

Dean Swift and his friend Dr. Sheridan, wrote many such Latin squibs, and one of the Dean's reads as follows:

"Mollis abuti,
Has an acuti,
No lasso finis,
Molli divinis.

"O mi de armis tres,
Imi na dis tres,
Cantu disco ver
Meas alo ver?"

This reads in this way:

"Moll is a beauty,
Has an acute eye,
No lass so fine is,
Molly divine is.

"O my dear mistress,
I am in distress,
Can't you discover
Me as a lover?"

A Sore Throat or Cough, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" gives instant relief.

In Silentia Salus.

She saw a note to her husband,
It was in a woman's handwriting.
Did she open it? No; not she,
Although it looked so inviting.
Did she worry about it? Oh, no!
For one won't, while another one will;
You see, she knew whom it was from—
It was her dressmaker's bill.
—Harlem Life.

—Whiskers that are prematurely gray or faded should be colored to prevent the look of age, and Buckingham's Dye excels all others in coloring brown or black.

Important to Farmers.

Teacher—"When do peaches and other fruit taste best?"

Tommy—"When the dog is tied up."

THE NEW BLADE
SEWING MACHINE

IMPROVED. HIGH ARM. PERFECTED.

Every Machine Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction or Money Refunded.

THIS MACHINE —AND— Weekly Blade ONE YEAR Only $18.

THIS MACHINE —AND— Weekly Blade ONE YEAR Only $18.

WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS!

HIGHLY FINISHED. . . . DOES PERFECT WORK.

It is adapted for every kind of sewing from the lightest muslins to the heaviest cloth and a wide range of work, Hemming, Braiding, Tucking, Ruffling, Quilting, Gathering &c.

A full set of Goodrich's attachments in a plush-lined box go with every machine. The simplicity of the automatic tension, sewing from No. 40 to 100 thread without altering, recommends it not only to every beginner, but to ALL. An automatic bobbin winder, run independent of the machine, winds a bobbin as regular and as hard as any spool of thread, thus making it carry so much more thread than the ordinary wound bobbin.

A touch upon a lever lengthens or shortens the stitch at will while the machine is sewing.

The woodwork of this machine is either black walnut or antique oak. Subscribers may name their choice.

We guarantee this machine to be even better than the BLADE Sewing Machine of three years ago. It is built on entire new and improved principles, and is far in advance of the regular sewing machines now on the market. It is $4.00 cheaper than any sewing machine now offered with newspaper subscriptions, AND WORTH DOUBLE. Each machine is in perfect working order when shipped, and is accompanied with printed instructions and a complete set of tools and attachments. Also a five year warranty. If it does not prove perfect or as represented, ship it back and we will refund your money.

Every machine will be shipped by freight unless otherwise directed, and we are prepared to fill orders promptly. Remember, the purchaser pays the freight when received. We cannot prepay freight. Be careful to give your shipping address very plainly, as well as your postoffice address.

As stated above, on receipt of $18.00, we will send to any address the WEEKLY BLADE one year, and ship by freight one of these elegant sewing machines. But now comes a very

REMARKABLE OFFER.

We will present one of these sewing machines FREE to any person who will send us $30.00 for 30 yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE. We will not require the whole club at one time either. You may send us five subscribers at a time at one dollar each, and when you have seen six such clubs the machine is yours and will be shipped. Simply number your list from one to thirty as fast as you send the names, and say in your letter that it is an instalment of names for the sewing machine premium. We shall expect the list to be completed within sixty days of the time you send the first list. Any member of an intelligent family can raise a club of thirty for the WEEKLY BLADE inside of two weeks. On these terms a charitable organization can easily place a sewing machine into the hands of some worthy and deserving poor family to be found in every community.

Remit current funds, by draft on New York, Chicago or Toledo, or by Postoffice or Express Money Order, or currency by registered letter. Address

THE BLADE,
Toledo, Ohio.

SPECIAL NOTICE—In ordering needles, or any repairs, always give the number of your machine, or the year in which you bought it.

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

FREE TRADE SLAVERY

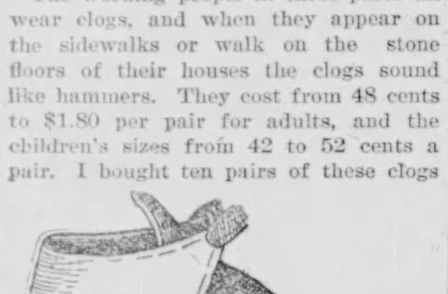
WORKING PEOPLE IN ENGLAND.

Thrilling Account of the Horrible Condition Existing Where Free Trade Has Long Held Sway—Nathanial McKay's Story.

[CONCLUDED.]

New York, Oct. 8.—(Special.)—About four hundred men work in the mines. One of the bosses told me that he worked usually five days a week and made $10.80, but he was frequently laid off and earned nothing. Two men who worked under him were paid $1.56 a day of ten hours. A laboring man gets 90 cents a day. The engineer in charge of the engine on top of this pit gets $1.32 a day. The girls helping to shove the coal cars get 44 cents a day.

The working people in these parts all wear clogs, and when they appear on the sidewalks or walk on the stone floors of their houses the clogs sound like hammers. They cost from 48 cents to $1.80 per pair for adults, and the children's sizes from 42 to 52 cents a pair. I bought ten pairs of these clogs



SAMPLE SHOE WORN BY WIGAN WOMEN.

of various sizes to let the American people see what the poor people of Great Britain wear. I also bought eight pairs of shoes such as are worn at the iron works. They cost from $1.74 to $2.28, are very thick, with big nails on the soles, and by their looks would last a man or woman a life time. The men who make these shoes get $1.20 a day.

The Nail Makers of South Staffordshire.

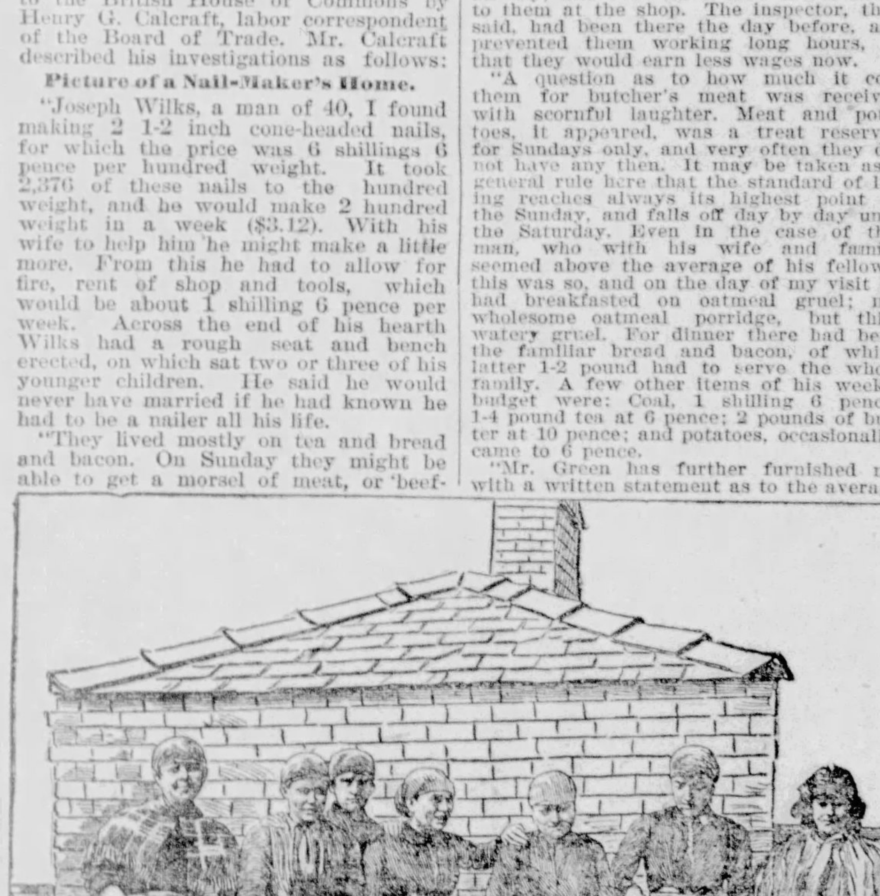
From Wigan I went to Manchester, reaching there on August 22, and from Mr. James Cattan, editor of the Sunday Chronicle, I secured considerable information about the strike of the nail makers against reduced wages, and also the cuts representing the poverty-stricken workmen working at the smitheries for a bare pittance—which is not so large, however, but that the employers had some thought of reducing. Hence 8,000 men, women and little children who made nails in the desperate effort to keep soul and body together went out on strike, and their sufferings as a result are beyond my powers of description.

Perhaps the best insight into the condition of these nail and chain makers of South Staffordshire can best be portrayed by extracts from an official report to the British House of Commons by Henry G. Calcraft, labor correspondent of the Board of Trade. Mr. Calcraft described his investigations as follows:

Picture of a Nail-Maker's Home.

"Joseph Wilks, a man of 40, I found making 2 1-2 inch cone-headed nails, for which the price was 6 shillings 6 pence per hundred weight. It took 2,376 of these nails to the hundred weight, and he would make 2 hundred weight in a week ($3.12). With his wife to help him he might make a little more. From this he had to allow for fire, rent of shop and tools, which would be about 1 shilling 6 pence per week. Across the end of his hearth Wilks had a rough seat and bench erected, on which sat two or three of his younger children. He said he would never have married if he had known he had to be a nailer all his life.

"They lived mostly on tea and bread and bacon. On Sunday they might be able to get a morsel of meat, or 'beef-



GROUP OF CHAIN MAKERS AT WIGAN.

cheek' (ox cheek), to boil and make broth from. Questioned as to the family budget for the week, the wife enumerated as the chief items of expenditure two quarts of tea at 6 pence a quart; 4 pounds of sugar at 2 pence per pound; bread, 3 shillings to 3 shillings 6 pence; 1 shilling 10 pence for coal, 2 shillings for house rent, and 1 shilling 6 pence for bacon. (8 shillings 6 pence in all for living out of 13 shillings for a week's work, leaving but 4 shillings 6 pence for clothing and all other expenses). Beyond this she could not go, and she was much better informed or more willing to give information than most of the women I questioned.

And Yet She Was at the Forge!

"At another fire, Joseph Walters and his wife were employed on log-head spikes. The man was thin and worn, though his wife was stout. They had a family of eight young children, and it was evident from Mrs. Walter's appearance that this number would soon be increased; indeed, she was complaining of feeling very shaky, and had to go into the house and lie down during the day. The pair of them could earn 16 shillings or 17 shillings per week, by working 14 to 15 hours a day. From this they had to find breeze, shop rent and tools, which would run up to 2 shillings or 2 shillings 6 pence a week. Thus for dog chains of, say 4 1-2 feet long, made of 1-8 inch iron, and consisting of 36 twisted links, he paid 1d each. A very skillful woman could do 14 dozen in a week if she worked 11 or 12 hours per day. Her rent, tools and fire would possibly run to 4 shillings for the week.

"Entering a domestic shop, I found two women making chain and another making hob nails. One is a woman of 40, who is the mother of six children and expects another shortly. She is making spike chain and can earn 3 shillings a week, but only comes into the shop when she can spare time. Sometimes, however, she works on till 10 at night. In another shop is a girl of 19, who has been four years at the trade making chains. She is a good hand and can earn 9 shillings to 10 shillings a week.

The Livelihood of an Expert.

"Mrs. Davis is the wife of a vise maker and has a family of ten children. Her husband is much out of work. She is making the best small chains, and is one of the best in the trade. One of her daughters blows for her. Mrs. Davis says she might earn 5 shillings per week if she stuck all alone in the workshop. Two of the family were at work as chain maker and vise maker, and earned 6 shillings, and 3 shillings 6 pence, respectively. Their rent was 3 shillings 6 pence, and there was 9 pence a day for schooling. How the family lived from one week to another she really could not tell. Several of the children were without shoes, and how to get them for the winter she did

A COAL-SCREENER IN WIGAN. PHOTOGRAPHED AUGUST, 1892.

not know. They had to be content with bread and butter, or bread and lard, and tea to some meals, but sometimes they would have bacon or fish and bread to dinner. That day they had only gruel. They used three pecks of flour a week at 2 shillings a peck. They had to make 1-4 pound of tea serve the week, and about two pounds of butter at 10 pence a pound. They occasionally got for Sunday's dinner a bit of meat, such as it was. It will be noticed in this case, as in many others, that very large families are the rule rather than the exception among these workers.

Bacon and Cheese Their Meal.

"Another woman on small chain says she can clear 2 shillings 10 1-2 pence a week, but has to attend to housework. On her smithy hearth she has a box rigged up for the accommodation of three children, which are half her family. Her husband, she said, was a day laborer, and earned 3 shillings to 3 shillings and 6 pence a day. She was generally at work from 7 in the morning to 6:30 in the evening. Their rent was 2 shillings and 9 pence, but even with her husband's wages and her earnings she did not think she could live well. She had not tasted meat for three days, and bacon and cheese was what they mostly had with their bread. This is a strik-

SHE MAKES 36 CENTS A DAY!

ing case as showing that even where the husband earns a wage, as a laborer, much above the average of the chain makers in this locality the wife spends nearly all her time in the shop for 2 shillings 10 1-2 pence a week, with the evident result that, at least, all she may earn is lost by defective housewifery and neglect of family.

"There are some children here asleep in a box, where their mothers have placed them. Of these workers, two divide 10 shillings between them weekly, and the other takes 6 shillings 3 pence. They work all day, and even have their meals taken to them at the shop. The inspector, they said, had been there the day before, and prevented them working long hours, so that they would earn less wages now.

"A question as to how much it cost them for butcher's meat was received with scornful laughter. Meat and potatoes, it appeared, was a treat reserved for Sundays only, and very often they did not have any then. It may be taken as a general rule here that the standard of living reaches always its highest point on the Sunday, and falls off day by day until the Saturday. Even in the case of this man, who with his wife and family seemed above the average of his fellows, this was so, and on the day of my visit he had breakfasted on oatmeal gruel; not wholesome oatmeal porridge, but thin, watery gruel. For dinner there had been the familiar bread and bacon, of which latter 1-2 pound had to serve the whole family. A few other items of his weekly budget were: Coal, 1 shilling 6 pence; 1-4 pound tea at 6 pence; 2 pounds of butter at 10 pence; and potatoes, occasionally, came to 6 pence.

"Mr. Green has further furnished me with a written statement as to the average earnings of his workpeople, from which the following particulars are extracted:

Approximate Number of Workpeople.	Average Weekly Wages.
110 men	14s. or $3.36
250 women	7s. or 1.68
30 youths	8s or 1.92
30 girls	8s. or 1.92
80 young women	7s. or 1.68

"Particulars taken from the books of the firm for a week give averages as follows:

	Nailers. s. d.	Chain makers. s. d.
Men	14 2 or $3.40	20 5 or $5.10
Women	4 9 or 1.14	7 4 or 1.76
Youths	7 7 or 1.82	12 1 or 2.90
Girls	4 1 or .97	....
Young women	6 7 or 1.58	8 8 or 2.08

Such is the report of the government investigator!

The Miseries of Cradley Heath.

Cradley Heath is at the other end of the "Black Country" from Wigan, and I went there after leaving Manchester. That is where women by the hundreds are to be found working as blacksmiths. Let me give you a little picture of one "smithy." It was a low, brick building, separated from a dwelling house by not more than three feet. In the house lived Mrs. E. Fosbrook, who, though married and a mother, was but 21 years old. She was making chain in the smithy when I looked in, and at the forges about her were five other women, all toiling away from 9 in the morning until 9 at night—a stretch of 12 hours—for which each was paid 36 cents. It was a most pitiful sight, indeed.

Mother and Daughter Side by Side.

Next to Mrs. Fosbrook's blacksmith shop was that of Mrs. Polly Fokes's, who was working away at the anvil as I passed by, surrounded by four women and a boy, all making chains. They got 30 cents a day apiece, so they told me. Mrs. Fokes's two daughters were at work, too, and one of them, Miss Polly Fokes, made me a piece of twisted chain two feet long in thirteen minutes, and another piece of plain chain two feet long in ten minutes. I have both chains in my office in New York city. Polly Fokes blows the bellows herself and handles the tongs as a man would a piece a meat on a fork. Annie Fokes, her sister, who was 16 years old, earns 30 cents a day; but after paying the blower boy and for coal she has only $1.20 left each week for her work. A Mrs. Frances, who was making what is called No. 1 chain, and is married and 45 years old, earns 30 cents a day. Her daughter works by her side and gets the same pay. The blower is paid 24 cents a day. He told me he was 15 years old.

Thirty-four Years at Chain Making.

Further down the yard in another blacksmith shop, Mrs. Henrietta Parry, 50 years old, told me she had worked 34 years at the forge making chain, and never getting more than 30 cents per day! Is it to be wondered that these people often give way under the terrible strain of such daily burdens and prefer the poorhouse or an early grave to such a slave life at the forge?

In another section of the city called Dudley Woods, the property of Lord Dudley, I found Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Billingham both making chains. Her husband said he made $4.08 a week, when he worked from 5 in the morning until 7 at night. His two daughters worked in the same shop with him, as well as his wife.

Do We Want this in America?

Next door I saw a scene that would touch the heart of the sternest. Mrs. Margaret Tibbitts, 38 years old, was working at the forge, while her two sons and her daughter were hammering chain. In a chair at one end of the shop was her baby, tied in so that the little one could not fall to the floor. Mrs. Tibbits told me that she had made chain for 33 years! She said, "I make from six to seven shillings ($1.44 to $1.68) a week. My sons earns $1.92, my daughter $1.20. I pay for rent two shillings and nine pence (66 cents.) When I can earn enough money by steady work I have meat two or three times for my meals, otherwise not."

Returning to Manchester I stopped at Birmingham. The barmaids at the station told me they worked sixteen hours a day for $96 a year.

Twelve Cents an Hour for Stevedores.

From Manchester I went to London and visited the London docks. Stevedores receive twelve cents per hour for unloading barges and ships. They get 30 cents an hour in America. I went into a restaurant on Thames street where the laboring men go by the score for their meals, and had breakfast with them. A cup of coffee costs three cents, bread and butter two cents, and for myself and another I paid nine cents in all for breakfast. Usually the men have a fish called a bloater, for which they pay two cents. When they can afford it they get a meat pie for four cents; potatoes, two cents; bacon, four cents; or beans, two cents. These dock men, though paid twelve cents an hour, average much less, as thousands of them are idle at a time, and very few get more than five or six hours a day throughout the year.

A mason in London gets eighteen cents an hour, and a bricklayer nineteen cents per hour. The policeman on the dock informed me that he received from $5.04 to $7.35 per week, according to grade. In the Bank of England there are 20 men on guard. Of these a private gets 24 cents a day and a corporal 36 cents, working from sunrise to sunset. A laborer in the streets gets from 96 cents to $1.20 per day. An omnibus driver, working fifteen hours a day, is paid $1.92. He begins at 8:30 a. m. and runs until midnight, driving three horses at a time and using up fifteen horses during the fifteen hours in which he is employed.

The "Cheap" Clothing Cry.

A great deal has been said about cheap clothing for working people. Take, for instance, a carpenter in New York who gets $21 per week; in 52 weeks he earns $1,092. He purchases for himself during a year clothing to the amount of $65, which is a very large sum. He has left $1,027.

A carpenter in England receives $7.92 per week for 52 weeks, which amounts to $411.84. Take from that $43 for his clothing in England, for himself he has left $368.84, while the American carpenter has $1,027.

Now, can any Free-Trader make any figures that will enlighten the American workingman any better than these facts?

How England Raises Her Income.

It is said by the Democratic party and many others that the English people are not taxed—that free-trade being England's national policy the consumer is freed from any tariff on his purchases. But has the American workman ever thought of how England raises her $462,509,299 of yearly revenue? Scarcely an article on the English dinner table is without a tax—and a tax, too, that is directly paid by the consumer. Tea pays 8 cents a pound, coffee 4 cents, beer, which is largely consumed by the whole population, pays $5.98 a barrel tax, cocoa pays 2 cents, chocolate 4 cents; fruits pay various duties. To receipt a bill costs you 2 cents each time and various other obnoxious forms of direct tax are enforced and fall most heavily on the poorer classes.

The custom houses of Great Britain return to the government nearly one hundred million a year, and it can fairly be stated that these tariff duties being on the Democratic plan for revenue only are, indeed, a tax and a burden on England's population. Next to the customs duties the excise brings in the largest revenue to the government, aggregating $118,674,801 last year.

Ireland Taxed to Death.

Well may Ireland say that she is taxed to death when we see that she pays the British government $21,745,810 each year, or about $4.50 for each person. This is in addition to the salary of the Lord Lieutenant ($100,000) and his 24 associates, with salaries aggregating $300,000 more. Figures that I got in London show that 3,407,493 of Ireland's people left for America in the last 30 years, and yet Ireland's whole population to-day is only three-quarters of a million more!

Cheapness Dearly Bought.

I have returned to this country with these facts amply established and substantiated by other evidence than my mere say so, in the hope that they will impress those workingmen of America who may still be deluded by the cry of cheap goods. As Governor McKinley has said, "Cheap goods means cheap men," and in England the craze for cheapness has made human life the cheapest thing to be had in the industrial markets of England. The American workingman is the most intelligent and best paid in the world. The question that is before him in the pending national contest is whether he will vote to maintain himself and his associates in this proud supremacy, or whether he will place himself and his products in competition with and therefore on the same plane with the pauper paid, poorly fed and clad and usually ignorant, working classes of Free Trade England. I leave the question for the American workman to answer.

NATHANIEL M'KAY.

GENERAL NEWS.

HILL ON TOP.

In the Empire State—Why Judge Andrews Was Endorsed by the New York Democratic State Committee.

New York, Oct. 13.—The Hill machine held stoutly together yesterday, and whirled the Hill buzz saw with more than usual velocity.

The buzz saw slicked off the aspirations of Judge Rufus W. Peckham at one revolution, damaged the mugwumpian finger of the legal gentleman who last winter made Judge Isaac H. Maynard an object fit for a scrubbing brush and whitewash, and cut a fine piece of Republican timber to be used for Hill building purposes in this campaign. The stick of Republican timber is Judge Charles Andrews, who was nominated for chief judge of the court of Appeals by the Democratic state committee, as he had been the day before by the Republican state committee.

So the deal was consummated. It was consummated with the final acquiescence therein of Edwin Murphy, jr., and Richard Croker, who had desired the nomination of Judge Peckham, believing that it would place the anti-snappers, who, he thought, had been kicked and cuffed enough, and increase largely the vote for the electoral ticket. The deal shows that David B. Hill is still much master of the Democratic situation in the Empire state.

It also reveals the wise and patriotic Republican sagacity of Thomas C. Platt in forcing the nomination of Andrews for the Democrats to indorse, so that no odious comparisons can be made after election day.

HOMESTEAD FREE FROM TROOPS

Camp Black Struck After Nearly 100 Days Service.

Homestead, Pa., Oct. 13.—Camp Black was struck this morning, and after 95 days' service the Sixteenth regiment marched out of Homestead with flying colors to the sound of music, and followed by the cheers of some non-unionists. About 1,000 strikers watched the troops depart, but preserved strict silence.

Homestead is now free from troops. The cost to the state of maintaining the national guard at Homestead has been $600,000. Chairman H. C. Frick visited the mill this morning. Nine new men were given employment by Superintendent Potter.

DEMOCRATIC CANARD NAILED.

Judge Cooley Will Not Vote for Cleveland.

Minneapolis, Minn., Oct. 15.—A member of the Tribune staff wrote recently to the son of Judge Cooley asking if it were true that his father intended to vote the Democratic ticket this fall.

The following reply was received: "There is absolutely no truth in the story. I have it in writing from father."

The McKinley Bill.

New York, Oct. 14.—The Republican national committee to-day sent out a circular detailing the effect of the McKinley bill upon British manufactures. The railing of the British press and the vituperation it heaps upon the head of Mr. McKinley are cited as the best testimony to the efficacy of the McKinley measure in preserving the American markets for American manufactures.

FREE If you will send us within the next 30 days a photograph or a tintype of yourself, or any member of your family, living or dead, we will make you one of our finest $25.00 life-size **CRAYON PORTRAITS absolutely free of charge.** This offer is made to introduce our artistic portraits in your vicinity. Put your name and address back of photo., and send same to **Tanquerey Portrait Society,** 741 DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. References: **Rev. T. DeWitt Talmadge,** all newspaper publishers, Banks, and Express Companies of New York and Brooklyn. P. S.—We will forfeit $100 to anyone sending us photo, and not receiving crayon picture **Free** as per this offer.

BLAINE SPEAKS.

His Speech at Ophir Farm—He Takes Up the Battle for Protection and Reciprocity.

White Plains, N. Y., Oct. 15.—The Plumed Knight has again thrown his lance. Democracy, its issues and its false reasoning are boldly challenged by the Hon. James G. Blaine, and the falsity of their assertions demonstrated to be false by their own argument.

Mr. Blaine made his first speech of the present campaign at Ophir Farm last night, and the cause of Republicanism was given a new impetus in the direction of victory. Mr. Blaine's speech was not lengthy, but it was full of truth, convincing, powerful, effective.

A big crowd from the villages of Westchester county heard the man from Maine. Politicians had tried to obtain the same result, but failed. The ex-secretary, however, yielded to popular enthusiasm and spoke. The demonstration was spontaneous and arranged on short notice. The idea was started in the morning, and by nightfall the news that such an affair would take place had spread over the southern part of the county. The Republicans gathered in all their strength, and went to Mr. Reid's home. Delegates were present from Port Chester, Rye, White Plains, Mammaroneck, Rye Neck, and the other towns along the sound.

Upon arriving at Ophir Farm, the bands which accompanied the party played several selections, and Mr. Reid appeared on the veranda. He was followed by the distinguished party which had gathered to meet the ex-secretary. After a few words of introduction, Mr. Reid presented Mr. Blaine. As the popular son of Maine stepped forward he was greeted with round after round of cheers. When sufficient silence could be restored to permit him to be heard, Mr. Blaine spoke as follows:

Mr. Blaine's Speech.

"Fellow citizens of New York: I should be childish, indeed, if I did not make response to your call after you have come several miles to this beautiful home of Mr. Reid, on this pleasant October evening. At the same time I am not making speeches in the canvass, for reasons which are well known to my friends, and which have no connection whatever with politics. Generally, administrations in Presidential elections are challenged on account of the condition of the business of the country, and I submit that the Republican administration of President Harrison can triumphantly endure such a test. (Applause.) I doubt if, since the government of the United States was instituted, anybody at any time has seen what we call good times so general, taking in so many interests and spreading prosperity throughout the whole domain of trade. I might appeal to New York if the city has ever passed a season more satisfactory in financial results than for the past two years, in which the general effect on capital and labor has been more prosperous. (Applause.)

The opponents of the Republican party always represent New York as a commercial city, and not a manufacturing one, and yet the product of the manufactures of this city alone is $700,000,000. Anything that would cripple that great interest would cripple the metropolis seriously and to a very hurtful extent. More men in New York get their living from pursuits protected by the tariff than from any other source. I know that New York is the center of our commerce—the great entrepot of our trade; but all the men engaged in commercial affairs in and about New York are smaller in numbers than the men engaged in manufactures. Nor if you go West, where the Democrats this year are making considerable effort and doing a vast amount of boasting, (laughter,) will you find it different.

Products of Manufactories.

Take Ohio, take Michigan, take Indiana, take Illinois, and the products of manufactories are greater in pecuniary amounts than the products of agriculture in these four great agricultural states; so that I think, when it happens to Democratic orators, who are on the wing, trying to arouse the hostility of these states against the protective tariff, they will encounter a sentiment of which they have not dreamed. We learn from the Democratic party that these Western states are in a desperate condition. The amount of their farm mortgages rolls up into the millions. You would suppose it fabulous that the amount of money they embrace could have ever been so invested. This is not so among the farmers in New York. It is not so among the farmers in New Jersey. It is not so among the farmers in Connecticut. It is not so among the farmers of Pennsylvania. It is not so among the farmers of any state near by, whose condition can be easily learned, but by a singular fatality it is the Western states that have got all these farm mortgages burdening them and taking the life out of the people. I do not like to say that gentlemen have voluntarily misrepresented the facts, but before accepting them as such, you will do well, as wisely, to demand the proofs.

The tariff, so Democratic papers say, is the origin of a plutocratic government, when wealth shall rule and poor men shall not get their rights. I shall venture to challenge all statements of that kind and I shall make the Democratic accusers the judges in the case. A careful examination of the list of wealthy men in the country has been published, and has demonstrated the fact to be quite the reverse; to such an extent, indeed, that in the city of New York, taking the first 150 great fortunes, not three, not two, not more than one, would be considered as derived from manufacturing investments.

The Irish Vote.

I have a word to say about the Irish vote. I see it is stated that the Democrats boast of having the mass of them in their ranks this year. It is one of the mysteries of our politics that a question which interests England so supremely; which is canvassed almost as much in London as it is in New York, should have the Irish vote on the side of Great Britain. If the Irish vote were solidly for protection, they could defy the machinations of the Democratic party for free trade, and throw their influence on the side of the home market of America against the tide of the foreign markets of England. I know this appeal has been frequently made to the Irish voters; but I make it with emphasis now, for I am unwilling to believe that with the light of knowledge before them they will deliberately be on the side of their former oppressors.

I think I shall rely on my good friend Egan, the brilliant and successful minister to Chile—whom I feel especially glad to meet at Mr. Reid's table this evening—I think I must rely on him to intercede with his countrymen—his countrymen in two senses—not to aid the Democratic party in lowering the standard and the wages of American labor by their potential votes and their potential numbers. (Continued applause.)

Cheered by the Audience.

At every point made by Mr. Blaine the auditors cheered and when he finished the assemblage broke out in great applause. When quiet was restored Minister Egan was also introduced. After a few words about the interest he took in the campaign, Mr. Egan referred to the Chilian affair. He said he simply endeavored to carry out what he conceived to be the principles of the Republican party, the principles of civilization.

"When this difficulty arose with regard to the surrounding of the legation by Chilean police and Chilean troops," he continued, "and when I reported that fact to the department of State, I was not left long in doubt as to the policy of the United States government. (Applause.) I was promptly instructed to insist that the respect due to the minister of the United States be promptly and fully maintained. Again, when the unfortunate affair of the Baltimore occurred, I received a ringing dispatch from the department of State instructing me to write a note to the Chilean government. I wrote in the very words of these instructions, and I was immediately abused because my language was 'violent and vulgar and undiplomatic.' (Laughter.) I have since learned that that dispatch came from the highest authority in the land. (Applause.)

"I do not claim credit. I carried out my instructions and whatever triumphs has been won in this Chilean difficulty, and they are very far-reaching, were but the attitude assumed by my government. They have taught the lesson to all South America, that while the United States is willing to pursue a policy of aid and protection, if it becomes necessary against European intervention, the people in South America cannot insult the United States flag. Whatever triumphs have been won in that respect, I say, are due to the administration, which I had the honor to represent." (Applause.)

Following the address made by Mr. Egan an address was made by Chauncey M. Depew.

The United States survey steamer Hassler, has arrived at San Francisco from Port Townsend. A party of scientists on the Hassler have been engaged the past summer in surveying the boundary between Alaska and British Columbia.

IN NEW YORK.

How Columbian Day, October 12, Celebrated in the Metropolis—A Grand Affair.

New York, Oct. 12.—It is doubtful if the world ever saw a grander display of soldiery in line of march in times of peace than that which wound its way through the briliantly, beautifully decorated thoroughfares of New York today. It was worthy of comparison with the assembled hosts of Napoleon as they started on that fatal pilgrimage to Moscow, or the gathering of boys in blue at Washington after the bloody rebellion.

The climax of the quadriennial celebration of the discovery of the New World was reached to-day. It was a climax that outstripped the expectations or even hopes of the men who planned it. The number of men in line, the number of people who saw the parade and went away wondering and the decorations of the four score thousand buildings all exceeded by half that which had been expected. Not since old Father Knickerbocker settled on Manhattan Island has there been a crowd that compared in numbers with that of to-day.

To be exact it was a quarter past 10 when the platoon of mounted police started up Broadway from the Battery to clear the way. This was the beginning of the parade. Then came Grand Marshal General Martin T. McMahon with his staff, which was as follows:

Gen. William D. Whipple, U. S. A.; Gen. Anson G. McCook, Lieut. R. H. Patterson, U. S. A.; Lieut. David Price, U. S. A.; Col. Samuel Truesdell, U. S. V.; Capt. S. E. Blunt, U. S. A.; Major L. C. Brackett, U. S. V.; Capt. Albert Gallup, N. G., S. N. Y.; Col. J. E. Reed.

The first division was made up of soldiers from the United States army, in command of Col. Loomis L. Langdon, U. S. A., the United States Military band, a battalion of cadets from the United States military academy at West Point, three batteries from Fort Hamilton, three from Fort Wadsworth, two from Fort Columbus (Governor's Island), three from Fort Adams, (R. I.), and two from Fort Schuyler. The First Artillery, from Fort Hamilton, and Light Battery B, from Fort Adams.

This division numbered about 3,500 and six bands.

The second division was made up of the United States naval brigade, in command of Lieutenant Commander Asa Walker, Brigade Adjutant J. B. Briggs and aides. There were nearly 1,200 blue jackets and marines in this division.

The third division had from 6,000 to 8,000 men, in command of Brig. Gen. Louis Fitzpatrick, from the National Guard of New York; 3,500 men from the National Guard of New Jersey in command of Gov. Leon Abbett and staff; 2,500 men from the National Guard of Connecticut, in command of Gov. Morgan G. Buckley and staff; 4,000 men from the National Guard of Pennsylvania, in command of Gov. Robert E. Pattison and staff.

Of the fourth division, David S. Brown was marshal commanding. It was made up of Grand Army men of the Republic posts. In all it numbered about 8,000 old veterans. The fifth division was made up of letter carriers to the number of about 1,500, in command of Lewis J. Mullen. In the sixth division were companies from the New York and visiting fire departments, Chief Hugh Bonner commanding. In this division there were about 1,000 men.

There were 4,500 men in the seventh division. It was composed of fifteen brigades of Exempt Volunteer and Veteran Firemen associations. Grand marshal, Michael Crane.

The Second regiment of Fire Zouaves, Seventy-third New York volunteers, which took part in 35 engagements during the war of the rebellion; the Volunteer Firemen's association, of New York City, 800 men and engines; Veteran Firemen's association, of New London, 150 men and engines; Veteran Firemen's association of Utica, N. Y.

The eighth division was made up of Italian and French military organizations. The marshal in command was T. M. Lemmi. It numbered 30 companies, and 2,500 men.

There were 4,000 men in the ninth division, representing the German-American societies. The grand marshal was Dr. M. J. B. Messemer. The tenth division was made up of independent organizations and contained about 12,000 men. Aside from the independent organizations there were 8,000 members of the Doecher Landwehr Verein.

The line of march was from the Battery up Broadway to Fourth street, around Washington Square to Fifth avenue, thence to Fourteenth street, to Fourth avenue, to Seventeenth street, to Fifth avenue to Fifty-ninth street, where the ceremonies attendant upon the unveiling of the Columbus monument were held.

Among those who took part were: Vice President Morton, Governor Flower and staff, Senator Hill, Baron Fava, the Italian minister, and the officers of the Italian cruiser Bausan.

Addresses Made.

Addresses were made by the following gentlemen: Carlo Barsotti, president of the Columbus monument executive committee; Gen. Luigi Palma D'Cesnola, in behalf of the Italian residents of America; Di Lingi Riversi, in behalf of the Progresso Italo-Americano; His Excelleney Baron Savrio Fava, Italian minister, in behalf of the Italian government; His Honor Mayor Hugh J. Grant, His Excellency Roswell P. Flower, governor of New York, and Charles G. F. Wahle, jr., secretary of the committee of one hundred.

Archbishop Corrigan blessed the monument, and it was unveiled by Annie Barsotti, daughter of the president of the Columbus monument executive committee.

During the ceremonies the Italian bands played Italian and American hymns and the artillery fired the national salute.

The Night Pageant.

New York, Oct. 13.—No fairy tale from the realms of Mother Goose, or wild legend from the pages of Arabian Nights, ever impressed the childish brain with more astonishing wonder than did the grand Columbian pageant the almost countless thousands of people who saw it last night. The glare of the fires on the floats, the flashing of the rockets, the blazing of the torches, shone out against the somber night in a wild, weird way.

Leading the procession were twelve heralds with twelve trumpets, and from the way each herald blew, each seemed to possess the wind of old Aeolus. Farther down the line was a band of Sun Worshiping Toltecs, and then a group of prehistoric Americans. Still beyond was a glimpse of Columbus with his hardy crew of mariners, gazing for the first time at this New World. It was carnival, some say, greater and more magnificent than ever shown by the famed Mardi Gras of New Orleans, or the Veiled Prophet procession of St. Louis.

To take things in their order, the usual platoon of mounted police led the way. But they were not considered a part of the carnival. Their appearance was entirely too modern and common to everyday life to be included in the wonders.

The heralds sounding fanfares were the real leaders. After them came 5,000 bicyclists, strangely dressed, and each bearing a dragon-decorated Chinese lantern.

After this the floats and groups were arranged as follows:

Cappa's Military band; Col. John J. Garnett, grand marshal and staff; float No. 1, "Car of Fame," group of prehistoric Americans; float No. 2, "Car of Stone Age," group of Toltecs; float No. 3, "Car of the Sun Worshipers," band of 12th regiment; float 4, Caravel, the Santa Maria, drawn by sailors; delegation from the Circulo Colon Cervantes' club, representing the Spanish and Spanish-American colony in New York; group of Spanish knights; float 5, cortege of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella; float 6, "Statue of Columbus;" fourteenth regiment band; group of Indians; group of Cortez, Pizarro, Amerigo Vespucius, Ponce de Leon, Cabot, etc.; military band; float 7, "Victory of Genius," (presented by the Societa D'Unione E. Fratellanza) escorted by thirty members of the society; band; early colonists; float 8, "Puritan Wedding," John Alden and Priscilla; Dutch colonists, Pennsylvania and the Quakers, Bayne's band; Gen. Washington and staff, escorted by Washington Continental Guards and Washington Light infantry; frontier scouts; chiefs of the allied tribes on horseback; group of Indians; float 9, "Car of the Capitol;" the 44 states, represented by daughters of veterans; Commander R. L. Cutter and group of veterans (A. S. Williams post, No. 39); Capt. Naughton, Osborne marine cadets and junior naval reserves; Seventy-first Regiment band; General Grant—President Lincoln, staff—American Standard—banner of Liberty; float 10, "Car of Liberty;" group of all nations: Continentals; float 11, "Car of the Press;" float 12, "Car of Poetry and Romance;" Sixty-ninth Regiment band; float 13, "Car of Music;" float 14, "Car of Science;" float 15, "Car of the American Woman;" group of sailors; float 16, "Car of the Oceans;" float 17, "Columbia's Ship of State;" Indians—twenty Amazons; Cappas' Central Park band; battalion of Progress; float 18, "Car of Electra;" Indian chiefs and Order of Red Men.

MRS. LEASE IN THE SOUTH.

More than one Bad Egg Thrown at Gen. Weaver.

Chicago, Oct. 17.—The Inter-Ocean this morning published a three-column interview with Mrs. Mary E. Lease, the Kansas orator and third-party organizer, in which she gives her experience during her late trip through the South. She thinks Gen. Weaver did as well as any one could under the circumstances. But she asserts that she does not, like Weaver, try to belittle the course of the Southerners. She says the outrages were not committed by young men and boys, but in many instances prominent men were the leaders in the disturbance—in some cases organized party clubs; that instead of one egg being thrown at them, there were a great many eggs thrown, and not by boys, either.

She declares that the indignities offered Gen. Weaver and party were not because of anything he said or had ever done, but because he was advocating the cause of a party that was threatening the local success of the party. She goes into details that will be interesting to politics North and South. She was greatly disappointed because she had hoped in this new party to allay what little sectional feeling there was left, but she finds it as "violent as ever Republicans depicted it." She stands by her party, but says that if a vote for Weaver is to elect Cleveland, it ought not to be given.

HENRY WATTERSON WILL SPEAK.

Invitation of President Palmer Accepted by the Kentuckian.

Chicago, Oct. 15.—Henry Watterson, of Kentucky, will deliver the oration at the World's Fair dedication ceremonies. Last night, when it was definitely known that Senator Daniel, of Virginia, had declined, there was a strong desire among the officers of the fair to have no oration save that of Chauncey M. Depew. To-day, however, this opinion changed, and the suggestion of Mr. Watterson's name was met with decided approval. A dispatch was sent to Mr. Watterson by President T. W. Palmer, inviting him to deliver the oration, and the following reply was received:

"Louisville, Ky., Oct. 14.—The time is exceedingly short, and I greatly fear that I can prepare nothing adequate to the occasion, but the invitation with which you honor me comes under peculiar circumstances surrounding the case, as a command, and I act upon a sense of duty in accepting it.

(Signed:) HENRY WATTERSON."

After much talking it is now definitely settled that the Illinois National Guard will march in the parade October 21. The directors of the fair have guaranteed the necessary funds, and will trust to luck to have it refunded at the next session of the Illinois legislature.

WILL FLY THE AMERICAN FLAG

Work Will Soon Begin on the Big Ocean Steamers.

New York, Oct. 15.—In regard to the signing of the contracts between the International Navigation company and the postmaster general for mail service between New York and Antwerp, Mr. James Wright, of the International company, says that although they had three years in which to comply with the terms of the contract no time would be lost.

"We have our work outlined," he said, "and in a few weeks work will be begun on our ships at Cramp's yard, Philadelphia. The contract also signifies something for America. The International Navigation company's steamers will all fly the American flag, and the company will be thoroughly an American institution. We are anxious for the work to be begun, and thus be enabled to show our English cousins that we can build ships in America just as well as they can across the water."

GOV. GRAY FOR THE CABINET.

He Will be Made Postmaster General If ——.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 17.—It is stated here that Gov. Gray will be a member of Cleveland's cabinet in the event of Democratic success, and that his position in the President's advisory family will be that of postmaster general. A friend of the governor said that he had received positive information that Cleveland tendered Gray the place if he was elected, and that, in commenting upon his administration of four years ago, he said that Indiana would have been similarly recognized at that time but for the fact that the state had furnished the Vice President.

HILL'S STEAL WILL STAND.

New York Apportionment Law is Constitutional.

Albany, N. Y., Oct. 13.—The legislative apportionment law has been declared constitutional by the court of appeals. The court is unanimous upon all questions except those discussed in Judge Andrews's opinion.

A report reaches Guthrie that a majority of the Kiowas and Comanche Indians have agreed to accept the government's offer of $2,500,000 for their reservation of 3,000,000 acres, to throw open to settlement.

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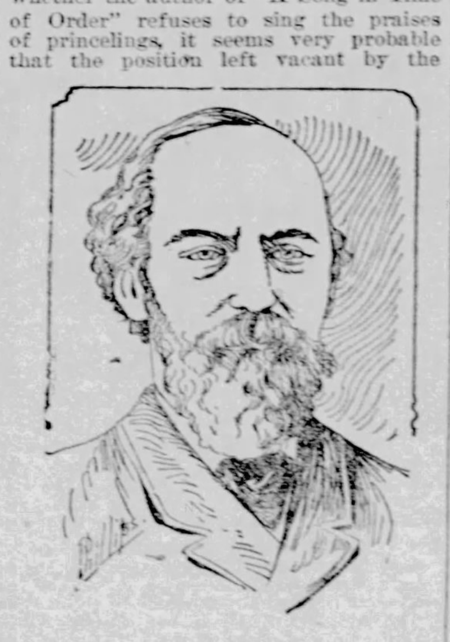
FOREIGN NEWS.

WILL SWINBURNE BE CHOSEN?

Something About the Man Who May Succeed Tennyson.

London, Oct. 15.—Whether the queen will refuse to accept Algernon Charles Swinburne as her poet laureate or whether the author of "A Song in Time of Order" refuses to sing the praises of princelings, it seems very probable that the position left vacant by the



ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

death of Tennyson will not go to the man who is generally recognized as the fittest in point of ability to be his successor.

The poet's strong radical views were partly the gift of nature and in part the result of association. After leaving Baliol College without taking a degree he went to Florence, where he passed a great deal of time in the society of the old poet, Walter Savage Landor, and doubtless learned from that old republican the sentiments which inspired "A Song in Time of Order," and which even found expression quite recently in a poem in which he recommended the nihilists to kill the czar—a poem which led to a question being asked in the House of Commons as to whether the writer was to be prosecuted for inciting to murder, to which the speaker replied that the House had no control over "the poet Swinburne."

SENOR PENA TOOK THE OATH

And Is Now President of Argentina.

Valparaiso, Oct. 14.—The Herald correspondent at Buenos Ayres says that Senor Luis Saenz-Pena took the oath of office as president of the Republic yesterday. Everything was quiet in the city, despite the fears of trouble.

Police and soldiers were on guard about the halls of congress, and the whole city was well guarded and preparations were taken to prevent any rioting. President Pena announces that the right of local self-government in the provinces will not be interfered with, except in cases where grave troubles arise.

A Great Storm.

London, Oct. 21.—The storm that set in over Northern England, Scotland and Wales night before last threatens to cause as much damage as some of the phenomenal gales and rains that passed over the country last autumn. The telegraph lines are down in every direction, and communication with some of the coast towns is greatly interrupted. Tidings of disaster continue to be received and loss of life by shipwreck is beginning to be repeated.

Gilbert Islanders Held as Slaves.

San Francisco, Oct. 15.—The Examiner this morning contains a lengthy account of the cruise of the steamer Montserrat, which arrived here Thursday from San Jose de Guatemala, after having landed, in Guatemalan ports 388 natives of the Gilbert islands, who were delivered to wealthy plantation owners of Central America, under contract to become laborers there for a term of five years.

Will Stand as Godmothers.

Madrid, Oct. 15.—In compliance with the request of Emperor William, Queen Regent Christine has consented to stand as godmother to the daughter born a short time ago to the imperial house of Germany. El Globo, a newspaper of this city, says that the queen regent's acceptance of Emperor William's invitation is calculated to create coldness with France, and will prove prejudicial to the conclusion of the projected treaty between Spain and that country.

An Earthquake.

Bucharest, Oct. 15.—Violent earthquakes were felt in many places in the Balkins yesterday. They were strong in Roumania. The shocks were felt for fifteen seconds in this city, for 30 seconds in Galatz and for 90 seconds in Oltenibea.

Austrian Grant Increased.

Vienna, Oct. 15.—The government has increased the grant for Austrian exhibit at the Chicago Columbian exhibition by $125,000. Of this sum $15,000 will be devoted to the exhibit of Austrian art.

ITALIAN CHAMBER DISSOLVED.

Election for Choosing New Members Will Occur Nov. 6.

Rome, Oct. 13.—A royal decree has been issued dissolving the chamber of deputies and fixing November 6 as the date for holding the elections for new members of the chamber. The new house will meet November 23. The decree is preceded by a report dealing with the programme of the government.

This report says that Italy can count on the several years necessary for the regulation of the country's finances. The military expenditures for 1892-93 are estimated at 196,800,000 lire. In regard to the international monetary conference to be held in Brussels on November 22 next, the report says that the states of the Latin Union cannot disagree upon the attitude they will adopt.

HE TEMPERED ALUMINUM.

The Canadian Inventor Appears to Have a Good Thing.

Quebec, Oct. 13.—Blacksmith Allard, of Tevis, who has discovered the secret of tempering copper, has tempered a piece of aluminum. The test was made at the demand of a New York firm. It took the Canadian inventor only 30 minutes to temper the piece of aluminum, which was originally as soft as lead.

Abbe Laftemme, the renwoned scientist, of Laval university, examined the tempered metal and gave Allard a certificate to the effect that the aluminum was tempered as hard as steel could be.

Descendants of Columbus.

Madrid, Oct. 14.—A porter named Matthew Columbus, who is employed in Tudela, in the province of Navarre, has arrived in Madrid, accompanied by his nephew, who is named Christopher Columbus. He brings documents which he declares proves that he and his nephew are descendants of the great Columbus. It is the intention of the elder Columbus to ask the queen regent to provide for the education of his nephew.

Ryder Has Been Released.

Copenhagen, Oct. 13.—Henry B. Ryder, formerly American consul here, who was arrested some time ago for frauds in connection with the administration of estates entrusted to him in his official capacity, has been released, upon giving bail in the sum of $5,000.

M. Tirard, formerly French minister of finance, M. Lirondalrolles, director of the mint, and M. Foville, an official of the ministry of finance, will represent France in The International Monetary conference which will meet in Brussels on November 22 next.

A mob of natives attacked the English missionaries at Kieng Yong, in Fukien. The residence of Rev. Mr. Phillips was set on fire by the mob and completely destroyed. Mr. Phillips and his wife had a narrow escape from death at the hands of the blood thirsty mob, and they would most likely have been killed had not some of the Chinese officials intervened for their protection.

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INDORSEMENTS.

Benson J. Lossing, L. L. D., Historian: "Like a Concave Mirror it reflects to a single focus an epitome of the essential elements of our national history, showing clearly at a glance the progress of the nation from its infancy to its present period of maturity."

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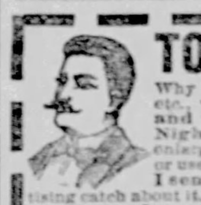

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WASHINGTON.

SHE IS DYING.

Mrs. Harrison Has Consumption and is Slowly Passing Away—The President Worn Out by Constant Watching.

Washington, Oct. 13.—It is stated at the White House this morning that there has been no material change since yesterday morning in Mrs. Harrison's condition, except that she seems to be a trifle more comfortable.

While it is true that Mrs. Harrison's condition does not improve, and that gradually she is growing weaker, Private Secretary Halford says there is no foundation for the sensational reports current yesterday, and the family apprehend no immediate change for the worse. The complications which existed at Loon Lake are no longer present, and unless they should return the case, it is expected, will prove to be ... rent in no way from that of any other patient afflicted with tubercular disease.

So long as Mrs. Harrison can partake of nourishment her flickering strength can be revived. From one hour to another there is practically little change manifested. She is ever and always the same sweet, patient sufferer, trying as far as she can to brighten the sadness of the President and her children by always appearing to feel better. Her cough has stopped since the great weakness of the past two days has set in. Last night passed as all the nights have lately, in short periods of sleep. She is still taking considerable nourishment, such as milk, etc., and of a kind where the smallest possible amount will afford the greatest sustenance. Mrs. Harrison has been in bed now nearly eight months.

President Harrison is looking badly. He has grown so nervous owing to the terrible strain on his mind the last few months that his family almost compel him to go out every day for a walk or a drive. His sad face betrays more than it is possible for his lips to utter the grief of the approaching loss of his wife. Yesterday afternoon he drove out to the Soldiers' home, and brought back his grandchildren, who were spending the day there.

THE PRODUCTION OF COFFEE

In Mexico Will Exceed Forty Million Pounds This Year.

Washington, Oct. 15.—The Bureau of the American Republics is informed that the production of coffee in Mexico last year exceeds 43,750,00 pounds, a figure which, it is thought, will soon be tripled, owing to the introduction of imported machinery, and in the increase in the number of coffee plantations. The bureau is informed that there is an enterprise on foot in Guatemala to construct an inter-oceanic railway to connect Puerto Barrios on the Atlantic with the port of San Jose de Guatemala on the Pacific coast.

It is also informed that the sisal industry in Turks and Caicos Islands is growing rapidly, increasing in importance. The reports of work done on the various platations during the year 1891 are generally very satisfactory, and a quantity of fibre shipped to New York realized a price equal to that commanded by the best class of fibre from Yucatan.

A PARTIAL SOLAR ECLIPSE.

It Will Be Visible Throughout North America.

Washington, Oct. 15.—Dr. Morrison, of the Nautical Almanac bureau of the government, says that the most important astronomical phenomena of the year will be the partial solar eclipse on the 20th of this month. If the day be clear, the partial eclipse will be visible throughout the whole of North America, except the extreme west of Alaska, and that portion of the continent which lies west of a line drawn from the northwest corner of California to the north shore of the bay of Tehuantepec, in Southern Mexico. The eclipse cannot be total anywhere, as the moon's umbra does not intersect the earth.

As seen from Washington the eclipse will begin October 20, 11 h. 57 m. 12 s. a. m., and end at 5 h. 57 m. 42 s. p. m., mean time, (not standard time), which is 8 minutes and 12 seconds later. A little more than three-fifths of the sun's diameter will be obscured.

EXPORTS OF MINERAL OILS.

An Increase this Month Over the Same one Last Year.

Washington, Oct. 12.—According to a statement made by the bureau of statistics, the exports of mineral oils from the United States during the past month of September, aggregated 65,273,339 gallons, valued at $3,593,968, and for the corresponding month in 1891, they were 60,250,827 gallons, valued at $3,950,591.

The exports of cotton in September last were 185,206 bales, weighing 90,253,265 pounds, and valued at $6,943,055 as against 227,796 bales, weighing 115,914,051 pounds and valued at $10,857,354 exported during September, 1891.

THE MINER LAW ALL RIGHT.

Supreme Court Hands Down a Decision Monday.

Washington, Oct. 17.—The United States Supreme court, by Chief Justice Fuller, to-day affirmed the judgment of the Michigan Supreme court, upholding the constitutionality of the famous Miner law, providing for the election of Presidential electors by Congressional districts instead of by the state as a whole.

The court holds that the 14th amendment did not limit the right of a state to fix a mode of choosing electors. The conceded effect of the decision is to give a part at least of the Michigan electoral vote to Cleveland.

INCREASE OF GOLD BULLION.

The Net Surplus in the Treasury has Also Increased.

Washington, Oct. 12.—Since the 30th of September there has been an increase in gold and gold bullion in the Treasury of $3,000,000, making the total amount of gold now held $122,402,839.

The net surplus in the Treasury has also increased, being now $34,500,000. Customs receipts at New York during the past ten days have aggregated $2,964,302, slightly in excess of the amount for the corresponding period of last year.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT BULLETIN.

Showing Increase in Wages etc., of Prominent Cities.

Washington, Oct. 15.—The census office has made public bulletins on the statistics of manufactures in 1890 in the cities of Milwaukee, Kansas City and St. Paul, Minn.

The percentage of wage increase in the three cities is as follows: Milwaukee, 161.41; Kansas City, 522.04; St. Paul, 306.20.

Consul Johnson Resigns.

Washington, Oct. 15.—Secretary of State Foster has received the resignation of United States Consul Johnson, located at Hamburg, but declines to accept it. The resignation was brought about by reports printed abroad that he had fled from Hamburg for fear of the cholera, while the fact was that his departure was on account of an injury received in an accident, from which he suffered greatly, together with an attack of dysentery, and was ordered by his physician to leave Hamburg.

The Monetary Congress.

Washington, Oct. 15.—The American delegates to the International Monetary congress to be held at Brussels, November 22, have been requested to assemble at Washington November 10, for the purpose of consulting with the President, the secretary of State, and the secretary of the Treasury, with regard to their duties and powers before the congress. The delegates have arranged to sail from New York on the 12th prox.

Valuable Discovery.

Washington, Oct. 13.—The young Jesuit astronomer, Prof. George A. Fargis, S. J., of Georgetown university, who some time ago invented the photocronograph for measuring star transits, has made a novel and, it is claimed, very valuable application of his discovery. By it he has also been able to determine longitude and latitude.

PROTECTION.

Percentage of Increase in Wages, Etc., in Chicago, Denver and Nashville, for Ten Years—Important Census Bulletin.

Washington, Oct. 14.—The Census bureau has issued preliminary reports on the mechanical and manufacturing industries of the cities of Chicago, Denver and Nashville, Tenn., for the year ended May 31, 1890. The statistics of Chicago show that in 1890 there were reported to the census 9,959 establishments, representing 255 industries, employing an aggregate capital of $292,477,038. Employment was given to 203,108 hands, to whom $119,146,357 was paid in wages. The cost of the materials used is given as $386,814,848, and the value of the product as $632,184,140.

In 1880 the number of establishments reporting was 3,519, representing 189 industries. The capital employed was $68,836,885; 79,414 hands were employed, to whom $34,653,462 was paid in wages. The cost of the materials now is given as $179,209,610, and the value of the product as $249,022,948. After deducting from the fig res given for the year 1890 those for 971 establishments which were omitted from the returns for the census of 1880, the following percentages of increase are shown:

Percentages of Increase.

Number of establishments reported	155.41
Capital invested	313.88
Number of hands employed	143.43
Wages paid	228.62
Cost of material	112.44
Value of products at works	148.83
Population of city	118.58
Assessed valuation of city	85.58

Denver.

Number of establishments reported	181.08
Capital invested	533.01
Number of hands employed	223.85
Wages paid	380.23
Cost of materials used	131.62
Value of products at works	189.22
Population of city	199.51
Assessed valuation of city	311.41

Nashville.

Number of establishments reported	27.24
Capital invested	93.80
Number of hands employed	43.16
Wages paid	134.42
Cost of material used	40.60
Value of products at works	51.13
Population of city	75.70
Assessed valuation of city	151.68

ANOTHER CENSUS BULLETIN,

Big Increase in the Value of Products and Amount of Wages Paid.

Washington, Oct. 17.—The census office has made public a bulletin giving statistics of the textile industries for the United States. It appears that increase of silk manufacture since 1880 has been most striking, being 112.75 per cent in the value of its products; that of the cotton manufacture second, 39.51 per cent; and that of wool, 26.39 per cent. The average increase in the entire textile industry is 38.51 per cent. The relative rank in importance of these industries, however, is reversed, wool matters in all branches, including all descriptions of hosiery and knit goods standing first with gross products valued at $337,768,524; cotton second, $267,981,724, and silk manufacture third, with products valued at $87,298,454. The actual increase in value of products has been $70,515,611 in wool, $75,891,614 in cotton, and $46,265,409 in silk. These combined industries yielded a product in the present census year worth $693,048,702, as compared with a product in 1880 of $500,376,0[illegible] an increase in ten years of $192,6[illegible]354, which, from any point of view, it is stated is without parallel in any country.

It is proper to state in this connection, says the bulletin, that there were 248 establishments engaged in dyeing and finishing textiles separate and apart from establishments which dye and finish their own products. These establishments had an invested capital of $40,270,579, employing 20,267 hands and paying $9,717,011 in wages. The value added to the product of the textile factories by these establishments amounted to $28,900,560, a decrease of $3,396,860 as compared with the sum of $32,297,420, added value in 1880, this decrease being explained by the very great reduction in the cost of dyeing and finishing through improved methods, equal to fully 25 per cent. The following percentage of increases are noted: Number of establishments, 0.99; capital invested, 81.51; number of hands employed (not including officers and clerks in cotton industry), 33.7; amount of wages paid (not including wages paid officers and clerks in cotton industry), 4.71; cost of materials, 41.27; value of product, 38.51.

The increase in the amount of wages paid for the combined textile industries, says the bulletin, has been even more marked then the increase in the value of products, being 64.71 per cent in the combined industries; 61.77 per cent in the wool manufacture; 75.05 per cent in the cotton, and 115.16 per cent in the silk. The total sum of $162,365,598 was paid on the combined industries as wages to 488,921 employes, being average annual earnings for men, women and children of $349.84 in the wool manufacture, as compared with $293.33 in 1880, an increase of 19.26 per cent; $301.65 in the cotton manufacture, as compared with $243.65 in 1880, an increase of 23.80 per cent and $386.55 in the silk manufacture, as compared with $291.88 in 1880, an increase of 32.43 per cent.

City of Cleveland.

A bulletin was also submitted on the manufacturing industries of the city of Cleveland, which shows that in 1890 the volume of establishments reported was 2,300, representing 181 industries, and an aggregate capital of $56,826,496. The number of hands employed was 48,771, to whom $27,596,408 was paid in wages, $58,763,062 represents the cost of the material used, and $104,199,169 the value of the product. The following are given as the percentages of increase for the year 1890 over that of 1880:

Number of establishments reported, 104.08; capital invested, 188.87; number of hands employed, 118.30; wages paid, 217.14; cost of material used 84.10; value of product at works, 111.65.

Chile Has Settled.

Washington, Oct. 18.—The Navy department has received from the State department the indemnity of $75,000 brought from Chile by Minister Egan, to be distributed among the injured sailors of the Baltimore, and to the relatives of those killed. The amounts will be determined by a board to be appointed by the secretary.

Named the Olympia.

Washington, Oct. 14.—Secretary Tracy decided to name the protected cruiser No. 6, which will be launched November 5 at the Union Iron works, San Francisco, the Olympia, after the Capital City of Washington.

COMMISSIONER LEWIS' FIGURES

He Replies to Taylor's Campaign Falsehoods.

Columbus, Oct. 18.—(Special.)—The correspondence between Labor Commissioner Lewis and Col. W. A. Taylor progresses. Mr. Lewis this morning replying to the letter of yesterday. Lewis charges Taylor with distortion of facts and imposing upon the public. He gives the following figures in the mining industry, to show that there is no depression:

The total coal product in Ohio for 1890 was over 11,000,000 tons, and in 1891 over 13,000,000 tons, the largest increase in one year in the history of mining in Ohio. The average earnings of the Ohio miners, according to McBride, were for 1890, $396.64 each. The statistical year just ended, on the same basis, shows the earnings to be $415.44 each, an increase of $18.80 per man.

QUESTION TO BE CONSIDERED.

Silver Coin Not to be a Legal Tender Outside of Its Own Country.

London, Oct. 18.—The Rome correspondent of the Times says that the Italian government contemplates appealing to the Brussels conference to withdraw the sanction of legal tender from small silver coin outside of the country of issue.

The object of the Italian government is to prevent the outflow of Italian small silver through the operations of smugglers, which all legal means hitherto have failed to stop.

The sixteenth anniversary of the Murphy temperance revival in Pittsburg was celebrated at the Grand Opera house, Pittsburg, Sunday night, by a reunion of converts.

GENERAL NEWS.

ACROSS THE NIAGARA GORGE.

Clifford Calverloy Makes the Passage on a Cable in Seven Minutes.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Oct. 13.—Clifford Calverloy is probably the most skillful cable walker in the world, and is certainly the champion of this continent in that branch of athletics, for he proved his right to championship honors by performing a remarkable feat at the Niagara Gorge yesterday. On a three-quarter inch cable stretched between the Cantilever and Railroad Suspension bridges at a height of 245 feet, young Calverloy (he is only 22 years old) crossed the gorge of Niagara in the astonishing time of a trifle less than seven minutes.

The interpid walker had undertaken to beat all previous records, and this he most effectually did, for his time is nearly seven minutes less than that of Dixon, who performed a similar feat in 13 1-2 minutes. The cable on which the man walked was 910 feet long. The banks are 245 feet high at the place where the cable was stretched, and the cable sagged about 25 feet in the middle.

Calverloy used a 20 foot pine balancing pole. He was dressed in sky blue tights with pale pink trunks, collar and cuffs trimmed with silver, and buckskin shoes. He is a decidedly good looking young fellow with regular features, a bright clear complexion and dark curly hair. He is very modest in speaking of his various performances as a rope walker, but nevertheless he appears to be firmly convinced of his ability to beat all comers.

TALKING ACROSS A CONTINENT.

Triumphal Completion of the Long Distance Telephone.

New York, Oct. 18.—An exchange of telephonic messages took place this morning between a telephone operator in the American Exchange, No. 18 Cortlandt street, and another operator in the office of the same company, situated at Nos. 105 and 107 Quincy street, Chicago. This exchange of messages was over the longest telephone lines ever successfully used. The messages consisted of the words:

"Hello, Chicago!"

"Well, what is it, New York?"

"Are you all right?"

"I can hear you just as plainly as if you were standing within three feet of me."

It was easier to get the windy city over the new 'phone than to make a connection with Brooklyn.

This afternoon at 4 p. m. Mayor Grant will talk with Mayor Washburne, of Chicago, over the new line.

The Chicago wire is a double metallic circuit, and weighs in all about 826,500 pounds. The line is within a furlong of 950 miles in length.

MR. BRECKINRIDGE DECLINES.

He Will Not Deliver An Address at the Dedication.

Chicago, Oct. 13.—Congressman W. C. P. Breckinridge will not deliver the dedicatory oration at the World's Fair inauguration next Tuesday. In a telegram to President T. W. Palmer, of the national commission, he positively declined. "This decision on the the part of Mr. Breckinridge was based largely, I surmise, on account of the inimical attitude taken against him by the Chicago press," said Major Handy, "since the fight in Congress over the World's Fair appropriation, in which the Kentuckian opposed the Fair's request."

"There has been some opposition to him as the orator of the day, hence his refusal to appear. It is hardly thought probable that any substitute will be named at this late day for Congressman Breckinridge, the World's Fair officials contenting themselves with the eloquence of Chauncey Depew, who is on the programme for an oration. Congressman John R. Fellows, of New York, was freely mentioned for the honor some time ago."

ELECTRIC MAIL DELIVERY.

New System Inaugurated Over the Country.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 18.—Yesterday a system of postal delivery, new not only in this city, but also in the country, was inaugurated. For two years past Postmaster Harlow has been endeavoring to utilize the street cars in the delivery of mails, and his efforts have at length been crowned with success.

The St. Louis & Suburban Line will run a regular mail car from its eastern terminus to Cabbarel. The car is fitted up with mail racks, and is constructed especially for the service required. It will deliver mail at the sub-stations on its line. The system will be extended to other street railway lines.

OHIO BUILDING DEDICATION.

Programme Finally Issued by Commissioner Ryan.

Columbus, Oct. 12.—(Special.)—The Ohio commissioner, Daniel J. Ryan, has issued the following programme of the ceremonies of the dedication of the Ohio state building: Music, band of Fourteenth Infantry, O. N. G.; presentation address, Hon. W. W. Peabody, president of the World's Fair managers of Ohio; dedication address, Governor William McKinley, jr.; music, band of Eighth Infantry, O. N. G.; address, Hon. James E. Campbell; music, band of Fourteenth Infantry, O. N. G.; address, Hon. John Sherman; music, band of Eighth Infantry, O. N. G.; address, Hon. C. S. Brice.

MR. GRESHAM TOO DENIES IT.

Says the Statement is Perfectly Gratuitous.

Port Townsend, Wash., Oct. 17.—Judge W. H. Calkins, formerly of Indiana, has received a letter from Judge Walter Q. Gresham saying that the statements that he would vote the Democratic ticket and take the stump against Harrison, were made wholly without his authority. He says the statements are "unauthorized and purely gratuitous."

HON. ROBERT T. LINCOLN

Lands at New York—The Monetary Conference.

New York, Oct. 17.—Hon. Robert T. Lincoln arrived at New York on the Etruria yesterday. He refused to talk for publication, but said that he hoped the result of the Brussels monetary conference would be of much benefit to the United States. He is certain Mr. Harrison will be re-elected.

Jaehne is Free.

Sing Sing, N. Y., Oct. 15.—Henry W. Jaehne, the so-called New York exboodle alderman, walked out of Sing Sing prison this morning a free man. He served six years four months and twenty-seven days of his sentence of nine years and ten months at hard labor. The prison opened at 6:20, and ten minutes after that time Jaehne was at the office receiving his possessions that he had left there when he entered Sing Sing. He looked better than he did when walking the streets of New York. In fact, he has gained twenty pounds during his confinement in prison.

Upon his arrival in the city Jaehne went as fast as he could to his wife and children, who are living at 45 Vandam street.

Union Veterans' Legion.

Indianapolis, Ind., Oct. 14.—The national officers of Union Veterans' Legion of America were elected at yesterday's session of the sixth annual encampment as follows: National commander, Wm. H. Tucker, Indiana, Pa.; senior vice commander, James Beggs, Cincinnati; junior vice commander, H. K. Sloan, Indianapolis; surgeon general, Dr. Winfield Norcross, Lewiston, Maine; chaplain in chief, John A. Banks, Pittsburg.

Telegraphers' Strike.

Topeka, Kas., Oct. 17.—All the telegraph operators on the Santa Fe system, about 900 in all, struck this morning at 10 o'clock, in response to an order from Chief Ramsey, of the Order of Railway Telegraphers. The trouble is on the Gulf Colorado & Santa Fe railroad in Texas, which is operated by the Santa Fe.

The bronze statue of Alexander Von Humboldt was unveiled in Humboldt Park, Chicago, Sunday, in the presence of 10,000 people.

BLAINE SPEAKS AGAIN

And Says All That Is Needed to Insure Republican Victory, is to Get Out the Full Vote.

New York, Oct. 18.—Mr. Blaine's arrival at New York city yesterday was the chief topic of interest in political circles. The Republicans seemed delighted, but the Democrats appeared quite the reverse. It has been reported that Mr. Blaine would write another letter here. The second communication was intended for the Irish-American vote it was said.

When Mr. Blaine heard these stories he laughed, and to a reporter for the Associated Press he said:

"I am in New York waiting for Mrs. Blaine. She will probably be here to-night or to-morrow. Soon after her arrival, we will journey to Washington, where I will spend the winter. That's all the politics there is in my visit to New York."

"Have you seen any of the politicians yet?" was asked.

"I have not."

"Will you write another letter or make speeches in the campaign?"

"I would not want to answer that directly. If I say 'No,' I shall be besieged by people who will beg me to do something for the party. If I say 'Yes,' I shall be requested to go here and there and everywhere, and I won't know which way to turn. So you see there is only one thing for me to do. That is to rest. I am obliged to take good care of myself. That comes before politics."

Looks Much Better.

Mr. Blaine looks better than he did before he went to Ophir Farm. His sojourn with the candidate for the Vice Presidency on the Republican side has benefited him. Mr. Blaine and Mr. Reid arrived at the Fifth Avenue Hotel at 12:30. Miss Harriet Blaine was there to meet her father. After they had secured rooms Mr. Reid went away. He left his secretary, Mr. Tyson, with Mr. Blaine, in case the latter cared to make some kind of a communication or to prepare another speech. But Mr. Blaine did not see why he should write any more.

Mr. D. C. Mills sent a carriage for the Blaines at 3 o'clock, and they were driven to the Damrosch home. In spite of his seclusion at Bar Harbor, Mr. Blaine has been following up the present campaign very carefully. He bases his confidence as to the result of the election on what he has himself seen and reports made to him by the Republican leaders.

Harrison's Administration.

"In the campaign of argument and discussion, such as this has been," says the Maine statesman, "everything is in our favor, for we have by far the better sides of the great questions before the people. Besides this, President Harrison has given the country an able administration, and one that appeals to the people, by whatever standard it may be tested. The administration is in itself one of the greatest arguments for President Harrison's re-election. All that is now needed to insure a Republican victory and the continuation of prosperity throughout the country is for the Republican voters to cast their ballots. With our full strength out, I regard our success as almost certain."

Mr. Blaine also had something to say in regard to the apparent apathy that has so far marked the campaign:

"While there has not been so much excitement as in other campaigns," he said, "I do not take that as any lack of interest in the election. It is the natural result of the manner in which the campaign is being conducted. People are reading more and thinking more, and not making so much noise about it. They are just as earnest as ever, as the heavy early registration shows."

STEAMER BOKHARA IS LOST.

Particulars of the Disaster Off the Coast of Formosa.

Hong Kong, Oct. 17.—Intelligence has been received here confirming the worst fears entertained regarding the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation company's steamer Bokhara, reported in these dispatches Saturday as being several days overdue at this port from Shanghai. The Bokhara sailed from Shanghai, October 8, for Hong Kong, and should have arrived here October 12, at the latest. It was known that a typhoon had swept over the China sea, and the agents of the steamer thought that her machinery had become disabled in the gale, and that she was proceeding under sail.

The stamer Bombay and British cruiser Porpoise were sent to search for her, and news has been received that the Bokhara was found a total wreck on Sand Island, one of the Pheng-Hoo or Pescadores group, lying in the channel of Fo-Kien, between the island of Formosa and the Chinese main land. Only twenty-three persons on board the Bokhara were saved, the lost including the commander of the steamer and the greater part of her officers and crew. The number of passengers she had on board is not yet known. She carried the mails, and those without doubt are lost.

COLUMBUS RELICS WILL COME.

The Pope Will Permit Them to be Exhibited at Chicago.

Washington, Oct. 17.—The following is the response of Cardinal Rampolla, the papal secretary of state, to Secretary J. W. Foster's letter inviting the pope to allow the Columbus records and relics now in the vatican to be exhibited at the World's Fair. The letter was handed to Secretary Foster Saturday by Archbishop Satolli:

"Rome, Sept. 28, 1892.

"Hon. John W. Foster, Secretary of State:

"Your excellency's very polite letter which was transmitted to me by Cardinal Gibbons, was forwarded by me to the Holy Father without delay. His holiness has learned how great was the gratification felt by the President of your great republic at the prospect of receiving the Columbus records, which will be sent by the Holy See to the exposition which is to be held next year at Chicago in honor of the immortal discoverer of America. The august pontiff felt certain that the United States would spare no pains to preserve the precious objects that are to be entrusted to it from any mishap, and he returns his thanks for the kind offer that has been made for their transportation and for the free passage of the person who is to have charge of them."

STRANGE PHENOMENON.

Citizens of Martinsburg Considerably Worked Up.

Springfield, O., Oct. 17.—A phenomenon is exciting the wonder of the people of Martinsburg, and is occasioning scientific investigation by professors of Ohio university.

In the rear of a residence in the village there is a continual shower of mist over a space twelve feet square. The mist falls, rain or shine, but is most pronounced between 1 and 2 p. m. daily, and a mirror held up instantly becomes covered with moisture. The professors of the college can give no explanation of the phenomenon.

Swedes Naturalized.

Rockford, Ill., Oct. 15.—Five hundred Swedes were made American citizens in a bunch here yesterday. Headed by a band and the stars and stripes, and each wearing a small American flag on his breast, they marched through the streets to the court-house, where they took out their naturalization papers. Most of them are employed in Rockford's 25 furniture factories.

Miss Willard Lands.

New York, Oct. 17.—Lady Henry Somerset, Miss Frances E. Willard and Miss Anna Gordon came to New York on the Etruria, and were landed early yesterday morning. They were on their way to Chicago, where they expect to take part in the dedication ceremonies of the World's Fair.

Chicago is to have the largest and the most powerful telescope in the world. It is the gift of Charles T. Yerkes, the street railway magnate, to the Chicago University.

Secretary of State Foster says that the agent of the United States on Gilbert Island, has made no report of trouble there.

Coffeyville, Kas., is still in a state of great excitement. An attack from the remnant of the Dalton gang is constantly apprehended.

AT CHICAGO.

Ex-President Hayes Also Reaches There—Arrangements for the Ceremonies—Hack Rates Will Not be Exhorbitant.

Chicago, Oct. 18.—Chicago's population has already increased 25 per cent, and each train arriving at the Union depots brings its quota of pleasure seekers who come to witness the dedicatory exercises. Hotel men are anticipating the greatest gathering of strangers that has ever assembled in the city. The arrival of the Massachusetts delegation is the main event of the day so far. Of course, all the residents of the old commonwealth have not invaded Chicago, but it sent a splendid representation, headed by Gov. Russell and the officers of the state. Besides this big delegation there were several others of striking proportions.

The size of Gov. Russell's party is only an average following for each of the governors, more than thirty of whom will arrive before to-morrow night.

Notwithstanding the great crush, there will be no discomfort. All the hotel men are confident of their ability to care for the visitors who will come, and at reasonable rates, too, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

The Vice President Arrives.

Vice President Levi P. Morton and his party and ex-President Hayes and his party arrived in Chicago this morning over the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern to participate in the World's Fair dedicatory ceremonies.

A crowd was present at the Van Buren street station to welcome the distinguished party, and it required the efforts of several special policemen to keep the eager spectators from crowding the visitors. At Twenty-second street President Higinbotham, of the World's Fair, boarded the train. He accompanied them into the depot.

The first person to step off the train was Col. Elliot F. Shepard, of New York. Congressman Abner Taylor hastened to meet him, and soon hurried him out of the depot.

In a few minutes ex-President Hayes, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Fannie Hayes, stepped from the train, and was immediately surrounded by ex-Congressman George Adams, Gen. Newberry and a crowd of newspaper men. The ex-President and Miss Hayes were escorted to their apartments at the Grand Pacific Hotel. The time of the party aboard the train between New York and Chicago was about 23 hours.

Gov. Roswell P. Flower and staff also left on the same train, but were switched off at Buffalo, where the governor was to remain over night, and come with the troop of state militia. Vice President Morton was accompanied by Mrs. Redmond and Miss Morton and his private secretary. H. N. Higinbotham escorted the Vice Presidential party to carriages in waiting. They then drove to Mr. Higinbotham's residence, where the Vice President will remain during the sojourn in this city.

Mr. Morton Pleased.

The Vice President looked to be in excellent health. He talked freely to those who met him at the depot and expressed himself as pleased with all he saw. Gov. Burleigh and party, from Maine, arrived on the Grand Trunk this morning, and were at once driven to Victoria and Wellington hotels. Many former residents of Maine were at the depot to greet the distinguished party. The governor is accompanied by his staff, executive council, and others.

The United States marine corps and the Indian boys from the Carlisle school who are to take part in the dedication ceremonies arrived this morning via the Fort Wayne railway. They had a special train, which was run as second section of the Fort Wayne limited. On arrival at Grand Crossings, they were switched to the Illinois Central tracks and transferred direct to the exposition grounds.

Pay the Price of the Royal for Royal only.

Actual tests show the Royal Baking Powder to be 27 per cent. stronger than any other brand on the market. If another baking powder is forced upon you by the grocer, see that you are charged the correspondingly lower price.

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The Columbian holiday somewhat interfered with business in New York last week. There is a free movement of money to the West to move the grain crop, and to the South for the cotton crop, which, being late, will need provision for some time yet. There was a larger supply than usual of funds coming from the New England and Middle states, and this aided in keeping the money market comparatively easy. The bank statement on Saturday showed a smaller loss of surplus reserve than was expected, and though the money market was active, and will continue so, the probabilities are that there will be no scarcity of funds. Call loans were very brisk, the range being between 5 and 10 per cent for the week, averaging, however, only about 6 per cent. The close on Saturday was at 5 per cent. Time money was firm, with abundant offerings—the rates being 5 per cent for 30 days, and 6 per cent for 3 to 5 months, on good mixed collateral.

Foreign exchange showed a further weakening, due to the less demand, and to the increased volume of commercial and cotton bills offered. The indications are for a still further decline, owing to the increasing volume of cotton bills. The foreign money markets are without any features of marked interest. In London the discount rate of 60 to 90 day bills was 1 1-8 per cent; in Paris and Berlin the open rate was 2 1-8, and at Frankfort 2 1-4 per cent.

The holiday last week curtailed the speculation on the stock market, though it did not operate to depress prices. Toward the close of the week there was a resumption, to some extent, of foreign buying of our securities. The revival of activity on the London stock market gives much encouragement to operators here. There has been a marked rise in London in the price of South American and other long-depressed securities, with a renewal of speculative activity. These indicate that the European money markets are regaining the confidence they have lacked ever since the semi-panic which followed the Baring collapse two years ago, and that the large sums which have been kept idle by the timidity of the investing classes is at last coming into the investment market. The resumption of foreign buying in New York is taken to be the beginning of a free investment, and it strengthened the New York market considerably.

There are other factors having the tendency to support the market and advance prices. The railroads are making good earnings, and heavy crops North and South will afford them an abundance of business, the condition of the money market shows that there is not likely to be any scarcity of funds, and altogether it looks as though the long-expected general advance in the stock market is at hand.

There is a steady demand abroad for silver, and it has caused a slight advance in prices. There seems to have been a diminution of the supply, owing to some of the less profitable mines shutting down; and this restriction of supply has aided in making the market firmer. The latest price on Saturday in New York for silver bullion was 85 5-8 cents per ounce, at which rate the amount of silver in the standard dollar is worth 66 1-8 cents.

THE WHEAT YIELD.

Above That of Last Year—Gratifying Reports From Europe.

New York, Oct. 14.—Figures obtained from official reports made to the government in every wheat producing country in Europe show that, except in Great Britain and Italy, the crop prospects average nearly 15 per cent better than last year. France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, the Balkans, Roumelia and Russia show improved conditions over 1891. Italy's wheat crop, however, is 12 per cent below last year's. England's is 17 per cent below the normal yield. In fact, the condition of affairs throughout Great Britain is the worst ever experienced. Last year was thought to be bad, but this is worse. Wheat will yield only 82.7 per cent; barley, 97; oats, 93; potatoes, 95; beans, 81.

In France the wheat crops have turned out satisfactorily. The official statistics published by the Agricultural department estimate the yield at 300,477,157 bushels, against 213,558,312 in 1892. The average weight of this year's wheat is 62 1-4 pounds per bushel, against 61 1-2 pounds in 1891. The yield has been about 16 3-4 bushels per acre. The rye crop is officially computed at 67,507,569 bushels, as compared with 59,369,513 bushels in 1891.

In Germany the wheat crop is estimated at 101,750,000 bushels, against 85,000,000 in 1891. The empire will only require supplies from abroad of about 12,375,000 bushels. The German rye crop is satisfactory, and seems to have reached 245,000,000 bushels.

Austria's wheat crop, according to the returns published by the secretary of the International Grain Congress, held in Vienna, has yielded 49,551,250 bushels, against 49,500,000 bushels in 1891. To cover the deficit 33,000,000 to 41,000,000 bushels will be required from abroad. The rye crop is estimated at 74,000,000 bushels.

In Hungary the annual report of the minister of Agriculture states that the wheat crop may be considered an average one with regard to quantity. As to the quality, it varies considerably in different areas. The yield is given approximately at 137,000,000 bushels against 124,000,000 in 1891, a surplus of 49 1-2. Fifty-five million bushels are available for exportation. The greater part of this will be taken by Austria. That whole monarchy will only export 14,000,000 to 16,000,000 bushels.

In the Balkan states, wheat crop, Bulgaria and Roumelia have been abundant, and reach a grand total of 49,000,000 bushels against 46,000,000 in 1891. The surplus available for exportation will be 19,000,000 to 22,000,000 bushels.

Roumania's wheat crop is 51,000,000 bushels, against 49,000,000 last year. There will be about 26,000,000 to 30,000,000 bushels for export.

Servia's wheat crop is estimated at 11,000,000 bushels, leaving 2,750,000 bushels for export.

In Greece the wheat yielded 4,000,000 bushels. The kingdom will have to import about 4,500,000 bushels.

Italy's returns, published by the minister of Agriculture, estimates the wheat crop at 110,850,000 bushels as against 124,000,000 in 1891. The deficit to be covered by importation will be from 30,000,000 to 33,000,000 bushels. Russia, according to the latest official statistics, has a wheat crop which may be estimated at 215,000,000 bushels, against 187,000,000 in 1891. The quantity available for exportation will be 60,000,000 to 69,000,000 bushels. The Russian rye crop appears, according to figures given by the Economiste Francais, to have yielded 596,000,000 bushels.

WEEKLY CONDITION OF TRADE.

Indications are Still Very Favorable Over the Country.

New York, Oct. 15.—R. G. Dun & Co., in their weekly review of trade, say: Once more it must be said that trade indications are entirely favorable. Even the shrinkage in exports has ceased, an increase of $1,500,000 appearing here last week, while imports continue surprisingly large, and foreign exchange declines.

The iron output October 1 was 158,027 tons, weekly, against 151,648 tons in September, and it is especially encouraging that the stocks on hand decreased 85,234 tons during September. The demand for pig iron is improving, and a general advance of about 50c per ton is reported for pig, with liberal buying, while trade in plates is very unsatisfactory; in bar iron trade is somewhat better, and structural mills are full of orders. Livelier buying continues in copper at 11 5-8 cents, and speculation moves tin upward, but lead is weak and unsettled at 4c. Cotton and woolen mills are fully employed, and many of them cannot fill their orders, though running their machinery night and day. Sales of wool this year at the three chief markets have been 247,000,000 pounds, against 194,000,000 lbs. to the same date last year. Strong buying is seen in cottons. Stocks have been stronger, with an average advance of about $1 per share, but the activity has been in industrial and New England stocks.

The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days number 215. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 259.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., Oct. 18, 1892.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

U. S. 4s coupons	114¼	114½
U. S. 4s registered	114¼	114½
U. S. 2s registered	100½	100½
Pacific 6s '95	107½ bid	107 bid

Condition of the Grain Market Up to the Close This Afternoon.

This afternoon wheat was dull and without feature. Prices closed steadier. Corn dull, steady. Liverpool wheat, spot, 1-2d up; futures, 1-2d lower; Berlin, 1 1-4 marks off; London, no change; Paris, 45 centimes up.

At Chicago December wheat closed 1-4c under top price, at 75 5-8c, at Toledo it closed at the highest point 75 3-4c, and at St. Louis it was 1-8c under top price, at 71 1-2c.

Corn for October delivery closed 1-8c above noon figures, at 42 1-8c.

Receipts at Chicago to-day: Wheat, cars, 783; grade, 72; corn, 783; grade, 517; oats, 261; grade, 59; rye, 34; grade, 25. Estimates for to-morrow: Wheat, 400; corn, 480; oats, 230.

A dispatch dated St. Petersburg, yesterday, says a serious crisis exists in the Russian grain trade. Foreign merchants decline to purchase the surplus grain that comes from the interior of the country. Prices are falling and at the same time freight rates are advancing owing to the fact that steamers have ceased running because of the lack of cargo. Several exporting houses in Taganrog, Berbiansk and Marioapal have suspended. Exporters are only ordering cereals for the purpose of storing the grain in warehouses until there is a rise in prices.

The exports of wheat from India during the past week were 340,000 bushels, of which 240,000 bushels were to the United Kingdom and 100,000 bushels to the Continent. The shipments for the corresponding week in 1891 were 720,000 bushels. The total shipments since April 1 were 23,740,000 bushels, of which 14,540,000 bushels were to the United Kingdom and 9,200,000 bushels to the Continent. The total shipments for the corresponding time last year were 34,600,00 bushels, of which 14,740,000 bushels were to the United Kingdom and 19,860,000 bushels to the Continent.

Chicago Tips.

Chicago, Oct. 18.—(Special from Wright & Haugher.)—There was nothing in the wheat market to-day beyond the selling out of a long line of about one million bushels held by a prominent trader here. Transactions were light during the session. Receipts in the Northwest were fair and clearances from the Atlantic ports moderate. Foreign markets continue steady, and seem ready to recognize any advance here.

Corn was steady on light trading. There is no change in the cash situation. The only buying is to go to store against November sales. Rainy weather held the market, and fair weather to-morrow will weaken it. Receipts from country points may be light during the week, but there is a large accumulation on tracks about the city, which elevators have not been able to handle.

Provisions were sold freely by prominent packers at the opening, which were afterwards good buyers at the decline, closing the market firm with half the decline recovered. Light receipts of hogs and good cash demand are the factors. Estimated, 20,000 hogs to-morrow.

AT THE TOLEDO EXCHANGE.

Close at Toledo.

This afternoon trade in wheat was very light. Prices were a little firmer at the close. Corn was dull but steady. Clover seed active, closed steady.

No. 2 soft red wheat, 73 1-2c; No. 3 soft red, 65 3-4c; No. 4 soft red, 59 1-4c; No. 2 mixed, 70c.

October wheat, 74c, yesterday's price; November, 74 1-2c; December, 75 1-2@75 3-4c, same as previous day; May wheat, 81 3-4@81 7-8c, 1-8c off.

Prices of October and December wheat, to-day:

Oct.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close
Toledo	74	74	74	74
Chicago	73¼	73¼	73	73
St. Louis	68⅝	68⅝	68⅝	68⅝
December—				
Toledo	75½	75¾	75½	75¾
Chicago	75⅛	75⅝	75½	75⅝
St. Louis	71⅛	71⅝	71⅛	71½

Corn—No. 2, 43c; No. 3, 42c; No. 4, 40c; No. 2, May, 45c.

Oats—No. 2, 33c.

Rye—No. 2, 58c; No. 3, 51c.

Clover seed—Prime, cash, October and November, $6.40; January, $6.52 1-2; March $6.62 1-2.

Toledo Produce Market.

The market was a little slow this morning. The display of products was only fair, and the number of purchasers not large. Butter was in fair supply at even prices. Eggs hold at previous quotations, with supply about equal to the demand. Vegetables steady. Poultry sells readily at prices given. Fruits in demand. Fresh meats in good supply.

Butter—Dairy, 21@22c; creamery, 26@27c; fair grades, 16@18c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh, 19@20c.

Poultry and game—Turkeys, dressed, 13@14c; ducks, live, 7c; chickens, live, 9c; old fowls, 8c; woodcock, each, 25c; ruffed grouse, each, 25c; rail, doz, 30c.

Vegetables—Turnips, bu, 30c; tomatoes, bu, 75c; beets, bu, 40c; celery, bunch, 25@50c; potatoes, bu, 75c; carrots, bu, 40c; cauliflower, doz, 50@$1.50; cabbages, doz, 50@75c; peppers, bu, 50c; squashes, doz, 50c@$1.50; latter for Hubbard; spinach, bu, 25c; parsnips, bu, 60c; pie plant, doz, 15c; vegetable oysters, doz, 40c; radishes, doz, 15c; corn doz, 10c.

Fruits—Apples, bu, 75@80c; grapes, lb, 3@3½c; quinces, bu, $1.50; pears, bu, $1.50.

Fresh meats—Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs, $6.25@6.50; calves, lb, 6½@7c; mutton, lb, 7c; lambs, 8c.

Salt meats—Heavy mess pork, bbl, $13; short mess, $14; clear mess, $14.50; short clear, $15. Hams—Sugar-cured, 18 lbs and over, 13½c; 15 lbs average, 14c; 12 lbs and under, 14½c; shoulders, lb, 10c; breakfast bacon, rib, 11c; breakfast bacon, clear, per lb, 12c.

Lard—Kettle-rendered, tierces and bbls, per lb, 9c; half bbls, 9¼c; 50-lb tins, 9¼c.

Hides—Green, heavy steers, per lb, 5½c; light hides, steers and cows, per lb, 3½c; calf, per lb, 6c; cured hides, heavy steers, per lb, 6¾c; light hides, 4¼@4½c.

Wool—Washed, per lb, 25@28c; unwashed, 16@18c.

Hay—Best timothy from wagons, $10@12; mixed hay, ton, $7@9.

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

Close of the Stock Market at New York This Afternoon.

New York, Oct. 18.—Speculation in stocks since 10:10 a. m. has been feverish and irregular, on a moderate volume of business. A few stocks were severely hammered and declined ½@1½ per cent from last night's closing, the latter in New England, which touched 45¾. Jersey Central fell off 1⅜, and Reading ¾, to 63⅝. The losses otherwise were ¼@½ per cent. Subsequently the prices rallied ¼@⅝ per cent right through the list. Among the industrials National Linseed Oil jumped 3½ to 38½. At 11 o'clock the market was firm in tone. In railroad bonds the Readings were ¼@¾ easier. Silver Certificates ruled weak and declined to 85⅝ against

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close
A. C. O.	45½	45⅝	45½	45⅝
A. T.	38¾	39	38¾	38¾
A. S. R.	109¼	109¼	109	109
C. S.	57¾	....	....	57¾
C. G. T.	91⅛	91½	90⅜	90½
C. B. Q.	102½	103⅛	102½	102½
C. C. C.	64	64¼	64	64
D. L. W.	153⅞	153⅞	153¼	153⅜
Erie	26½	26⅝	26¼	26¼
H. V.	29	....	....	29
J. C.	129¼	129¼	127½	128½
L. N.	69	69	68⅞	68⅞
Lead	46⅝	46⅝	45⅞	45⅞
Lead pfd	96¼	....	....	96¼
M. P.	62¼	62¼	62	62
N. A.	12⅝	....	....	12⅝
N. E.	46⅞	46⅞	45	45⅛
N. Y. C.	110½	....	....	110½
N. P.	18⅝	....	....	18⅝
N. P. pfd	49⅝	50¼	49¾	50½
N. W.	116⅛	116¼	115⅞	116
N. C. Co.	133	133¾	133	133½
O. M.	52¾	52¾	52⅝	52¾
P. M.	33	....	....	33
R. T.	8⅝	8⅝	8¼	8¼
R. G.	57¾	58	57⅝	57½
R. I.	82¼	82½	81⅞	81⅞
Silver	86	86	85⅝	85⅝
St. Paul	79	79½	78⅝	78⅝
T. C. I.	38½	....	....	38
U. P.	40⅝	40⅝	40¼	40¼
W. P.	26¼	26⅝	26	26¼
W. U.	99	99¼	98¾	98¾
D. C. F.	64⅝	64¾	63⅝	64¼
Gen. Elec.	116¼	116½	116¼	116½

Trade.

The general trade of the country during the past week has been active and satisfactory. In all departments the outlook is for continued prosperity.

Grain and Produce.

Buffalo, Oct. 18.—Wheat—No. 1 hard quiet at 81½c; No. 1 Northern, 78⅝c; winter steady; No. 2 red, 77c; No. 1 white, 77c. Corn easy; No. 2, 46½c.

Milwaukee, Oct. 18.—Wheat, steady; December, 70⅝c bid; No. 2 spring, 68⅝c; No. 1 northern, 75c. Corn, steady; No. 3, 41c. Oats, firm; No. 2 white, 32@33c; No. 3, 30@31½c. Barley, steady; sample, 41@61c. Rye, firm; No. 1, 58½c.

St. Louis, Oct. 18.—Close—Wheat lower; cash and October, 68⅝c; November, 69⅝c; December, 71½c; May, 78⅝c. Corn, lower; cash, 39c; October, 39¼c; November, 39½c; December, 38⅝c; year, 38⅝c; May, 41⅝c. Oats lower; cash, 28⅝c; October, 28⅝c; November, 29c; May, 33½@33⅝c. Pork quiet; jobbing, $12.25. Lard easier at $8 25@8 35. Whisky steady at $1.10.

Liverpool wheat was firm this forenoon, and 1-2d up; corn quiet, 1-4d up. Heavy rains in the Northwest, which are likely to check the movement of grain, steadied prices in American markets, although they were a fraction lower. Corn dull, steady.

At Toledo October wheat was worth about 1-2c under yesterday, at 73 1-2c; at Chicago it opened at 72c, and then brought 72 7-8c, 1-2c off.

Corn for October delivery at Chicago, 42c, 1-8c up.

New York, Oct. 18.—Flour quiet and easy. Wheat—Receipts, 239,600 bu; sales, 66,000 bu; market dull and steady; December, 80 11-16c; May, 87 5-16c. Rye quiet and easy; Western, 62@66c. Barley quiet, nominal; Western, 62@75c. Corn—Receipts, 121,600 bu; sales, 280,000 bu; market dull but easier; No. 2, 49½@50¼c; May, 52⅝c. Oats—Receipts, 202,000 bu; sales, 75,000 bu; market lower but steady; December, 36⅝c; May, 39⅝c; Western, 32@46½c. Beef dull and steady; extra mess, $6.25@6.75. Pork—Fair demand and market firm; new mess, $13@13.25; old mess, $12@12.25. Lard quiet at $8.80. Butter—Receipts, 8,500 pkgs; market firm and demand good; Western dairy, 15@21c; Western creamery, 19@27c. Cheese, 7⅝@10⅝c. Eggs quiet and easy; Western, 21@22c. Sugar—Crushed, 5 15-16c; granulated, 4 13-16c. Petroleum dull and steady; refined, $5.95@6. Spirits turpentine active at 30½@30⅝. Molasses quiet and steady; New Orleans, 25@35c. Freights quiet and firm. Resin steady. Tallow inactive and steady. Hops quiet and steady; Pacific coast, 18@24c. Coffee quiet and steady for Rio; No. 7 on spot, 16¼@16⅜c.

Chicago, Oct. 18.—1:15 p. m.—Close—Wheat steady; No. 2, cash and October, 73⅜c; December, 75⅝c; May, 80⅝c. No. 2 corn steady; cash, 42¼c; October, 42c; November, 42⅝c; December, 42⅝c; May, 45⅝c. Oats easy; No. 2, cash and October, 29¼c; November, 29⅝c; May, 34¼c. Pork steady; cash and October, $11.82½; November, $11.82½; January, $13.10. Lard steady; cash and October, $8.65; November, $7.85; January, $7.37½. Ribs steady; cash and October, $10.37½; November, $7.75; January, $6.77½. Rye steady; No. 2, 55c; barley nominal; No. 2, 62c; flax seed steady; No. 1, $1.10; timothy seed firm at $1.60. Butter firm and eggs steady. Whisky, $1.15.

Chicago, Oct. 18.—Wheat opened unchanged at 75⅝c, declined to 75¼c, and reacted to 75⅝@75¾c. Corn opened ⅛@¼c higher at 46@46⅛c, and declined to 45⅞@46c. Pork opened 2½c higher at $13.25, then fell to $12.97½, reacting to $13.05. Lard opened about unchanged at $7.42½@7.45, and dropped to $7.35.

Chicago, Oct. 18.—11:25 a. m.—Wheat—December, 75½c; May, 80¼c. Corn—November, 42⅝c; May, 46c. Oats—November, 30⅛c; May, 34⅜@34¼c. Pork—November, $11.72½; January, $12.95. Lard—November, $7.77½; January, $7.35. Ribs—October, $10.37½; January, $6.72½.

British Grain Trade.

(Grain in England is sold by the "quarter" of 480 lbs., or 8 American bushels. Prices below are per quarter. A shilling is about 25c; a penny, 2c.)

London, Oct. 17.—The Mark Lane Express, in its weekly review of the British grain trade, says: It is now believed that the yield of wheat in Great Britain will not exceed 8,000,000 quarters. There is a fine yield of barley, but the fine malting grade is very scarce. Wheat has fallen 1s. Foreign wheats are firm, as the decrease in Indian shipments balances the large American crop. Barley is 6d dearer. Oats and corn are steady. At to-day's market English wheat was steady. Fine American advanced 1s. Ordinary American was held for 6d advance. Flour was 6d dearer. Barley and corn were firm. Oats advanced 3d and linseed 6d.

Live Stock.

Cincinnati, Oct. 17.—Hogs steady at $4.25@5.60. Cattle easy at $1.25@4.25. Sheep steady at $2.50@5. Lambs in moderate demand at $3.25@5.25.

Kansas City, Oct. 18.—Cattle—Receipts, 6,900 head; shipments, 3,300 head; good cattle, strong; others, dull, unchanged; steers, $2.75@4.50; cows, $1.15@2.75; Texans and Indian steers, $1.65@3.10; stockers and feeders, $2.40@3.40. Hogs—Receipts, 3,000 head; shipments, 300 head; market opened 10c higher and closed steady; all grades, $5.15@5.50; bulk, $5.25@5.40. Sheep—Receipts, 3,000 head; shipments, none; good sheep, steady; others, dull.

St. Louis, Oct. 18.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,000 head; market barely steady. Hogs—Receipts, 15,500 head; market stronger; heavy, $5.30@5.65; mixed, $5.10@5.55; Yorkers, $5.40@5.50. Sheep—Receipts, 1,000 head; market steady.

Buffalo, Oct. 18.—Cattle—Receipts, 11 loads through and 46 on sale, including 45 loads held over; market dull and lower. Hogs—Receipts, 25 loads through and 7 on sale; market stronger for all grades. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 4 loads through and 54 on sale, including 40 loads held over; market very dull and lower.

Chicago, Oct. 18.—The Evening Journal reports: Cattle—Receipts, 12,000 head; the market was slow, steady and unchanged. Top prices, $5@5.50. Hogs—Receipts, 17,000 head; market went wild; common, $5.15@5.35; packers, $5.40@5.65; heavy, $5.70@5.85 light, $5.70@5.75. Sheep—Receipts, 6,000 head; market stronger; top lambs, $5.25@5.65; top Westerns, $4.40.

Cleveland, Oct. 18.—(Eirick Bros' report—Exclusive to the Blade)—Cattle—Receipts light and market steady; demand continues good for good grades; veal calves steady at $6@6.50 for good to extra. Hogs—Receipts, 10 cars; shipments, 500 head; market opening firm and closing higher; mediums to best heavies, $5.75@5.90; Yorkers and lights, $5.40@5.65; pigs, $5@5.25; market closing firm and all sold. Sheep and lambs—Market steady, with a fair demand.

Wool Markets.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 17.—Wool—Receipts, 135,000 lbs; shipments, 21,000 lbs. Bright wools continue in fair demand at 20@22c for Missouri, Illinois, etc.; 18@22c for Texas, Indian Territory, etc.; 18@20c for Kansas and Nebraska; 17@20c for Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and the Northern territories; lower grades dull and slow.

Philadelphia, Oct. 17.—Demand good and prices firm. Ohio, Pennsylvania and West Virginia, XX and above, 28@29c; medium, 33@34c; coarse, 32@33c; New York, Michigan, Indiana and Western, fine or X and XX, 24@26c; medium, 32@33c; coarse, 32@33c; fine washed delaine, X and XX, 28@32c; medium washed combing and delaine, 35@36c; coarse do, 33@35c; Canada washed combing, 31@32c; tub-washed, choice, 36@38c; fair, 33@36c; coarse, 33@34c; medium unwashed combing and delaine, 26@28½c; Montana, 16@22c; Territorial, 13½@21c.

Bradstreet's has the following review of the past week's wool market: There is a fairly satisfactory demand for domestic and carpet wools, though the buying is not active. Prices are firm and steady. Holders of territory wools will not grant further concessions, although buyers refuse to take the wools at current market quotations. The light stocks of domestic wools and the small amount of wool taken for this country at the London sales have strengthened the confidence of dealers in their ability to maintain present prices of territories. The demand for fleeces continues strong. Sales are light, owing to the small supply which is offering. Delaine wools are more active, some large sales being reported. There is a quiet, steady movement in quarter and three-eighths blood wools. Fall Texas wools are now coming forward, but as yet only a small amount has been taken by manufacturers. Territories are quiet and sales small. There is a moderate demand for California and Oregon wools. Pulled wools are moving in small lots at former quotations. Australian wools are firmer, but prices are unchanged. The demand is light, as buyers can supply their wants at a lower cost with domestic fleeces. At the London sales which have just closed 6,000 bales were taken for this country. This is a very small amount compared with purchases at preceding sales. Stocks here are not large. Cables received from the Melbourne sales show a firm tone and strong competition for choice wools. Carpet wools are active and firm. Stocks are small and the wool is being taken as fast as it arrives.

Louisville Tobacco Market.

Louisville, Oct. 17.—The market has been steady but firm during the past week. Official quotations are:

BURLEY.

	Red.	Colory.
Trash	$7 00@8 00	$8 25@9 25
Common lugs	8 00@8 50	9 25@11 00
Medium lugs	8 50@9 00	11 00@13 00
Good lugs	9 00@10 00	13 00@16 00
Common leaf	10 00@12 50	15 00@16 00
Medium leaf	12 50@16 00	16 00@18 50
Good leaf	16 00@18 50	18 50@22 00
Fine leaf	18 50@20 00	22 00@25 00
Selections	20 00@22 00	25 00@32 50

DARK.

	Light.	Heavy.
Trash	$3 25@4 25	$3 25@4 25
Common lugs	4 25@4 75	4 25@4 75
Medium lugs	4 75@5 25	4 75@5 25
Good lugs	5 25@5 75	5 25@5 75
Common leaf	5 75@6 25	5 75@6 50
Medium leaf	6 25@7 00	6 50@7 50
Good leaf	7 00@8 00	7 50@9 00
Fine leaf	8 00@10 00	9 00@10 00

GREEN RIVER.

	Colory.	Brown.
Trash	$5 00@5 50	$4 50@5 50
Common lugs	5 50@6 25	5 50@6 25
Medium lugs	6 25@7 00	6 25@7 00
Good lugs	7 00@8 00	7 00@8 00
Common leaf	8 00@10 00	8 00@9 00
Medium leaf	10 00@12 00	9 00@10 00
Good leaf	12 00@14 00	10 00@12 00
Fine leaf	14 00@16 00	12 00@14 00

Unsound and otherwise defective tobacco 1@5c lower.

Cotton Market.

Cincinnati, Oct. 17.—Cotton nominally unchanged; middling, 7⅝c.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 17.—Cotton 1-16c lower; middling, 7 9-16c.

Memphis, Tenn., Oct. 17.—Cotton was steady; middling, 7⅝c.

Galveston, Oct. 17.—Cotton easy; middling, 7⅝c; good ordinary, 6⅝c.

New Orleans, Oct. 17.—Cotton easy; middling, 7 9-16c; low middling, 7 1-16c; good ordinary, 6 9-16c.

New York, Oct. 18.—Cotton—The market for futures opened steady at the advance; October, 7.70; November, 7.73; December, 7.87; January, 7.90; February, 8.11; March, 8.23; April, 8.31; May, 8.40; June, 8.51.

	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Nov.	7.73	7.83	7.73	7.82
Dec.	7.88	7.98	7.87	7.95
Jan.	7.98	8.10	7.98	8.09